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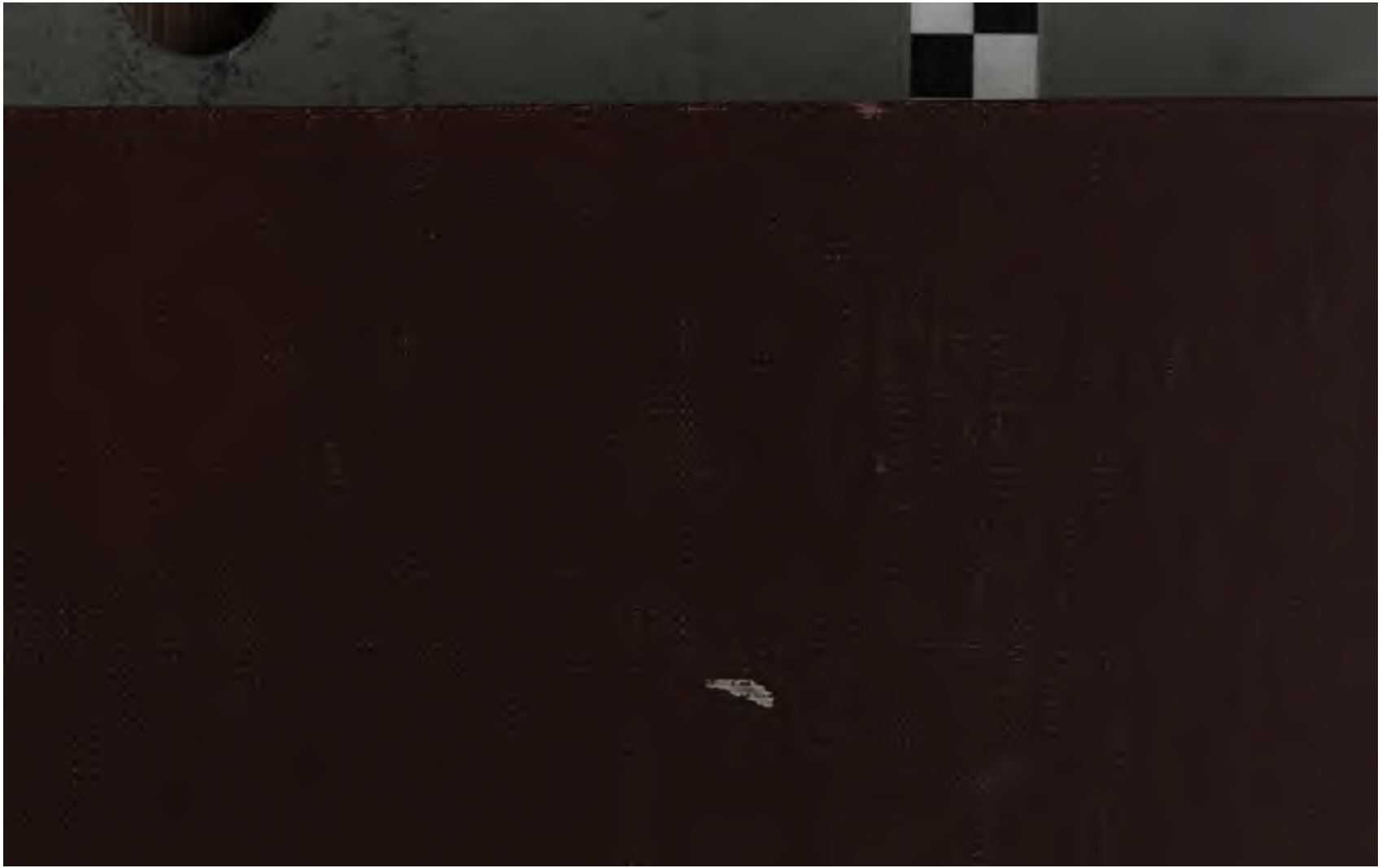

THE WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

FRONTISPIECE TO POPE'S WORKS, VOL. VII.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

From the engraving in Lord Orrery's Remarks.

THE WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

NEW EDITION.

INCLUDING

SEVERAL HUNDRED UNPUBLISHED LETTERS, AND OTHER NEW MATERIALS,

COLLECTED IN PART BY THE LATE

RT. HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER.

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

BY REV. WHITWELL ELWIN.

VOL. VII.

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WITH PORTRAITS AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

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LETTERS

OF

MR. POPE

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SWIFT AND OTHERS.

FROM 1713 TO 1741.

THIS group comprises all the letters published by Pope in the quarto of 1741, with some additional passages, which are marked by single inverted commas. These passages are chiefly from the copies in the Oxford papers. Several letters, not printed by Pope, are taken from various sources, and the authority for them is always stated in the notes. When none is mentioned the letter is wholly from the quarto of 1741.

1.[1] POPE TO SWIFT.

BINFIELD, *Dec.* 8, 1713.

SIR,—Not to trouble you at present with a recital of all my obligations to you, I shall only mention two things, which I take particularly kind of you,—your desire that I should write to you, and your proposal of giving me twenty guineas to change my religion, which last you must give me leave to make the subject of this letter.[2]

[1] Published by Lord Orrery, in his Remarks on Swift.

[2] "All Pope's letters to Swift seem," says Bowles, "more than usually affected and laboured," and there could not be a stronger example than the cumbrous and irreverent effort to be witty which opens the correspondence. The reason Lord Chesterfield gives, why Pope was "below himself in conversation," applies to a large proportion of his letters. "He was seldom easy and natural, and seemed afraid that the man should degrade the poet, which made him always attempt wit and humour, often unsuccessfully, and too often unseasonably." He could not keep up the exertion for ever, and a few of his letters to Swift agree with Lord Chesterfield's account

Sure no clergyman ever offered so much out of his own purse for the sake of any religion. It is almost as many pieces of gold as an apostle could get of silver from the priests of old, on a much more valuable consideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propose a change of my faith by subscription than a translation of Homer, and to convince you how well disposed I am to the reformation, I shall be content if you can prevail with my lord-treasurer and the ministry to rise to the same sum each of them, on this pious account, as my Lord Halifax has done on the profane one.[1] I am afraid there is no being at once a poet and a good christian, and I am very much straitened between the two, while the whigs seem willing to contribute as much to continue me the one, as you would to make me the other. But, if you can move every man in the government who has above ten thousand pounds a year, to subscribe as much as yourself, I shall become a convert, as most men do, when the Lord turns it to my interest. I know they have the truth of religion so much at heart, that they would certainly give more to have one good subject translated from popery to the church of England, than twenty heathenish authors out of any unknown tongue into ours. I therefore commission you, Mr. Dean, with full authority to transact this affair in my name, and to propose as follows. First, that as to the head of our church, the pope, I may engage to renounce his power whensoever I shall receive any particular indulgences from the head of your church, the queen.

As to communion in one kind, I shall also promise to change it for communion in both, as soon as the ministry will allow me.

For invocations to saints, mine shall be turned to dedications to sinners, when I shall find the great ones of this world as willing to do me any good, as I believe those of the other are.

of his talk in his unconstrained hours. "I have been with him a week at a time at his house at Twickenham, where I necessarily saw his mind in its undress, when he was both an agreeable and instructive companion."

[1] Lord Halifax subscribed for ten sets of the translation of the Iliad, at six guineas a set.

You see I shall not be obstinate in the main points; but there is one article I must reserve, and which you seemed not unwilling to allow me,—prayer for the dead. There are people to whose souls I wish as well as to my own; and I must crave leave, humbly to lay before them, that, though the subscriptions above-mentioned will suffice for myself, there are necessary perquisites and additions, which I must demand on the score of this charitable article. It is also to be considered that the greater part of those, whose souls I am most concerned for, were unfortunately heretics, schismatics, poets, painters, or persons of such lives and manners, as few or no churches are willing to save. The expense will therefore be the greater to make an effectual provision for the said souls.

Old Dryden, though a roman catholic, was a poet; and it is revealed in the visions of some ancient saints, that no poet was ever saved under some hundreds of masses. I cannot set his delivery from purgatory at less than fifty pounds sterling.

Walsh was not only a socinian, but, what you will own is harder to be saved, a whig. He cannot modestly be rated at less than a hundred.

L'Estrange being a tory, we compute him but at twenty pounds, which I hope no friend of the party can deny to give, to keep him from damning in the next life, considering they never gave him sixpence to keep him from starving in this.[1]

All this together amounts to one hundred and seventy pounds.

In the next place, I must desire you to represent that there are several of my friends yet living, whom I design, God willing, to outlive, in consideration of legacies; out of which it is a doctrine in the reformed church that not a farthing shall be allowed to save their souls who gave them.[2]

[1] He had been a virulent writer on the side of the court in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and was rewarded with the office of licenser of the press. He was dismissed from his employment at the revolution, and died in abject poverty, Dec. 1704, aged 88.

[2] He means that masses for the souls of the dead were illegal in England. Charles Butler states that so late as 1769, Dr. Talbot, a brother of Lord Shrewsbury, "was tried for his life, at the Old Bailey, for saying mass, and only escaped conviction from the want of evidence. Other priests were prosecuted, and some imprisoned for life." The law was

There is one **** who will die within these few months; with *******[1] one Mr. Jervas, who has grievously offended, in making the likeness of almost all things in heaven above and earth below; and one Mr. Gay, an unhappy youth, who writes pastorals during the time of divine service, whose case is the more deplorable, as he has miserably lavished away all that silver he should have reserved for his soul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat.[2]

I cannot pretend to have these people honestly saved under some hundred pounds, whether you consider the difficulty of such a work, or the extreme love and tenderness I bear them, which will infallibly make me push this charity as far as I am able. There is but one more whose salvation I insist upon, and then I have done: but indeed it may prove of so much greater charge than all the rest, that I will only lay the case before you and the ministry, and leave to their prudence and generosity what sum they shall think fit to bestow upon it. The person I mean is Dr. Swift, a dignified clergyman, but one, who, by his own confession, has composed more libels than sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent people, "that too much wit is dangerous to salvation," this unfortunate gentleman must certainly be damned to all eternity. But I hope his long experience in the world, and frequent conversation with great men, will cause him, as it has some others, to have less and less wit every day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save his; for I have all the obligations in nature to him. He has brought me into better company than I cared for, made me merrier when I was sick than I had a mind to be, and put me upon making poems on purpose that he might alter them, &c.[3]

put in motion by the malice or fanaticism of private informers, and we learn from Burke that the oppression would have been incessant if the judges had not exerted their ingenuity to baffle the prosecutors.

[1] It is printed thus by Lord Orrery, but the asterisks appear to be an accidental interpolation.

[2] Gay's finery was the subject of ridicule both to himself and his friends. In the preface to his pastorals he describes his equipment for court:

> I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
> For silver loops, and garment blue.—
> WALTER SCOTT.

[3] Some of the further obligations which Pope owed to him may be seen in Bishop Kennet's account of the

I once thought I could never have discharged my debt to his kindness; but have lately been informed, to my unspeakable comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Monsieur de Montaigne has assured me, "that the person who receives a benefit obliges the giver;" for, since the chief endeavour of one friend is to do good to the other, he who administers both the matter and occasion, is the man who is liberal. At this rate it is impossible Dr. Swift should be ever out of my debt, as matters stand already; and, for the future, he may expect daily more obligations from his most faithful affectionate humble servant.

I have finished the Rape of the Lock;[1] but I believe I may stay here till Christmas, without hindrance of business.

2. POPE TO SWIFT.

June 18, 1714.

WHATEVER apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now to a man who has owned himself as splenetic as a cat in the country. In that circumstance, I know by experience, a letter is a very useful, as well as amusing thing. If you are too busied in state affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twisting it into a serpentine form 'to light a pipe;'[2] or, if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary, where, after an abrupt division of the paper, it may not be unpleasant to try to fit and rejoin the

behaviour of Swift in the queen's ante-chamber on Nov. 2, 1713: "He instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe; 'for,' says he, 'the author *shall not* begin to print till *I have* a thousand guineas for him.'"

[1] The enlarged edition, which was published in March, 1714. The first edition appeared in May, 1712.

[2] The phrase in inverted commas is in the Dublin edition of the Pope and Swift correspondence, but was omitted by Pope in the quarto of 1741.

broken lines together. All these amusements I am no stranger to in the country, and doubt not but by this time you begin to relish them, in your present contemplative situation.

I remember a man, who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their friends in the country: but my increasing experience convinces me he was mistaken, for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you upon this score. I am told further, that you treat the few you correspond with in a very arrogant style, and tell them you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your retreat:[1] but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting epistle from you. My Lord Oxford says you have not written to him once since you went; but this perhaps may be only policy, in him or you; and I, who am half a whig, must not entirely credit anything he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an embassy to you.[2] Others apprehend some dangerous state treatise from your retirement, and a wit, who affects to imitate Balzac, says that the ministry now are like those heathens of old who received their oracles from the woods. The gentlemen of the roman catholic persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper that you are gone to meet some jesuits commissioned from the court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to

[1] Some time before the death of Queen Anne, when her ministers were quarrelling, and the dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a friend's house in Berkshire, and never saw them after. This note is taken from the edition printed at Dublin by G. Faulkener.—POPE, 1741.

Swift's host was Mr. Gery, a clergyman, who lived at Letcombe. In the altercations of Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, the dean was the common friend who went between them, and enabled them to carry on their ministerial intercourse. At last it became impossible for both to remain in the government, and Swift believed that when he was no longer needed as a go-between, he would not be employed by the victor. Greatly chagrined, he withdrew from the scene to escape neglect, with a conviction that the downfall of the party itself was at hand.

[2] The queen had an attack of illness in December, 1713, which rendered it

attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus. This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest,[1] and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I shall translate Homer by the bye. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I cannot name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I shall ever owe you on his account. If I writ this in verse, I would tell you, you are like the sun, and while men imagine you to be retired or absent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man, without flattery, who serve your friends with the least ostentation; it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the most impertinent. I am, with the truest affection, yours, &c.

3. SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *June* 28, 1715.

MY Lord Bishop of Clogher[2] gave me your kind letter full of reproaches for my not writing. I am naturally no very exact

evident that she had not long to live. Her successor confided solely in the whigs, and was certain to dismiss the tory ministry. To try and avert this catastrophe, Lord Clarendon was appointed envoy extraordinary to Hanover, in June, 1714, and Gay went with him as his secretary. The embassy was a failure.

[1] This project, in which the principal persons engaged were Dr. Arbuthnot, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Pope, was a very noble one. It was to write a complete satire in prose upon the abuses in every branch of science, comprised in the history of the life and writings of Scriblerus; the issue of which were only some detached parts and fragments, such as the Memoirs of Scriblerus, the Travels of Gulliver, the Treatise of the Profound, the literal Criticisms on Virgil, etc.—WARBURTON.

[2] Dr. St. George Ashe, formerly a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin (to whom the dean was a pupil), afterwards Bishop of Clogher, and translated to the see of Derry in 1716—17. Dublin Edit.—POPE, 1741.

It was he who married Swift to Mrs. Johnson, 1716, and performed the ceremony in a garden.—WARTON.

He died in 1717. "I must here condole with you," Addison wrote to the dean, in March, 1718, "upon the loss of that excellent man, the Bishop of Derry, who has scarce left behind him his equal in humanity, agreeable conversation, and all kinds of learning."

correspondent, and, when I leave a country without a probability of returning, I think as seldom as I can of what I loved or esteemed in it, to avoid the *desiderium* which of all things makes life most uneasy. But you must give me leave to add one thing, that you talk at your ease, being wholly unconcerned in public events: for, if your friends the whigs continue, you may hope for some favour; if the tories return, you are at least sure of quiet. You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me. Do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads?[1] *I nunc et versus tecum meditare canoros.* Do you imagine I can be easy when I think of the probable consequences of these proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of so many hundred thousand good subjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my silence to the eclipse, but it was that eclipse which happened on the first of August.[2]

I borrowed your Homer from the bishop[3]—mine is not yet landed—and read it out in two evenings. If it pleases others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation. Yet I am angry at some bad rhymes and triplets,[4] and pray in your next do not let me have so many unjustifiable rhymes to *war* and *gods*. I tell you all the faults I know,—only in one or two places you are a little obscure; but I ex-

[1] The impeachment of Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke was voted in the House of Commons on June 10, 1715, and the impeachment of the Duke of Ormond on June 21. Bolingbroke had fled to France in the previous March, the moment it was known that a prosecution would be instituted, and was followed by the Duke of Ormond, when the articles of impeachment were about to be presented to the peers. Lord Oxford remained to abide his trial, and was committed to the Tower on July 9.

[2] The death of Queen Anne. The other eclipse occurred on April 22, 1715. "The darkness," says a contemporary account, "was so great for three minutes and thirteen seconds that the stars appeared, and the birds, and even the quadrupedal animals were strangely terrified. The cocks crowed, and the poultry went to roost."

[3] The first volume of Pope's translation of the Iliad was published on June 6.

[4] Swift had an unreasoning dislike to triplets. "They were," he said, in a letter to Mr. Beach, April 12, 1735, "a vicious way of rhyming, wherewith Dryden abounded, and was imitated by all the bad versifiers in Charles II. reign."

pected you to be so in one or two and twenty. I have heard no soul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over; nor do we very much abound in judges,—at least I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good, and so are your preface and essay.[1] You are pretty bold in mentioning Lord Bolingbroke in that preface.[2] I saw the Key to the Lock but yesterday: I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the present times.

God be thanked I have yet no parliamentary business,[3] and if they have done with me, I shall never seek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for some years past, not when I thought them tolerably good; and therefore, if I can get leave to be absent, I shall be much inclined to be on that side, when there is a parliament on this; but truly I must be a little easy in my mind[4] before I can think of Scriblerus.

[1] Given to him by Parnell, and with which Mr. Pope told Mr. Spence he was never well satisfied, though he corrected it again and again.—WARTON.

[2] "Such a genius," Pope said, "as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the great scenes of business than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the critic of these sheets, and the patron of their writer."

[3] In Ireland, where he was ready to enter into the service of the tory leaders, when he was excluded from the stage of English politics. "If they will retain me as their counsellor," he wrote to Bolingbroke, Aug. 7, 1714, "I will engage them a majority."

[4] Never was exhibited so strong and lamentable a picture of disappointed ambition, as in these letters of the dean. When we consider the fidelity and ability with which he served the queen's last ministry, we are surprised that they gave him no higher preferment, but banished him, as it were, to Ireland. The fact is, that he had so insuperably disgusted many grave divines, and the queen herself, by his Tale of a Tub, that she never would hear of his advancement in the church. And this disgust was kept alive by the instigations of Archbishop Sharp, and by the Duchess of Somerset, whom he had wantonly lampooned.—WARTON.

The Duchess of Somerset, who was groom of the stole, mistress of the robes, and a great favourite of the queen, was not a tool of Harley, and to get her disgraced at court, Swift, in his Windsor Prophecy, written Dec. 1711, recklessly accused her of having employed Count Koningsmark to assassinate her previous husband, and of having since become a poisoner. He ended with exhorting the queen to dismiss her. The duchess urged that her slanderer was not a fit clergyman to be promoted, which Swift called "instilling venom into the royal ear." He had not tried to instil any venom himself when he charged the duchess with assassination and poisoning, and, by

You are to understand that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house. My family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board wages, and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment, which last is very rare, I eat a mutton-pie, and drink half a pint of wine. My amusements are defending my small dominions against the archbishop,[1] and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir. *Perditur hæc inter misero lux.* I desire you will present my humble service to Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, and Mr. Rowe, and Gay. I am, and will be always extremely yours, &c.

4. POPE TO SWIFT.

June 20, 1716.

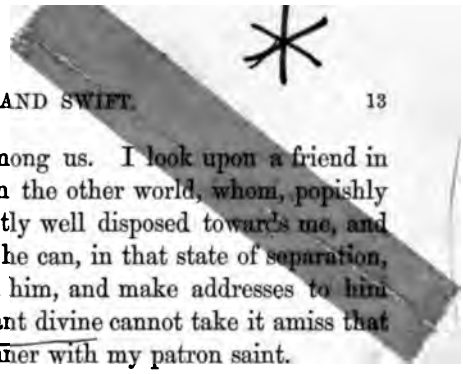
I CANNOT suffer a friend[2] to cross the Irish seas without bearing a testimony from me of the constant esteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he should tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts and in our cups, and how I learn to sleep less[3] and drink more

blasting her reputation, endeavoured to deprive her of her offices, and the friendship of the queen.

[1] Dr. William King. From Dr. Delany's account it appears that King was provoked to assert his authority by Swift's own disposition to strain his prerogatives to the utmost. "The Archbishop of Dublin, and some of his old friends in the chapter, gave some check to that plentitude of power, which they saw plainly he intended to assert and exert there. But the integrity and public spiritedness of his whole conduct, his care of the cathedral, his attention to its revenues, as well as to those of the deanery, and his remarkable good economy in both, soon convinced them that he had no views beyond those of his duty."

[2] Charles Ford. He was born in Dublin, and lived partly in England, and partly in Ireland. "I use him to walk with me," Swift wrote to Stella, on March 7, 1711, "as an easy companion, always ready for what I please, when I am weary of business and ministers." "I really value your judgment extremely in choosing your friends," Arbuthnot wrote to the dean, in November, 1714. "I think worthy Mr. Ford is an instance of it, being an honest, sensible, firm, friendly man." Gay calls him "joyous Ford," and in truth his defect was an excessive love of conviviality, which went on increasing till he grew to be an absolute sot.

[3] Alluding to his constant custom of sleeping after dinner.—WARBURTON.



whenever you are named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland, as upon a friend in the other world, whom, popishly speaking, I believe constantly well disposed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that state of separation, though I hear nothing from him, and make addresses to him but very rarely. A protestant divine cannot take it amiss that I treat him in the same manner with my patron saint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not sufficiently wonder at, that I suffer many things as an author militant, whereof in your days of probation you have been a sharer, or you had not arrived to that triumphant state you now deservedly enjoy in the church. As for me I have not the least hopes of the cardinalate, though I suffer for my religion in almost every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the Psalms of David, if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a scandalous one in my name.[1] This report I dare not discourage too much, in a prospect I have at present of a post under the Marquis de Langallerie,[2] wherein if I can do but some signal service against the pope, I may be considerably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in. If it should happen hereafter that I should write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me. Every one must live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controversy against me. The church of Rome I judge from many modern symptoms, as well as ancient prophecies, to be in a declining condition; that of England will in a short time be scarce able to maintain her own family: so churches sink as generally as banks in Europe,[3] and for the

[1] An impious and indecent parody of the first Psalm. "It is observable," says Warton, "that he does not deny his being the author of it." His guilt was fully established through the means he took to demonstrate his innocence. He had the hardihood to insert an advertisement in the Postman, offering three guineas reward for the detection of the person who sent the lines to the press, and when the publisher, Mrs. Burleigh, announced that she had the original in his own handwriting, he relapsed into silence.

[2] Langallerie was an overbearing and conceited French officer, who had deserted from the army of his own country under the notion that he was not rewarded according to his merits. He had recently accepted the proposal of the Sultan to head an expedition of the Turks against Italy.

[3] In place of the remainder of the paragraph the Dublin edition reads,

same reason,—that religion and trade, which at first were open and free, have been reduced into the management of companies, and the roguery of directors.

I do not know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you; but this is not a time for any man to talk to the purpose. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity, which I would not venture to export, and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I shall say, is, that I am, and always will be, with the utmost sincerity, yours, &c.

5. SWIFT TO POPE.

Aug. 30, 1716.

I HAD the favour of yours by Mr. F[ord], of whom before any other question relating to your health or fortune, or success as a poet, I inquired your principles in the common form, "Is he a whig or a tory?" I am sorry to find they are not so well tallied to the present juncture as I could wish.[1] I always thought the terms of *facto* and *jure* had been introduced by the poets, and that possession of any sort in kings was held an unexceptionable title in the courts of Parnassus. If you do not grow a perfect good subject in all its present latitudes, I shall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power, whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you and the world and posterity will be utterly ignorant of their virtues. For, either your brethren have miserably deceived us these hundred years past, or power con-

"and it is time to look out for some better security." The words in the text were insulting to Swift, who was a zealous advocate for the extremest privileges of the establishment, and by his station and genius was conspicuous among the directors whose roguery is declared to have sunk the church.

[1] When the whigs succeeded, and Pope was not thought of, at least by the court, his asperity gradually increased against everything connected with the whig interest. Hence his personal animosity [in the next reign] against the king and queen, his affected contempt of their establishment, and his derision of the penury and dullness, as he affects to speak, of the residence at St. James's and Windsor. —BOWLES.

fers virtue, as naturally as five of your popish sacraments do grace.[1]

You sleep less and drink more. But your master Horace was *Vini somnique benignus:* and as I take it both are proper for your trade. As to mine, there are a thousand poetical texts to confirm the one: and as to the other, I know it was anciently the custom to sleep in temples for those who would consult the oracles, "Who dictates to me slumbering," &c.[2]

You are an ill catholic, or a worse geographer, for I can assure you Ireland is not paradise, and I appeal even to any Spanish divine, whether addresses were ever made to a friend in hell, or purgatory? And who are all these enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curll, Gildon, Squire Burnet, Blackmore,[3] and a few others, whose fame I have forgot. Fools,[4] in my opinion, are as necessary for a good writer as pen, ink, and paper. And besides, I would fain know whether every draper does not show you three or four damned pieces of stuff to set off his good one? However, I will grant that one thorough bookselling rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his contemporary scribblers in critic or satire, not only by stolen copies of what was incorrect or unfit for the public,

[1] The five sacraments, which Swift terms popish, because recognised by roman catholics and rejected by protestants, are confirmation, penance, extreme unction, holy orders, and matrimony. The bare administration of them was held to confer grace, however wicked might be the recipient, and in the same way, says Swift, power naturally confers virtue, if we may trust the panegyrical dedications of poets. He purposely leaves the two real sacraments out of the comparison.

[2] Milton.—WARBURTON.

[3] Gildon ran down Pope in the New Rehearsal, 1714, and in other publications. Boyer said of him, justly, that he was "a person of mean genius, who attempted several kinds of writing, but never gained much reputation in any." His abuse was not more brilliant than the rest of his attempts. Thomas Burnet was the third son of the bishop, and afterwards a justice of the common pleas. He, in 1715, joined with Ducket in writing the pamphlet called Homerides, which was meant to ridicule Pope and his forthcoming translation of Homer. It is mainly a burlesque and stupid version of a few passages in the Iliad. Sir Richard Blackmore is not to be classed with these low-minded scribblers. He was a virtuous man, who never indulged in malignant or wanton attacks, and when he rebuked "a godless author," without naming him, it was for the infamous parody on the first psalm.

[4] In Pope's edition the word is "tools," which is an evident misprint.

but by downright laying other men's dulness at your door. I had a long design upon the ears of that Curll when I was in credit, but the rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although my penknife was ready drawn and sharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poisoned, although the historian pretends to have been an eye-witness;[1] but I beg pardon, sack might do it, although ratsbane would not. I never saw the thing you mention as falsely imputed to you; but I think the frolics of merry hours, even when we are guilty, should not be left to the mercy of our best friends, until Curll and his resemblers are hanged.

With submission to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under the Turks to be idle and unnecessary. Have a little patience, and you will find more merit and encouragement at home by the same methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice ~~for any other, or~~ for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore pray do not run and disgrace us among the Turks, by telling them you were forced to leave your native home because we would oblige you to be a christian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a whig.[2]

There is a young ingenious quaker[3] in this town who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical quaker should do, commending her look and habit, &c. It gave me a hint that a set of quaker pastorals

[1] This story originated in a practical joke played off by Pope upon Curll, by giving him an emetic in a glass of sack.—WALTER SCOTT.

The historian was Pope himself, in his Full and true account of a horrid and barbarous revenge by poison on the body of Mr. Edmund Curll.

[2] The whigs being the advocates of toleration, the free-thinkers naturally enlisted under their banners, and the whigs, in return, thought that the surest way to procure political adherents was to encourage infidelity. "I believe," said the whig Dr. Hare, "there never was a set of men who so avowedly, and upon principle, declared for irreligion and immorality, and seemed to take pains to debauch all the young nobility and gentry they could lay hands on, which gave great offence to good men on all sides."

[3] George Rooke, linendraper.—FAULKNER.

A man who had a very good taste for wit, had read abundance of history, and was, perhaps, one of the most learned quakers in the world.—D. SWIFT.

might succeed, if our friend Gay could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful subject; pray hear what he says.[1] I believe further, the pastoral ridicule is not exhausted, and that a porter, footman, or chairman's[2] pastoral might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate pastoral, among the whores and thieves there?[3]

Lastly, to conclude, I love you never the worse for seldom writing to you. I am in an obscure scene, where you know neither thing nor person. I can only answer yours, which I promise to do after a sort, whenever you think fit to employ me. But I can assure you the scene and the times have depressed me wonderfully, for I will impute no defect to those two paltry years which have slipped by since I had the happiness to see you. I am, with the truest esteem, yours, &c.

6. SWIFT TO POPE.[4]

DUBLIN, *Jan.* 10, 1721.

A THOUSAND things have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather choose

[1] Gay did write a pastoral of this kind, which is published in his works. —WARBURTON.

[2] Swift himself wrote one of this kind, entitled Dermot and Sheelah. —WARBURTON.

Swift says that the "pastoral ridicule is not exhausted," in allusion to the Shepherd's Week which Gay published in 1714, and which was intended for a burlesque of the sentimental pastorals in vogue. Neither Swift nor Gay succeeded in extracting humour from the extension of the plan to a new class of characters. Gay's Espousal, or Sober Eclogue between two of the people called Quakers is an insipid, witless production, and Swift's Dermot and Sheelah, a dialogue between a man and a woman who weeded the courtyard at the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, is only remarkable for coarse language and nauseous images.

[3] Pope told Spence that Gay was inclined to adopt the suggestion, but afterwards thought that the subject would answer better in a play, and this gave rise to the Beggars' Opera.

[4] This letter Mr. Pope never received.—POPE, 1741.

Nor did he believe it was ever sent. —WARBURTON.

Swift published his Proposal for the Use of Irish Manufactures in 1720, and his pamphlet having been treated as criminal by the Irish government, he drew up his letter to Pope, with the apparent intention that it should be shown about in England, and find its way to people in power. His object was to convince them that neither his conduct nor his principles could render him justly obnoxious to the whigs. In the first part of his letter he represents that he had abandoned party politics since the death of Queen Anne,

to appeal to you than to my Lord Chief Justice Whitshed,[1] under the situation I am in; for I take this cause properly to lie before you. You are a much fitter judge of what concerns the credit of a writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt whether the arguments I could suggest to prove my own innocence would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the long robe to those in furs,[2] upon whose decision about the difference of style or sentiments I should be very unwilling to leave the merits of my cause.

Give me leave then to put you in mind, although you cannot easily forget it, that about ten weeks before the queen's death, I left the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Berkshire, where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a visit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a discourse which I thought might be useful in such a juncture of affairs, and sent it up to London; but, upon some difference in opinion between me and a certain great minister now abroad,[3] the publishing of it was deferred so long, that the queen died, and I recalled my copy, which has been ever since in safe hands. In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent princess, I came to my station here, where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy, and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the royal family which now reigns, further than the prayer-book informs me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any

and that during the period he engaged in them he was not the tool of the tory ministers, nor intolerant of their adversaries. In the second part he expounds his political creed for the purpose of showing that he had always been the advocate of an enlightened freedom.

[1] He was made lord chief justice of the king's bench in Ireland on the accession of George I., and died August 1727, aged 50. He was a warm supporter of the government, and incurred the enmity of the opposition, and the jacobites.

[2] That is, to the judge in ermine.

[3] The discourse was his Free Thoughts upon the present State of Affairs, and the great minister was Bolingbroke, who made additions and alterations of which Swift disapproved.

sort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party zeal.

I had indeed written some memorials of the four last years of the queen's reign, with some other informations which I received, as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in an employment then designed me.[1] But as it was at the disposal of a person who had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it.[2] These papers, at my few hours of health and leisure, I have been digesting into order by one sheet at a time,[3] for I dare not venture any further, lest the humour of searching and seizing papers should revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myself, for they contain nothing of present times or persons, upon which I shall never lose a thought while there is a cat or a spaniel in the house, but to preserve them from being lost among messengers and clerks.

I have written in this kingdom a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures instead of

[1] Historiographer.—POPE, 1741.

[2] The office was in the gift of the lord chamberlain, the Duke of Shrewsbury. Swift's memory deceived him. Instead of disdaining to accept the appointment he continued to solicit it through his friends till the vacancy was filled up, and then complained that Bolingbroke had not interfered more effectually on his behalf.

[3] These papers some years after were brought finished by the dean into England, with an intention to publish them. But Lord Bolingbroke, on whose judgment he relied, dissuaded him from that design. He told the dean there were several facts he knew to be false, and that the whole was so much in the spirit of party writing, that, though it might have made a seasonable pamphlet in the time of their administration, it was a dishonour to just history. It is to be observed that the treasurer Oxford was the hero of the story. The dean would do nothing against his friend's judgment; yet it extremely chagrined him. And he told a common friend, that since Lord Bolingbroke did not approve his history, he would cast it into the fire, though it was the best work he had ever written. However, it did not undergo this fate, and is said to be yet in being.—It has been sinc published.—WARBURTON.

Lord Bolingbroke, in a letter to Sir William Wyndham, expresses his opinion of this work as very partial and defective.—BOWLES.

The manuscript was read by Bolingbroke, Pope, and Lord Oxford when Swift visited England in 1727. Ten years later he renewed his intention of publishing it, and once more the remonstrances of his friends prevailed. The objection of Bolingbroke was shared by them all. Swift fancied that his work was a history, and his friends knew that it was a party pamphlet.

those from England.[1] This treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments, or were expectants; upon which a person in great office here[2] immediately took the alarm. He sent in haste for the chief justice, and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately published with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance; directing at the same time that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law. The chief justice had so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to out-do his orders. The grand-juries of the county and city were practised effectually with to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published for several weeks in all the newspapers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail. After his trial the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry.[3] The chief justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a special verdict. During the trial, the chief justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that the author's design was to bring in the pretender; although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise, and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles publicly

[1] A proposal for the universal use of Irish Manufactures.—POPE, 1741.

The law prohibited the exportation of wool from England or Ireland to foreign nations, under the notion that if our rivals were deprived of our raw material they would be unable to compete with us in manufactured articles, and the Irish were equally forbidden to export woollen fabrics, in order that the English trader might enjoy the monopoly of the continental markets. The smuggler helped to defeat the gross injustice of the legislature, and, as a further means of retaliation, Swift advised the people to abjure English manufactures, and consume at home the goods they were forbidden to carry abroad. England checked her own prosperity by keeping Ireland poor. The less wealth a country possesses the less it is capable of enriching its neighbours.

[2] Lord Chancellor Middleton.

[3] Swift says that they were "the most violent party men;" but they had the sense to perceive that the publication was a patriotic, and not a party pamphlet.

disallowed his proceedings.[1] But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until, upon the Duke of Grafton, the lord lieutenant's arrival, his grace, after mature advice, and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*.[2]

This is the more remarkable, because it is said that the man is no ill decider in common cases of property, where party is out of the question; but when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to push it forward,[3] it must needs confound any man of little spirit, and low birth,[4] who has no other endowment than that sort of knowledge, which, however possessed in the highest degree, can possibly give no one good quality to the mind.

It is true, I have been much concerned, for several years past, upon account of the public as well as of myself, to see how ill a taste for wit and sense prevails in the world, which politics, and South-sea,[5] and party, and operas, and masquerades have introduced. For, besides many insipid papers which the malice of some has entitled me to,[6] there are

[1] He again presided in 1724, when the printer of the Drapier Letters was prosecuted, and again exasperated Swift by asking the grand jury their reasons for ignoring the bill, and then discharging them for their pertinacity. Twelve years of laborious service in the king's bench had broken his health, and in Jan. 1727, he obtained the chief-justiceship of the common pleas, which was almost a sinecure, and much coveted for combining ease with dignity and profit. His retirement from his old office was the signal for his enemies to mark their detestation of him, and Archbishop Boulter wrote, Aug. 31, 1727, "It is thought his uneasiness upon some affronts he met with since his removal helped to shorten his days."

[2] The dean wrote on Oct. 1, 1720, to his friend Sir Thomas Hanmer, who was married to the mother of the Duke of Grafton, and begged him to intercede with the lord-lieutenant to stop the prosecution. The duke promised to interpose, and the private interest employed by Swift had a larger share than public policy in putting an end to the proceedings.

[3] He aspired, according to Swift in his letter to Hanmer, to supplant the lord-chancellor, and hoped by his zeal to effect his purpose. In the lines which the dean wrote on him in 1724 he repeats the accusation:

'tis to play an odd trick
Get the great seal and turn out Broderick.

Broderick was the family name of Lord Middleton.

[4] Swift elsewhere alludes to the low origin of the chief justice, and even makes it a reproach against him that his maternal grandfather, Alderman Quin, had committed suicide by cutting his throat in a church.

[5] The preceding year, 1720, was the great year of the South-sea bubble.

[6] A peculiar phrase for "has imputed to me."

many persons appearing to wish me well, and pretending to be judges of my style and manner, who have yet ascribed some writings to me, of which any man of common sense and literature would be heartily ashamed. I cannot forbear instancing a treatise called a Dedication upon Dedications, which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and servile a composition, as I remember at any time to have read. But above all, there is one circumstance which makes it impossible for me to have been author of a treatise wherein there are several pages containing a panegyric on King George, of whose character and person I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curiosity to inquire into either, living at so great a distance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed, I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I were asked or no: but never affected to be a counsellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to see myself so far out-done by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a scholar,[1] and too good a courtier not to discover his contempt of those who would be men of importance out of their sphere. Besides, to say the truth, although I have known many great ministers ready enough to hear opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would ever descend to take advice;[2] and this pedantry arises from a maxim themselves do not believe at the same time they practise by it, that there is something profound in politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.[3] I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others, who had

[1] "He had the greatest variety of knowledge," says Swift, "that I have anywhere met with; was a perfect master of the learned languages, and well skilled in divinity." Lord Bolingbroke says, on the contrary, "that he was no great scholar, and very ignorant of Greek."

[2] His design is to obviate the inference that he was responsible for the measures of Lord Oxford.

[3] "I never yet knew a minister," he remarks in one of his pamphlets, "who was not earnestly desirous to have it thought that the art of government was a most profound science, whereas it requires no more in reality than diligence, honesty, and a moderate share of plain natural sense."

more concern and more influence, would have acted their parts;[1] and, if this had succeeded, the public interest both of church and state would not have been the worse, nor the protestant succession endangered.

But, whatever opportunities a constant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavouring to do good offices to particular persons, I deserve at least to find tolerable quarter from those of the other party; for many of which I was a constant advocate with the Earl of Oxford, and for this I appeal to his lordship. He knows how often I pressed him in favour of Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Steele, although I freely confess that his lordship's kindness to them was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the esteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer. For I can never forget the answer he gave to the late Lord Halifax, who, upon the first change of the ministry, interceded with him to spare Mr. Congreve.[2] It was by repeating these two lines of Virgil:

> Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni,
> Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe.

Pursuant to which, he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greatest personal civilities, assuring him of his constant favour and protection, and adding that he would study to do something better for him. I remember it was in those times a usual subject of raillery towards me among the ministers, that I never came to them without a whig in my sleeve,[3]

[1] In his Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's Last Ministry, Swift says that the respective friends of Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke "too much observed the common prudential forms of not caring to intermeddle." They feared the ordinary result, that they would earn the enmity of both the disputants.

[2] Lord Halifax was Congreve's patron. No sooner had his first play appeared in Jan. 1693, than Halifax "made him," says Johnson, "one of the commissioners for licensing coaches, and soon after gave him a place in the Pipe-office, and another in the Customs, of six hundred pounds a year." Without being an active politician, he professed the whig politics of his patron, and ran a risk of losing his places when the tories came into power.

[3] "I was," Swift wrote to Archbishop King, June 17, 1716, "the continual advocate for all men of merit, without regard of party, for

which I do not say with any view towards making my court: for the new principles fixed to those of that denomination I did then, and do now from my heart abhor, detest and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predecessors.[1] I have conversed in some freedom with more ministers of state of all parties than usually happens to men of my level, and I confess, in their capacity as ministers, I look upon them as a race of people whose acquaintance no man would court, otherwise than upon the score of vanity or ambition. The first quickly wears off,[2] and is the vice of low minds, for a man of spirit is too proud to be vain; and the other was not my case.[3] Besides, having never received more than one small favour, I was under no necessity of being a slave to men in power, but chose my friends by their personal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue.[4] I frequently conversed

which it is known enough that I was sufficiently censured by some warm men." He did, indeed, recommend a few particular friends, who were chiefly men of letters, and for the rest he enforced the doctrine that "no whigs or low churchmen should receive any marks of favour from the crown, but what they should deserve from a sincere reformation." A fierce, vindictive, and unscrupulous partisan, he had no title to the praise of having been the apostle of toleration, merely because he pleaded for half-a-dozen of his former whig friends.

[1] He means particularly the principle at that time charged upon them by their enemies of an intention to proscribe the tories.—WARBURTON.

If this conjecture is correct, Swift was guilty of the common inconsistency of condemning in his adversaries the rigour which he had advised should be practised against them.

[2] He expressed the same sentiment to Archbishop King, in a letter of October 20, 1713: "I said to somebody, when I was last in Ireland, who talked to me of the advantage and felicity I had in the familiarity of great ministers, that it was well enough while it continued a vanity, but as soon as it ceased to be a vanity, it began to be a vexation of spirit."

[3] The best commentary on Swift's disavowal of ambition is a passage of his journal to Stella, Dec. 31, 1710: "The Duke of Marlborough, told the queen he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She said, if she could have conveniently turned about she would have laughed, and could hardly forbear it in his face."

[4] The "small favour" of the deanery of St. Patrick's was delayed till April, 1713, and did not diminish "the necessity to be a slave to men in power" during the preceding period when he was labouring to earn his promotion. His notion that he had shown his independence in the choice of his society because he had not dropped the acquaintance of three old literary intimates, was among his many lapses of memory. "In spite of my resolution and opinion to the contrary," he wrote to Archbishop King on January 3, 1713, "I am forced to

with Mr. Addison and the others I named, except Mr. Steele, during all my Lord Oxford's ministry, and Mr. Addison's friendship to me continued inviolable, with as much kindness as when we used to meet at my Lord Somers or Halifax, who were leaders of the opposite party.

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injustice I have these many years been pelted by your pamphleteers, merely upon account of some regard which the queen's last ministers were pleased to have for me. And yet in my conscience I think I am a partaker in every ill design they had against the protestant succession, or the liberties and religion of their country; and can say with Cicero, "that I should be proud to be included with them in all their actions *tanquam in equo Trojano.*"[1] But if I have never discovered by my words, writings, or actions, any party virulence, or dangerous designs against the present powers; if my friendship and conversation were equally shown among those who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at court, and that I was known to be a common friend of all deserving persons of the latter sort, when they were in distress, I cannot but think it hard that I am not suffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whose opinions unfortunately differ from those which lead to favour and preferment.[2]

converse only with one side of the world, which fastens prejudices on me, notwithstanding all I can do to avoid them." "I entirely agree with your grace," he added in the succeeding March, "that a free man ought not to confine his converse to any one party, neither would I do so if I were free; but I am not."

[1] He and his enemies, proceeded upon the same mistaken assumption, that he could not be ignorant of any intrigues which had been carried on between his political friends and the pretender. The whigs inferred that Swift had been an accomplice in the treason, and Swift concluded that none had existed. Both were deceived.

[2] He grounds his claim to be spared censure on the general plea that he himself had not manifested "party virulence" towards the opposition when his patrons were in office. His recollections were once more treacherous. His party writings were intensely virulent, and he employed the wildest calumnies to destroy the characters of the leading whigs. His instigator, Bolingbroke, allows that Swift in those days "exhaled profusely black, corrosive vapours," and says that this splenetic "humour was given him for the punishment of others." Deficient as he was in temper and fairness, many of his misrepresentations appear to have proceeded from the credulity which often leads passionate men to believe in the fables that fall in with their preju-

I ought to let you know that the thing we called a whig in England is a creature altogether different from those of the same denomination here; at least it was so during the reign of her late majesty. Whether those on your side have changed or no, it has not been my business to inquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr. Addison, when he first came over hither secretary[1] to the Earl of Wharton, then lord lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the chief managers here. He told me they were a sort of people who seemed to think that the principles of a whig consisted in nothing else but damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed religion. I was discoursing some years ago with a certain minister about that whiggish or fanatical genius, so prevalent among the English of this kingdom. His lordship accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's soldiers, adventurers established here, who were all of the sourest leaven and the meanest birth, and whose posterity are now in possession of their lands and their principles. However, it must be confessed that of late some people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, because interest, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an end; for it is hardly worth contending who shall be an exciseman, a country vicar, a crier in the courts, or an underclerk.[2]

You will perhaps be inclined to think that a person so ill-

dices. Lord Bolingbroke told Lord Chesterfield that "lies coined for the day were delivered out to him to write Examiners and other political papers upon," and Lord Chesterfield believed that he was the genuine dupe of his unprincipled employers.

[1] Addison received the appointment in the winter of 1708, and went to Ireland in the spring of 1709.

[2] The exclusion of the native Irish and the Scotch and English settlers from every post of power was the deliberate policy of the English government, that the interests of England alone might prevail. The system was relaxed during the brief viceroyalty of Lord Sunderland, from Sept. 1714 to Aug. 1715, but his narrow-minded successors reverted to the practice of filling all the considerable offices in law, church, and state with the natives of England. There was no idea of using the plan to elevate the people by setting an example of the qualities in which Ireland was deficient. The ruling motive was the spirit of selfish monopoly, and the ordinary custom was to inflict upon Ireland the men who were thought unfit to be promoted at home.

treated as I have been must at some time or other have discovered very dangerous opinions in government; in answer to which, I will tell you what my political principles were in the time of her late glorious majesty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or discourse.[1]

First, I always declared myself against a popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood. Neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts: first, as it was established by law; and secondly, as it has much weight in the opinions of the people. For necessity may abolish any law, but cannot alter the sentiments of the vulgar, right of inheritance being perhaps the most popular of all topics; and therefore in great changes, when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and discontent among the meaner people, which, under a weak prince and corrupt administration, may have the worst consequences upon the peace of any state.

As to what is called a revolution principle, my opinion was this: that whenever those evils, which usually attend and follow a violent change of government, were not in probability so pernicious as the grievance we suffer under a present power, then the public good will justify such a revolution. And this I took to have been the case in the Prince of Orange's expedition, although in the consequences it produced some very bad effects, which are likely to stick long enough by us.

I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy against standing armies in times of peace; because I always took standing armies to be only servants hired by the master of the family for keeping his own children in slavery; and because I conceived that a prince, who could not think himself secure

[1] He may have been consistent in his creed, but he was sadly inconsistent in his conduct. "This island of ours," he says in the Examiner of November 9, 1710, "has for the greatest part of twenty years lain under the influence of such counsels and persons, whose principle and interest it was to corrupt our manners, blind our understanding, drain our wealth, and in time destroy our constitution, both in church and state." He adhered to the whigs during all these profligate years, and had only just deserted to their enemies in the hope of promotion. Either he must have been mistaken in his support of the whigs, or in his unqualified denunciation of them.

without mercenary troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his subjects,'—although I am not ignorant of those artificial necessities which a corrupted ministry can create, for keeping up forces to support a faction against the public interest.

As to parliaments, I adored the wisdom of that Gothic institution which made them annual: and I was confident our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation until that ancient law were restored among us.[2] For who sees not that while such assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the ministry and the deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifest danger of liberty,—which traffic would never answer the design nor expense, if parliaments met once a year.

I ever abominated that scheme of politics, now about thirty years old, of setting up a monied interest in opposition to the landed; for I conceived there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this: That the possessors of the soil are the best judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom.[3] If others had thought the same way, funds of credit and South Sea projects would neither have been felt nor heard of.

[1] It might be supposed that Swift had never heard of a foreign enemy, or of the rebellion of 1715, or else that he was ignorant that when rival nations keep up regular armies, the soldiers of England must be trained in peace if they are to be ready for war. The question had been much mooted how the army could be put on a footing which would secure its being turned against the liberties of the country, and it was no help to the solution of a difficult problem to deny that any army was required.

[2] The whigs, afraid to hazard an election in the midst of the ferment engendered by the rebellion, extended the duration of parliaments from three years to seven, and this paragraph is a censure of the Septennial Act of 1716.

[3] This maxim, which says little for Swift's knowledge of human nature, was repeated by him in the last of his Drapier's Letters: "I take the proper definition of the law to be the will of the majority of those who have the property in land." His instance did not recommend his principle. The squires were in general ignorant and jealous of trade, and it would have been fatal to the prosperity of the country to have allowed them an uncontrolled domination over the commerce of England. The funds originated with the whigs, and were therefore obnoxious to Swift; but he should have seen that they were inevitable unless the nation could have been preserved from every contingency which necessitated loans.

I could never discover the necessity of suspending any law upon which the liberty of the most innocent persons depended; neither do I think this practice has made the taste of arbitrary power so agreeable as that we should desire to see it repeated.[1] Every rebellion subdued and plot discovered contribute to the firmer establishment of the prince. In the latter case, the knot of conspirators is entirely broke, and they are to begin their work anew under a thousand disadvantages: so that those diligent inquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every person whose face a minister thinks fit to dislike, are not only opposite to that maxim, which declares it better that ten guilty men should escape than one innocent suffer, but likewise leave a gate wide open to the whole tribe of informers, the most accursed and prostitute and abandoned race that God ever permitted to plague mankind. It is true the Romans had a custom of choosing a dictator, during whose administration the power of other magistrates was suspended; but this was done upon the greatest emergencies,—a war near their doors, or some civil dissension: for armies must be governed by arbitrary power. But when the virtue of that commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of dictator became perpetual in the persons of the Cæsars and their successors, the most infamous tyrants that have anywhere appeared in story.

These are some of the sentiments I had relating to public affairs, while I was in the world. What they are at present is of little importance either to that or myself; neither can I

[1] This was another criticism on the policy of the whigs. In July, 1715, when the rebellion was in active preparation, parliament suspended the *habeas corpus* act for six months, by a bill which empowered the king "to secure and detain such persons as his majesty shall suspect are conspiring against his person and government." The bill was renewed for a second term of six months in January, 1716. A similar measure was passed in Ireland, and in April, 1716, Swift wrote to Atterbury: "I expect to be among the first of those upon whom this law will be executed." The political champion and intimate friend of Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Ormond might not unreasonably be regarded with distrust, when it was discovered that all three had intrigued with the pretender, and when Lord Bolingbroke and the Duke of Ormond had openly joined him.

truly say I have any at all, or, if I had, I dare not venture to publish them: for however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midsummer. And indeed I have often wished for some time past that a political catechism might be published by authority four times a year, in order to instruct us how we are to speak, write, and act during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of such an instructor; for, intending to make my court to some people on the prevailing side, by advancing certain old whiggish principles, which it seems had been exploded about a month before, I have passed for a disaffected person. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is for a man in obscurity to attempt defending his reputation as a writer, while the spirit of faction has so universally possessed the minds of men that they are not at leisure to attend to anything else. They will just give themselves time to libel and accuse me, but cannot spare a minute to hear my defence. So in a plot-discovering age, I have often known an innocent man seized and imprisoned, and forced to lie several months in chains, while the ministers were not at leisure to hear his petition, until they had prosecuted and hanged the number they proposed.[1]

All I can reasonably hope for by this letter is to convince my friends, and others who are pleased to wish me well, that I have neither been so ill a subject nor so stupid an author as I have been represented by the virulence of libellers, whose malice has taken the same train in both, by fathering dangerous principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and insipid productions, which I am not capable of writing; for, however I may have been soured by personal ill treatment, or by melancholy prospects for the public, I am too much a politician to expose my own safety by offensive words. And, if my genius and spirit be sunk by increasing

[1] He alluded to the case of Lord Oxford, who was kept in confinement from July, 1715, to July, 1717, which was upwards of a twelvemonth after the trials of the rebels were ended. When his trial at last came on, it turned out an empty form, in consequence of the Commons refusing to adopt the mode of procedure prescribed by the Lords.

years, I have at least enough discretion left not to mistake the measure of my own abilities by attempting subjects where those talents are necessary which perhaps I may have lost with my youth.

7.[1] GAY TO SWIFT.

LONDON, *Dec.* 22, 1722.

DEAR SIR,—After every post-day, for these eight or nine years, I have been troubled with an uneasiness of spirit, and at last I have resolved to get rid of it, and write to you. I do not deserve you should think so well of me as I really deserve, for I have not professed to you that I love you as much as ever I did; but you are the only person of my acquaintance almost that does not know it. Whomever I see that comes from Ireland, the first question I ask is after your health, of which I had the pleasure to hear very lately from Mr. Berkeley.[2] I think of you very often: nobody wishes you better, or longs more to see you. Duke Disney,[3] who knows more news than any man alive, told me I should certainly meet you at the

[1] Published by Dr. Hawkesworth, and inserted here because it is a necessary accompaniment to Swift's answer which was printed by Pope in the quarto of 1741.

[2] The celebrated metaphysician.

[3] Colonel Disney was called "Duke" from his habit of using the word as an exclamation. He was a Huguenot refugee, and it appears from the records of the War Office that his real name was Desaulnais, which was anglicised into Disney. He had the offer of remaining in France if he would be once present at mass, but had too much conscience to comply. After having been banished from his native country because he was a protestant, he ran a risk of being dismissed from his employment in the country of his adoption because he was a foreigner. By the Act of Succession no person born out of the kingdom, who was not of English parents, could hold any office, civil or military, when the crown passed to the House of Hanover, and, on the accession of George I., Ford expressed his fear to Swift that Disney would be deprived of his regiment. This strict interpretation of the act was not enforced, and the Duke of Marlborough represented in the House of Lords that to discharge officers "like the French refugees, who had, for above five-and-twenty years, served England with distinguished zeal and untainted fidelity, would be a piece of injustice unprecedented in the most barbarous nations." Disney retained his regiment till his death, in November, 1731. He was an especial favourite in the Swift circle. "Colonel Disney is ill of a fever," writes the dean in his journal to Stella in March, 1713. "We all love him mightily, and he would be a great loss. He is a fellow of abundance of

Bath this season: but I had one comfort in being disappointed, that you did not want it for your health. I was there for near eleven weeks for a colic, that I have been often troubled with of late: but have not found all the benefit I expected.

I lodge at present in Burlington House,[1] and have received many civilities from many great men, but very few real benefits. They wonder at each other for not providing for me, and I wonder at them all. Experience has given me some knowledge of them; so that I can say that it is not in their power to disappoint me. You find I talk to you of myself; I wish you would reply in the same manner. I hope, though you have not heard from me so long, I have not lost my credit with you, but that you will think of me in the same manner as when you espoused my cause so warmly, which my gratitude never can forget.[2] I am, dear sir, your most obliged and sincere humble servant.

P. S. Mr. Pope, upon reading over this letter, desired me to tell you that he has been just in the same sentiments with me in regard to you, and shall never forget his obligations to you.

humour; an old battered rake, but very honest: not an old man, but an old rake. It is he that said of Jenny Kingdom, the maid of honour, who is a little old, that, since she could not get a husband, the queen should give her a brevet to act as a married woman." Humour was so much his characteristic, that when Gay, in his tribute to Pope on the completion of the translation of the Iliad, designated the acquaintances of the poet by their leading traits, he applied to Disney the epithet "facetious," but opinions differed on the quality of his wit, and Lady M. W. Montagu, at the conclusion of a speech which is put into the mouth of Dullness, thus continues:

She ended, and assumed Duke Disney's grin,
With broad plump face, pert eyes, and ruddy skin,
Which showed the stupid joke which lurked within.

He was a staunch friend, and one day, when Mr. Pelham was inveighing against Bolingbroke, Disney interposed: "My dear Harry, don't say that, for if Lord Bolingbroke was to say anything of you, I would run him through, and if you say anything of him, I must run you through."

[1] Lodging was sometimes all he had there. "D'ye see now," remarked Arbuthnot in conversation, "I went to visit him, and ordered him a poultice for his swelled face. He said Lord and Lady Burlington were very good to him, but the poor creature eat his poultice for hunger."

[2] Gay acknowledged that he was appointed secretary to Lord Clarendon's embassy through the influence of the friends he owed to Swift, and it is probable that Swift had endeavoured to serve him more effectually.

8.[1] SWIFT TO GAY.

DUBLIN, *Jan.* 8, 1722-3.

COMING home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England: there I made my friendships,[2] and there I left my desires. I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think, to be *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis*. What can be the design of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a scurvy sleep, which however is better than none? I am towards nine years older since I left you, yet that is the least of my alterations; my business, my diversions, my conversations, are all entirely changed for the worse, and so are my studies and my amusements in writing. Yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be passable enough, if you would let me alone. I shall not be able to relish my wine, my parsons, my horses, nor my garden, for three months, until the spirit you have raised shall be dispossessed. I have sometimes wondered that I have not visited you, but I have been stopped by too many reasons, besides years and laziness, and yet these are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year amongst you, there would be to me *Desiderio nec pudor nec modus*. I was three years reconciling myself to the scene, and the business, to which fortune has condemned me, and stupidity was what I had recourse to. Besides, what a figure should I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, distress, or imprisonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threaten myself with the journey, and am every summer practising to 'ride, and' get health to bear it. The only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a divine, yet I hope you have not

[1] A copy of this letter is among the Oxford MSS., and was printed by Pope with some omissions in the quarto of 1741.

[2] "I have had," wrote Swift to Mrs. Pendarves, Aug. 6, 1735, "one great and not very usual misfortune in my life, which was, to come to a kingdom where I was utterly a stranger, when it was too late to make new friendships, everybody worth knowing being already bespoke."

been author of your colic. Do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always *Et tibi quos mihi dempserit apponet annos.* I am heartily sorry you have any dealings with that ugly distemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exercise. I wish they would have as good an effect upon the giddiness I am subject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I should have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the present condition of many of my old acquaintance,—Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis,[1] &c., but you mention only Mr. Pope, who I believe is lazy, or else he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your case of needing great men's favour, and could heartily wish that you were in his. I have been considering why poets have such ill success in making their court, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of all flatterers. The defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: they will give things under their hand which they make a conscience of speaking. Besides, they are too libertine to haunt ante-chambers, too poor to bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under original sin by the dedication of your Eclogues to Lord Bolingbroke?[2] I am an ill judge at this distance, and

[1] Erasmus Lewis was an under-secretary of state in the Harley administration, and member of Lostwithiel in Cornwall. Lord Bolingbroke speaks of him as "belonging to Lord Oxford," and he is said by Swift to have been Lord Oxford's "chief favourite." When his public career was ended he continued to serve Lord Oxford in the capacity of steward. The dean in one of his poems calls him "a cunning shaver" which Johnson explains to be a person "closely attentive to his own interest," and Arbuthnot, writing of him in 1723, gives a specimen of the "shaver" side of his character. "He posts himself a good part of the year in some warm house, wins the ladies' money at ombre, and convinces them that they are highly obliged to him." In spite of this trait, and the fact that he was a man-of-all-work to an intriguing master, he was considered in the Swift circle to be upright as well as judicious, and so steady in his attachments that Gay describes him as

Lewis who has never friend forsaken.

[2] In a rhyming prologue to the Shepherd's Week, which was published in 1714, during the tory rule. The panegyric on Bolingbroke is confined to calling him

St. John, sweet of mien,
Full steadfast both to church and queen;

besides am, for my ease, utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world; but if all courts have a sameness in them, as the parsons' phrase is, things may be as they were in my time, when all employments went to parliament-men's friends, who had been useful in elections, and there was always a huge list of names in arrears at the treasury, which would take up at least your seven years' expedient[1] to discharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the surest course would be to get your friend[2] who lodges in your house to recommend you to the next chief governor who comes over here for a good civil employment, or to be one of his secretaries, which your parliament men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable; you may dine twice a week at the deanery-house; there is a set of company in this town sufficient for one man; folks will admire you, because they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here; or if you divide between both places, it will be for your health. 'The Duke of Wharton settled a pension on Dr. Young.[3] Your landlord is much richer.[4] These are my best thoughts after three days' reflections. Mr. Budgell got a very good office here, and lost it by a great want of common politics.[5] If a —— recommendation be hearty, and the

but the general tenor of the piece is to magnify the persons in power, and applaud their policy. Gay soon after accepted an office from Lord Oxford, and when his friends, whose cause he had espoused, were turned out, he complained that he was not adopted by their opponents. Notwithstanding his want of claim to the patronage of the whigs, he was able to announce, Feb. 3, 1723, that they had made him a commissioner of the lottery.

[1] The Septennial Act.

[2] Lord Burlington. The words which follow are a slip of the pen, and Swift must have meant to write, "in whose house you lodge."

[3] The duke gave Young a bond for one annuity in 1719, and for a second in 1722. In 1725 he obtained a grant from the crown of two hundred a year, and this drew upon him the satire of Swift, who speaks of the court as a place

> Where Young must torture his invention
> To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.

He managed to retain it till his death in 1765.

[4] Dr. Clayton, the Bishop of Cork, said in Oct. 1736, that Lord Burlington drew 18,000*l.* a year from Ireland alone. Whatever may have been his wealth, his expenditure was greater, and in March 1738, Alderman Barber wrote to Swift, "My Lord Burlington is now selling in one article, 9,000*l.* a year in Ireland, for 200,000*l.*, which won't pay his debts."

[5] Through the influence of Addison

governor who comes here be already inclined to favour you, nothing but *fortuna Trojanæ* can hinder the success.

'If I write to you once a quarter, will you promise to send me an answer in a week, and then I will leave you at rest till the next quarter-day; and I desire you will leave part of a blank side for Mr. Pope. Has he some *quelque chose* of his own upon the anvil? I expect it from him since poor Homer helped to make him rich. Why have not I your works? and with a civil inscription before it, as Mr. Pope ought to have done to his, for so I had from your predecessors of the two last reigns. I hear yours were sent to Ben Tooke,[1] but I never had them. You see I wanted nothing but provocation to send you a long letter, which I am not weary of writing because[2] I do not hear myself talk, and yet I have the pleasure of talking to you, and if you are not good at reading ill hands, it will cost you as much time as it has done me.' I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late court, and the successors;[3] and by the force of too much honesty or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between two stools. Take care of your health and money; be less modest and more active; or else turn parson and get a bishopric here. Would to God they would send us as good ones from your side! I am ever, 'with all friendship and esteem,' yours.

'P.S.—Mr. Ford presents his service to Mr. Pope and you. We keep him here as long as we can.'

he held appointments worth upwards of two thousand a year. In 1717 the Duke of Bolton became lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and before a twelvemonth had passed, Budgell lampooned him in print, quarrelled with his secretary, and was ejected from his employments.

[1] The publisher.

[2] Swift uses "because" in the sense of "although," for he liked to talk. "He talks a great deal, and does not require many answers," wrote Mrs. Pendarves in Jan., 1733, after meeting him at a dinner party. He had a rule by which to keep a check upon his tongue. "I never," he said, "speak more than one minute at a time, and when that is done I wait at least as long for others to take up the conversation; but if they do not think fit to do so, I then have a right to begin again."

[3] The tories, that is, under Queen Anne, made him secretary to the embassy they sent to Hanover, and the secretaryship afforded him an opportunity of ingratiating himself with George I.

9.[1] POPE AND BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT.

POPE.

August, 1723.

'DEAR SIR,'—I find a rebuke in a late letter of yours, that both stings and pleases me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a postscript to my friend Gay's, makes me not content to write less than a whole letter; and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a sincere effect of friendship. Indeed as I cannot but own the laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you,—for both of us 'I believe' have had, and one of us hath both had and given,[2] a surfeit of writing—so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly entitled to my friendship, that it was a possession you could not imagine needed[3] any further deeds or writings to assure you of it. 'It is an honest truth there is no one, living or dead, of whom I think of oftener or better than yourself. I look upon you to be as to me in a state between both. You have from me all the passions and good wishes that can attend the living, and all the respect and tender sense of loss that we feel for the dead.' Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate state at this distance, and in this absence, Dean Swift lives still in England, in every place and company where he would choose to live, and I find him in all the conversations I keep, and in all the hearts in which I would have any[4] share. We have never met these many years without mention of you. Besides my old acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of

[1] This letter was first published by Curll in 1737. It was reprinted by Pope in his quarto of the same year, with the date of August, 1723, and again in the quarto of 1741, with the date of Jan. 12, 1723. The last date must be incorrect, for Bolingbroke did not return from exile till June, 1723. In the following September he was at Aix-la-Chapelle, and as the letter must have been written before he left England, and as the answer of Swift is dated September 20, 1723, August cannot be far from the true date. Pope's portion of the joint epistle is among the Bathurst papers, and has no date at all.

[2] Alluding to his large work on Homer.—WARBURTON.

[3] The quartos read, "stood in need of."

[4] For "I would have," the quartos read "I desire."

a later date were[1] such as were yours before. Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley, may look upon me as one 'immediately' entailed upon them by you.[2] Lord Bolingbroke is now returned, as I hope, to take me with all his other hereditary rights:[3] and, indeed, he seems grown so much a philosopher, as to set his heart upon some of them as little as upon the poet you gave him. It is sure my 'particular' ill fate, that all those I 'have' most loved, and with whom I 'have' most lived, must be banished. After both of you left England, my constant host was the Bishop of Rochester.[4] Sure this is a nation that is cursedly afraid of being overrun with too much politeness, and cannot regain one great genius, but at the expense of another.[5] I tremble for my Lord Peterborough, whom I now

[1] "Are," in the quartos.

[2] This circumstance is curious as it shows to whom Pope was primarily indebted for his introduction to Lords Oxford, Harcourt, and Bolingbroke. —BOWLES.

[3] The pretender dismissed him suddenly in March, 1716, and gave out that he had been guilty of ruinous negligence while the rebellion was in progress. "I believe," wrote Lord Stair, the English ambassador at Paris, "all poor Harry's fault was that he could not play his part with a grave enough face; he could not help laughing now and then at such kings and queens." After long solicitation he obtained from George I. in May, 1723, a pardon which cancelled the sentence of death, and enabled him to reappear in England with safety. By the remaining penalties of the act of attainder he was deprived of his peerage, and debarred from inheriting or holding property. These disqualifications could not be removed without the concurrence of parliament, and Bolingbroke had come over to make interest for their repeal. When he discovered that present success was hopeless, he went back to the continent.

[4] Dr. Atterbury.—POPE, 1741.

[5] The Bishop of Rochester thought this to be indeed the case; and that the price agreed on for Lord B.'s return, was his banishment—an imagination which so strongly possessed him when he went abroad, that all the expostulations of his friends could not convince him of the folly of it.—WARBURTON.

Atterbury was sent into exile in June, 1723. "When he arrived," says Archdeacon Coxe, "at Calais he found Bolingbroke waiting for a conveyance to England, on which he expressed his surprise, and exclaimed, 'Then I am exchanged.'" There was no one with whom the ministry could strike the bargain except Bolingbroke himself, and the statement that the price paid for his return was the banishment of the bishop, appears to be incapable of any other interpretation, consistent with sense, than that he had detected Atterbury's treason, and informed against him to the government. This may have been the bishop's idea, and was far from extravagant, for Bolingbroke detested Atterbury, and wrote to Lord Townshend in January, 1724, "There is not a man under the sun, whom I have less reason to trust, or more to complain of, than the late Bishop of Rochester."

lodge with; he has too much wit as well as courage, to make a solid general; and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some account of the manner of my life and conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated than when you knew me,[1] among all sexes, parties, and professions. A glut of study and retirement in the first part of my life cast me into this; and this, I begin to see, will throw me again into study and retirement.

The civilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have hindered me from being violent or sour to any party; but at the same time the observations and experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprised at any. I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the violences and hardships I see practised by either. The merry vein you knew me in is sunk into a turn of reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a quietness of mind, which by fits improves into a certain degree of cheerfulness,[2] enough to make me just so good-humoured as to wish that world well. My friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none but to knaves, (for fools I have learned to bear with), and those[3] I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think those[4] are next to knaves who converse with them. The greatest man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you, both how to gain and how to use the freedoms[5] of friendship with men much

[1] The quartos add after "me" the words, "and cared for me; and."

[2] Whatever might have been his "merry vein," his satires are no proofs of "the quietness of mind, which by fits improves into cheerfulness."—BOWLES.

[3] The quartos read "such."

[4] The quarto of 1741 adds "men."

[5] "Freedom" in the quartos. Pope could not have had a worse model, for Swift's behaviour to men of rank was conspicuous for want of manners, dignity, and sense. He pretended to treat them as inferiors, and insisted upon replacing the usages of society by ludicrous affectations. "No man," says Johnson of his conduct, "can pay a more servile tribute to the great than by suffering his liberty in their presence to aggrandise him in his own esteem." This was the source of the liberties of Swift. The outward tribute he exacted from

my superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourse with poets and scribblers, unless where by great chance I find[1] a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally, 'and' none have been enemies, but who were also strangers to me: and as there is no great need of *éclaircissement* with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, anything of the matter.[2] There are very few things that give me the anxiety of a wish; the strongest I have would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you; but fate has dispersed them all about the world, and I find to wish it is as vain, as to wish 'to live' to see the millennium, and the kingdom of the just upon earth.

If I have sinned in my long silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a sinner. As soon as you see his hand, you will learn to do me justice, and feel in your 'own' heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects. 'I am, dear sir, your ever faithful servant.'

BOLINGBROKE.

I AM not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to laziness. In defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his judge. You will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous tribunals. You resemble perfectly the two alehouse-keepers in Holland, who were at the same time burgomasters of the town, and taxed

rank was sought from a sense of its importance; and Dr. Delany, his friend and apologist, admits that his only "low ambition" was his desire to associate with grandees.

[1] Quartos, "I have found."

[2] Four years after Pope had attained to the lofty tranquillity of mind which despised attacks, and never retaliated upon assailants, he was engaged on the Dunciad, and thought no offence too slight, and no person too contemptible to incur his resentment.

one another's bills alternately.[1] I declare beforehand I will not stand to the award; my title to your friendship is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it; but annual acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it, and I begin to suspect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself, since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity, was it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and less dissipated than when you knew me and cared for me. That love which I used to scatter with some profusion among the 'whole'[2] female kind, has been these many years devoted to one object.[3] A great many misfortunes,—for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly,—and a retirement from the world have made that just and nice discrimination between my acquaintance and my friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves; those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buz about me while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade.[4] No

[1] The innkeepers in Holland were notorious extortioners. Swift in his Drapier letters compares the dealings of Wood to "a Dutch reckoning, wherein if you dispute the unreasonableness and exorbitance of the bill, the landlord shall bring it up every time with new additions."

[2] "Whole" is in the Dublin edition, and in the quarto of 1737, but is omitted in the quarto of 1741.

[3] Bolingbroke's first wife, to whom he was habitually faithless, died in November, 1718. In May, 1720, he was secretly married at Aix-la-Chapelle to the Marquise de Villette, who had been the second wife of a cousin-german of Madame de Maintenon. Lord Bolingbroke professes to have been constant to the Marchioness, but if he ceased to practise debauchery he continued to recommend it. In 1735, when he was fifty-seven, he instructed Charles Wyndham in the arts of intrigue, and holding up to him his own example, said, "Whilst I loved much, I never loved long; but was inconstant to them all for the sake of all." Between two and three months later he exhorted his friend to persevere in his amours, and said, "I make you my compliments on the continuance of your folly. Indulge it; it is wisdom to do so. When disgust succeeds, or provocation happens, change it for some other. That pleasure is languid when the imagination is not warmed." Profligates, like Bolingbroke and Chesterfield, who have enjoined immorality upon principle, are incomprehensible.

[4] Shakespeare, Timon of Athens, Act 2, Sc. 2:

Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couched.

man comes to a hermitage but for the sake of the hermit; a few philosophical friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of party was never heard in this quiet place;[1] gazettes and pamphlets are banished from it; and, if the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted,[2] this distinction is owing to some strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious philosopher had, like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his precursors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian Seers, both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster as party. Alas, I am soon awakened from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman historians, by Guicciardin, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no history of our own country, till that body of it which you promise to finish appears.[3]

I am under no apprehensions that a glut of study and retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel, is that I fell so late into this course of life.[4] My philosophy grows confirmed

[1] Bolingbroke's letter was written from London, but the "quiet place" was his French hermitage,—a country residence which he purchased near Orleans in 1719. The river Loiret took its rise in the grounds attached to his chateau, which was thence called La Source.

[2] Bolingbroke calls the pamphlets of Swift "the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff," because it was the name under which Swift, in 1708, published his tracts on Partridge the almanac prophet.

[3] Swift commenced writing a history of England, and stopped at the reign of Henry II. He prepared the completed portion for the press in 1719, and announced in the preface that his original intention was to have carried on the work to the death of Elizabeth, but that he had abandoned the design from want of temper and leisure. Encouraged by Bolingbroke he seems to have formed a resolution, which he never executed, of resuming his task. The published fragment is brief, superficial, and common-place.

[4] When Bolingbroke talks of retirement, it is the language of vexation and disappointment affecting the tone of philosophy.—BOWLES.

Pope and Bolingbroke were clumsy

by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you. *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.* The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all. Some have cured me of my fears, by showing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by showing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprise. In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of titles and rank and estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare,[1] they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased, at what happens in it, any farther than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenour of my life: good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad. I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly. I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should methinks precede them. My losses of this kind give me but little trouble;

dissemblers. Swift remarked to Bolingbroke of Pope's portrait of himself in the first part of this letter "that he did not know his own character," and Bolingbroke's attempt at self-portraiture is still more glaringly fanciful.

[1] His actions belied his words. His main endeavour was to get back the "trinkets" he pretended to despise, as he confessed in a letter which he wrote to Sir William Wyndham in 1735. "I have done," he said, "all that I could do for my own service, in the *great point of view*, that, I mean, *of being restored*, whilst the late king lived, and this point of view continued open to me." He had done no less than bestow a bribe of 11,000*l.* upon the king's mistress, the Duchess of Kendal, to use her influence for him. He had attempted to bribe Sir Robert Walpole with proffered services, and the assurance that he would be the political follower of those who befriended him. His future career was consistent with his avowal that he should have no other principle than his personal interests.

I contributed nothing to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjustly, is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this town, which will be in a few days, I shall fall back into that course of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me. I have an aversion to them both, but in the ordinary course of life, I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool. One must indeed with the former be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword-cutler's shop in Germany; but even in these constrained postures the witty rascal will divert me, and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin. The fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teazes me like the fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked,[1] and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it. Adieu, dear Swift; with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.[2]

10.[3] SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *Sept.* 20, 1723.

'SIR,'—Returning from a summer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to

[1] Apparently in a letter of September 29, 1721, for Bolingbroke says in his reply, on January 1, 1722, "I am obliged to return to Paris in a month or six weeks' time, and from thence will send you my picture." "Would to heaven," he adds, reversing his present opinion, "I could send you as like a picture of my mind."

[2] N.B. The foregoing letter of the Lord Bolingbroke was printed, at the end of the quarto edition, very faulty, as for instance, *Arabians* for *Zabians*, Egyptian *Seres* for *Seers*, etc., occasioned by its being taken from Curll's stolen copy only. The original having been since recovered among Dr. Swift's papers, it is now first correctly published. This note is taken from the Dublin edition. — POPE, 1741.

[3] This letter first appeared in the quarto of 1737. There is a transcript of it in the Oxford MSS. which supplies some passages omitted by Pope.

write letters to our best friends, and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shows a mighty difference betwixt friendship and love, for a lover, as I have heard, is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myself here. *Non sum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours,[1] to which if you add the dullness of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. 'I have often made the same remark with you of my infelicity in being so strangely attached to traitors, as they call them, and exiles and state criminals. I hope Lord Peterborough, with whom you live at present, is in no danger of any among those characters. I always loved him well; but, of late years the few I converse with have not well known how to describe him.'[2] I have no very strong faith in you pretenders to retirement. You are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi et*

[1] When Swift left England he was nearly forty-seven, and Pope a little past twenty-six.

[2] On account of his eccentric restless disposition. Swift's idea of him may be gathered from a contemporary description, to which he has attached the note, "This character is for the most part true." "He affects popularity," says the writer, Mr. Davis, "and loves to preach in coffee-houses and public places; an open enemy to revealed religion; brave in his person; has a good estate; does not seem expensive, yet always in debt, and very poor. A well-shaped, thin man, with a very brisk look." In a poem Swift wrote on him he speaks of his "meagre corpse," and gives a lively picture of the vehemence with which he was accustomed to ride post from city to city, and country to country. "It is the ramblingest lying rogue on earth," says Swift in his journal of Nov. 23, 1710, after supping with him, and hearing some of his traveller's tales. But in spite of his popularity-hunting, his coffee-house declamations, his ostentatious infidelity, his vain-glorious fables, and his dissolute life, Swift says to Stella, on October 18, 1711, "He has abundance of excellent qualities, and we love one another mightily." On his sudden return from abroad in January, 1713, he displayed his preference for the dean by running up to him, and kissing him, before he spoke to several lords in the company, which causes Swift to observe, "I love the hang-dog dearly." In the latter years of his life Lord Peterborough repented his vanities and vices, and became a fervent christian.

fugâ sæculi,—unless a poet grows weary of too much applause, as ministers do of too much weight of business.[1]

Your happiness is greater than your merit, in choosing your favourites so indifferently among either party. This you owe partly to your education, and partly to your genius employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do, for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by whigs and tories. You have no more to do with the constitution of church and state, than a christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both parties will approve your poetry as long as you are known to be of neither. 'But I who am sunk under the prejudices of another education, and am every day persuading myself that a dagger is at my throat, a halter about my neck, or chains about my feet, all prepared by those in power, can never arrive at the serenity of mind you possess.'[2]

Your notions of friendship are new to me;[3] I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, but they are not in the way. I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least, and should do the same to my fellow prisoners if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, though not so troublesome as that of fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a friendship among all men of genius, and would fain have it done. They are seldom above three

[1] Johnson thought with Swift that Pope was insincere when he professed to be disgusted with society. Swift equally perceived that Bolingbroke's contentment was feigned, and Bolingbroke on his side, saw the folly of the fierce discontent of the dean. He translated to some French acquaintances the letter Swift wrote to him on the present occasion, and which has never been published, and the company, on hearing the splenetic wailings of his correspondent, agreed that "he stood in need of more sleep, more victuals, less ale, and better company." "I defended you," says Bolingbroke, "the best I could, and convinced nobody, not even myself."

[2] These chimerical apprehensions, the product of a morbid imagination, were ridiculed by Bolingbroke.

[3] Yet they are the christian notions.—WARBURTON.

or four contemporaries, and, if they could be united, would drive the world before them.[1] I think it was so among the poets in the time of Augustus; but envy, and party, and pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large tribe. Under the name of poets and scribblers I suppose you mean the fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest, which was not frequent among them while I was in the world. .

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I choose my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance.[2] I read the most trifling books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects:[3] but riding, walking, and sleeping, take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence;

Hæc est
Vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.

I send you the compliments of a friend of yours who has passed four months this summer with two grave acquaintance

[1] Swift, the moment he has shown his superiority of understanding over Bolingbroke and Pope, seems willing, in his turn, to make full amends by uttering sentiments as narrow-minded and much more arrogant.—BOWLES.

[2] So, in his lines on his own death he says,

In exile with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part,
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay.
His friendships there, to few confined,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
Where titles give no right or pow'r,
And peerage is a withered flow'r;
He would have held it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face.

[3] "Nothing," says Swift in a letter to Bolingbroke, December 19, 1719, "has convinced me so much that I am of a little subaltern spirit, *inopis, atque pusilli animi*, as to reflect how I am forced into the most trifling amusements to divert the vexation of former thoughts, and present objects." He confessed to Dr. Delany, that from the day Harley told him in 1710 that "if he would stay, and take his chance with them, he should fare as they did, his head had been taken up with cursed politics to the utter neglect of his profession." He had set his heart upon realising the vision of ecclesiastical preferment which was opened to him, and he never sufficiently recovered the disappointment to be able to delight in solid studies, and the tranquil duties of his deanery. He mourned the predilections he failed to master, and he always, says Dr. Delany, spoke of his inconstancy to his profession with a sigh.

at his country house without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant. Yet when he returns to London, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the court of requests, the park, the operas, and the coffee-house, as any man there.[1] I am now with him for a few days.

'I am going to write to the person who joined in your letter. We are made to fear that he may not succeed in what will be attempted for him in parliament,[2] which would leave him in a worse situation than he was before.' You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay. I think there are no more *eodem tertio's* between you and me, except Mr. Jervas, to whose house I address this for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your last, whether you lodge with Lord Peterborough, or he with you. I am ever 'your most faithful humble servant. I never subscribe my name *et pour cause.*'[3]

11.[4] SWIFT TO POPE.

July 19, 1725.

SIR,—The young gentleman, Mr. Stopford, who delivers you this, you will use with all goodness, if you love me, *Si me amas ut ames, et ut ego te amo et amabo.*—Vide Tull. Epist. nescio ubi. He has had his tour of travels, and yet out of eagerness to travel again he goes governor to a rich lad in such a manner as to grow rich enough himself to put his estate out of debt. Yet, after all, he is no better nor worse than an Irish parson born in London, without any preferment, only fellow of the university here, and a little foolish land; but, excepting these abatements, he is such a youth as you could wish, with abun-

[1] The friend was Charles Ford, the country house was Wood Park, and the acquaintances were Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley. He kept away from Dublin because its society was not to his mind. "He is a tavern man," said Swift, "and few here go to taverns, except such as will not pass with him."

[2] The repeal of the act of attainder.

[3] The copy is signed with his initials "J. S." Letters in those days were constantly opened at the post-office, and Swift was convinced that the government would take advantage of any language which could be used against him.

[4] From the copy in the Oxford MSS.

dance of Greek and other learning, and modesty and good-nature, and an humble admirer of poetry and you, without any pretensions to the muses, at least as he asserts. You will do him all the good offices you can, because, though an Englishman, he well deserves them, and I would not have him leave London without the privilege of boasting that he is known to you. I must require you likewise to introduce him to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, and others whom you will think fit.

I am so full, *quod ad me attinet*, of grand designs that I believe I shall never bring them to pass; but to your comfort, *grandia loquimur*, they are all in prose. I would have seen you many times, if a cursed deafness did not seize me every two or three months, and then I am frighted to think what I should do in London, while my friends are all either banished or attainted, or beggars, or retired. But I will venture all, if I live, and you must in that case get me two or three harridan ladies that will be content to nurse and talk loud to me while I am deaf. Say nothing of my being eleven years older than when we parted. Lord Oxford, the young,[1] writ me word that you were again embarked to Homer-land, as he called it. Are you rich and healthy? *Det vitam, det opes*, &c. Reputation you will take care to increase, though you have too much in conscience for any neighbour of yours to thrive while he lives by you. Our Lord Oxford used to curse the occasions that put you on translations, and, if he and the queen had lived, you should have entirely followed your own genius, built and planted much, and writ only when you had a mind. Pray come and show yourself in Ireland, and live some months in the deanery. You say right,[2] and yet I have heard as wild propositions.

I have empowered Mr. Stopford to tell you all my story, how I live,—how I do nothing, how I grow old, what a sorry life I lead, how I have not the spleen, &c., &c., &c. I am ever your obedient servant.

[1] His father died May 21, 1724.

[2] Swift supposes Pope to exclaim at the idea, and "You say right" is Swift's rejoinder.

12. POPE TO SWIFT.

Sept. 14, 1725.

I NEED not tell you with what real delight I should have done anything you desired, and in particular any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your letter,[1] who is this day gone for France. Perhaps it is with poets as with prophets; they are so much better liked in another country than their own, that your gentleman, upon arriving in England, lost his curiosity concerning me. However, had he tried, he had found me his friend; I mean he had found me yours. I am disappointed at not knowing better a man whom you esteem, and comfort myself only with having got a letter from you, with which, after all, I sit down a gainer, since to my great pleasure it confirms my hope of once more seeing you. After so many dispersions and so many divisions, two or three of us may yet be gathered together, not to plot, not to contrive silly schemes of ambition, or to vex our own or others' hearts with busy vanities, such as perhaps at one time of life or other take their tour in every man, but to divert ourselves, and the world too, if it pleases; or, at worst, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at ourselves. Your Travels[2] I hear much of; my own, I promise you, shall never more be in a strange land, but a diligent, I hope useful, investigation of my own territories.[3] I mean no more translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us, I will find you elderly ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurse, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noise, as you will guess, when I tell you they are my own mother, and my own nurse. I can also help you to a lady who is as deaf, though not so old as yourself;[4] you will be pleased with one another, I will engage, though you do not hear one another; you will converse like spirits, by intuition. What you will most wonder at is, she is

[1] Mr. Stopford.

[2] Gulliver.—WARBURTON.

[3] The Essay on Man.—WARBURTON.

[4] Mrs. Howard, the mistress of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II.

considerable at court, yet no party woman, and lives in court, yet would be easy, and make you easy.

One of those you mention, and I dare say always will remember, Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels, which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be, he bids me tell you, and I write this by him, he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reason he has to desire a little longer life, is the wish to see you once more. He is gay enough in this circumstance to tell you, he would give you, if he could, such advice as might cure your deafness; but he would not advise you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it, because you may by that means hear as much as you will,[1] and answer as little as you please. Believe me, yours, &c.

13.[2] SWIFT TO POPE.

Sept. 29, 1725.

'SIR,—I cannot guess the reason of Mr. Stopford's management, but impute it at a venture to either haste or bashfulness, in the latter of which e is excessive to a fault, although he had already gone the tour of Italy and France to harden himself. Perhaps this second journey, and for a longer time, may amend him. He treated you just as he did Lord Carteret, to whom I recommended him.[3] My letter you saw to Lord Bolingbroke has shown you the situation I am in, and the company I keep,[4] if I do not forget some of its contents, but'

[1] So I have known a deaf lady say, that she still heard much more than was worth hearing.

[2] This letter was published in the quarto of 1741, and a fuller transcript of it is among the Oxford MSS.

[3] Swift wrote to Tickell on July 19, 1725, and requested that before Mr. Stopford went abroad he might be introduced to the lord lieutenant, "with no other view but the credit such a reception would give him." Permission was granted, and Mr. Stopford, from timidity, neglected to call. "I excused," Swift wrote to him, "your bashfulness to the lieutenant, who said he observed and understood it, and liked you the better."

[4] At Quilca, which Swift calls "a little obscure Irish cabin, about forty miles from Dublin." The cottage was miserably dilapidated, and neither wind nor water tight; the articles of furniture were few and broken;

I am now returning to the noble scene of Dublin, into the *grand monde*, for fear of burying my parts, to signalise myself among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread and butter, through those dominions where I govern.[1] I have employed my time, besides ditching, in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my Travels,[2] in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions; but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours is to vex the world rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen, without reading.[3] I am exceedingly

the surrounding district was desolate, and barely yielded the necessaries of life; the inhabitants were idle, dirty, and thievish. Swift retired there with Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley, "to avoid company in frequent returns of deafness," and managed to extract merriment out of the inconveniences to which he was subjected. The place belonged to his friend Dr. Sheridan, the grandfather of the dramatist and orator. "His chief shining quality," says Swift, "was that of a schoolmaster," but his chief attraction was in the lighter traits of his volatile character. He had a fund of animal spirits, loved practical jokes, was an inveterate punster, a prolific composer of little *jeux-d'esprit*, and an indefatigable fiddler. Swift thought his verses full of wit and humour, though, as they derived their principal relish from the temporary incidents which gave them birth, they amuse no longer. His foibles alone would have furnished entertainment. He was very absent, committed perpetual blunders, and from ignorance of the world and neglect of business was a constant dupe. He valued himself upon this inattention to common things, and considered it the mark of a great genius. His folly was frequently rebuked by Swift. "You believe every one will acquit you," wrote the dean, September 11, 1725, "of any regard to temporal interest: and how came you to claim an exception from all mankind? I believe you value your temporal interest as much as anybody, but you have not the art of pursuing it." Generous, improvident, and thoughtless, the longer he lived the poorer he grew, and he died in indigence in 1738.

[1] The liberties of St. Patrick's cathedral.—NICHOLS.

[2] Gulliver's Travels.—POPE, 1741.

[3] His standard of knowledge was very high, and he too modestly denies that he was a man of reading. After he took his degree he studied eight hours a day for seven years, and laid, says Dr. Delany, a large and solid foundation of classic and other learning. But his interest in book lore had long been less than in the world around him, and he was conscious that the politician and the satirist had gained upon the scholar.

pleased that you have done with translations. Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities, and all my love is towards individuals: for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Counsellor Such-a-one, and Judge Such-a-one: so[1] with physicians—I will not speak of my own trade—soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man,[2] although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years,[3] but do not tell, and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials towards a treatise, proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to show it should be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of misanthropy, though not in Timon's manner,[4] the whole building of my Travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind, till all honest men are of my opinion. By consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear, that it will admit little dispute;[5] nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

[1] The quarto reads, "It is so."

[2] A sentiment that dishonours him as a man, a christian, and a philosopher, as indeed did his conduct towards Miss Vanhomrigh, and his cruelty to Mrs. Johnson, which cannot be palliated nor pardoned.—WARTON.

[3] A surprising avowal. He retained the function of a christian minister, and "the system upon which he governed himself" was a daring defiance of the Saviour's injunctions. His system was as inconsistent as it was monstrous. He could not suppose that all the praiseworthy people were comprised in the little circle of his acquaintances, and in hating the human race he hated multitudes like the Johns and Peters he loved.

[4] The manner of Timon was that of furious invective. The manner of Swift is described by himself in one of his poems where, speaking of ministerial corruptions, he says,

> Which I chose to make appear,
> Not by anger, but by sneer,
> As my method of reforming
> Is by laughing, not by storming.

And again,

> I, as all the parish knows,
> Hardly can be grave in prose;
> From the planet of my birth,
> I encounter vice with mirth;
> Like the ever-laughing sage
> In a jest I spend my rage,
> Though it must be understood
> I would hang them if I could.

[5] For "little," the quarto reads, "of no."

I did not know your Odyssey was finished,[1] being yet in the country, which I shall leave in three days. I 'shall' thank you kindly for the present, but shall like it three-fourths the less from the mixture you mention of another hand;[2] however, I am glad you saved yourself so much drudgery. I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great achievements in building and planting, and especially of your subterranean passage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *Ars Poetica*.

I have almost done with harridans, and shall soon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The lady whom you describe to live at court, to be deaf and no party woman, I take to be mythology, but know not how to moralise it. She cannot be Mercy, for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at court. Justice is blind, and perhaps deaf, but neither is she a court lady. Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a court-lady, but then she is a most damnable party woman, and will never make me easy as you promise. It must be Riches, which answers all your description. I am glad she visits you, but my voice is so weak,[3] that I doubt she will never hear me.

Mr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who, by living so long out of the world, have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. Oh, if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my Travels.[4] But, however, he is not without fault. There is a passage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where after abundance of praises he overthrows them all by lamenting that, alas! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but alas! he has a

[1] The translation was finished in 1725, but the two last volumes were not published till 1726.

[2] They were two,—Broome and Fenton,—and the quarto, in accordance with the fact, reads "other hands."

[3] Dr. Delany says that Swift's voice in reading was strong, sharp, and high-toned.

[4] Had Swift looked further, and with a more liberal eye, he might perhaps have found in the world more than a dozen Arbuthnots.—BOWLES.

sort of slouch in his walk.[1] I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent christian, though not a catholic, 'and as fit a man either to die or live as ever I knew.'

I hear nothing of our friend Gay, but I find the court keeps him at hard meat. I advised him to come over here with a lord-lieutenant. 'Mr. Tickell is in a very good office.[2] I have not seen Philips, though formerly we were so intimate.[3] He has got nothing, and by what I can find will get nothing, though he'[4] writes little flams, as Lord Leicester called those sort of verses, on Miss Carteret.[5] 'It is remarkable, and deserves

[1] "Dean Swift observed to me," says Pope, "the very first time I saw the doctor, 'He is a man that can do everything but walk.'"

[2] In May, 1724, he was appointed secretary to the lords justices, "a place," says Johnson, "of great honour, in which he continued till 1740, when he died on the 23rd of April, at Bath."

[3] He was associated with Dr. Boulter in 1718 in writing a periodical paper called the Free-Thinker, and on the translation of his old friend in 1724 from the see of Bristol to the archbishopric of Armagh, Philips accompanied him to Ireland, and resided in his house. The archbishop was the political agent of the Walpole ministry, he arrived at Dublin in the height of the uproar created by Wood's half-pence, and in the envenomed state of parties it would have been difficult for his subordinate to keep up familiar intercourse with the leader of the rival faction, even if the previous intimacy had been a fact. It had ceased long before, and, what is fatal to Swift's accusation, the coolness commenced with himself. "I have had a letter," he wrote June 30, 1711, "from Mr. Philips, the pastoral poet, to get him a certain employment from lord treasurer. I have now had almost all the whig poets my solicitors; but I will do nothing for Philips. I find he is more a puppy than ever; so don't solicit for him." After mentioning in his journal of December 27, 1712, that he had taken a turn with Addison and Philips in the street, and that they "looked terribly dry and cold," he says, "Philips I should certainly have provided for if he had not run party mad, and made me withdraw my recommendation." In the days of his power, Swift held Philips in contempt and refused to befriend him, and now that the turn of Philips had come, he could not be expected to displease a genuine patron for the sake of an ill-concealed enemy.

[4] In the quarto, "Philips writes," etc. The name is left blank in the edition printed at Dublin, where Philips still resided in 1741.

[5] Philips had recently written a couple of short poems on Miss Carteret, and a third on her youngest sister. The second trifle to Miss Carteret is called "a supplication for her in the small-pox," and contains a pretty couplet expressive of the hope that the disease will leave no trace behind it:

> O'er her features let it pass
> Like the breeze o'er springing grass.

All three pieces are in lines of seven syllables, and have a marked mannerism which easily lent itself to burlesque imitation. The lord lieutenant did not reward the poetic offer-

recording, that' a Dublin blacksmith, a great poet, has imitated his manner in a poem to the same Miss. Philips is a complainer, and on this occasion I told Lord Carteret that complainers never succeed at court, though railers do.

Are you altogether a country gentleman that I must address to you out of London,[1] to the hazard of your losing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, although so much paper is left. I have an ill name, and therefore shall not subscribe it, but you will guess it comes from one who esteems and loves you about half as much as you deserve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern, at what I am just told is in some of the newspapers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting.[2] I am glad he has so much youth and vigour left, of which he has not been thrifty;[3] but I wonder he has no more discretion.

14.[4] POPE TO SWIFT.

'TWITENHAM, NEAR HAMPTON COURT,'

Oct. 15, 1725.

I AM wonderfully pleased with the suddenness of your kind answer. It makes me hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends, in propor-

ings by a place, but Archbishop Boulter got Philips appointed secretary to the lord chancellor in 1726, and nominated him in 1734 to the well-paid office of registrar to the prerogative court.

[1] A note, in the handwriting of Lord Oxford, gives the address: "For Mr. Pope, at his house at Twickenham, near Hampton Court by London." Pope frequently had his letters directed to the house of Jervas, the painter, and he seems to have instructed Swift to direct to him for the future at Twickenham. This, and some other topics, to which Swift replied, were omitted from the previous letter of Pope, when it was prepared for publication.

[2] From Bolingbroke's letters to Sir W. Wyndham it appears how attached he was, or at least thought himself, to this diversion, which probably was, like his farming, a mere attempt

> To beguile the thing he was
> By seeming otherwise.—BOWLES.

[3] He had squandered his health in debauchery.

[4] There is a copy of this letter among the Oxford MSS. It first appeared in the quarto, 1741.

tion as you draw nearer to them; 'in short that you'[1] are getting into our vortex. Here is one who was once a powerful planet, 'Lord Bolingbroke,'[2] has now, after long experience of all that comes of shining, learned to be content with returning to his first point, without the thought or ambition of shining at all. Here is another[3] who thinks one of the greatest glories of his father was to have distinguished and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot 'yet living,' recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleased with the hope of seeing you again, than of reviewing a world he has long despised every part of,[4] but what is made up of a few men like yourself. He goes abroad again, and is more cheerful than even health can make a man, for he has a good conscience into the bargain, which is the most catholic of all remedies, though not the most universal. I knew it would be a pleasure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write so soon to you.

I am sorry poor P'hilips'[5] is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all poets the most miserable. I am also sorry for another reason; if they do not promote him, they will spoil 'a very good'[6] conclusion of one of my Satires, where, having endeavoured to correct the taste of the town in wit and criticism, I end thus:

> But what avails to lay down rules for sense?
> In [George]'s reign these fruitless lines were writ,
> When Ambrose Philips was preferred for wit![7]

[1] "And," in the quarto.

[2] The quarto, "but."

[3] Lord Oxford.

[4] The quarto reads, "every part of which he has long despised."

[5] Here, and in the lines below, the name of Philips is omitted in the Dublin edition.

[6] This phrase is in the Dublin edition as well as the manuscript. The quarto reads "the."

[7] Pope's hostility to Philips originated in jealousy, and if he had been actually preferred for wit his old rival had no reason to sneer at talents which had formerly roused his resentment. But it was because "he had always been hearty in his majesty's interest, and that of his family," that Archbishop Boulter recommended Philips to the government, and this, says Faulkner, "was a quality for which he could not well have recommended Pope." Philips was of sufficient political importance to be elected secretary to the Hanover club in the reign of Queen Anne, and having fought the battle when the succession was in jeopardy, he had some pretensions to share in the spoils when the victory was won. "He obtained," says Dr. Johnson,

Our friend Gay is used as the friends of tories are by whigs, and generally by tories too. Because he had humour he was supposed to have dealt with Dr. Swift, in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the devil. He puts his whole trust at court in that lady whom I described to you, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy. I wish she really were Riches for his sake; though, as for yours, I question whether, if you knew her, you would change her for the other.

Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall. I wish he had received no more by his other fall;[1] 'our' Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lord Bolingbroke is the most improved mind since you saw him, that ever was improved without shifting into a new body, or being: *paullo minus ab angelis.*[2] I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us met[3] again, after so many varieties and changes, after so much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, 'after there has been such a new heaven and a new earth in our minds and bodies,' that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atom of the other, remains just the same—I have fancied, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the millennium, quite in peace, divested of all

"too little notice; he caught few drops of the golden shower. He was only made a commissioner of the lottery, and, what did not much elevate his character, a justice of the peace." He was appointed paymaster of the lottery, not commissioner, in January, 1715, and was made a magistrate for Westminster, not to add to his dignity, but to enable him to pick up an income from fees. They were chiefly extorted from the poor, and Philips is said by Paul Whitehead to have declared, that "though poetry was a trade he could not live by, yet he scorned to owe subsistence to another which he ought not to live by."

[1] The influence of the Duchess of Kendal with George I. compelled Walpole in April, 1725, to bring in a bill for restoring Bolingbroke's estate, but his restoration to the House of Lords was successfully resisted by the minister, and the recent confirmation of this portion of the act of attainder was the injury from his fall to which Pope referred.

[2] "Lord Bolingbroke," says Arbuthnot, writing to Swift in November, 1723, "is much improved in knowledge, manner, and everything else." While testifying that he was changed for the better, the doctor did not commit the extravagance of adding that he was "little lower than the angels," and Young, the poet, was told by Arbuthnot's son that his father had assured him that Pope's angel "was a vain and worthless man."

[3] "Meet" in the quarto.

our former passions, smiling at 'all' our 'own designs,'[1] and content to enjoy the kingdom of the just in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched, 'pitiful'[2] creatures of this world; nay, would make them *eat your book*, which you have made, I doubt not,[3] as bitter a pill for them as possible.

I will not tell you what designs I have in my head (besides writing a set of Maxims in opposition to all Rochefoucauld's principles)[4] till I see you here, face to face. Then you shall have no reason to complain of me for want of a generous disdain of this world, though I have not lost my ears in yours and their service. Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third[5] time mentioned in this letter, and he deserves to be always mentioned in everything that is addressed to you, or comes from you) expects you. That ought to be enough to bring you hither. It is 'vastly'[6] a better reason than if the nation expected you; for I really enter as fully as you can desire into your principle of love of individuals: and I think the way to have a public spirit is first to have a private one; for who can believe, said a friend of mine,[7] that any man can care for a hundred thousand people who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a patriot, any more than a friend.

I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is so touched with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. He too is busy about a book,[8] which I guess he will tell you of. So adieu. What remains worth telling you? Dean Berkeley

[1] "Past follies," in the quarto; "past designs," in the Dublin edition.

[2] In the manuscript and the Dublin edition, but not in the quarto.

[3] This phrase is not in the manuscript.

[4] This was only said as an oblique reproof of the horrid misanthropy in the foregoing letter, and which he supposed might be chiefly occasioned by the dean's fondness for Rochefoucauld, whose Maxims are founded on the principle of an universal selfishness in human nature.—WARBURTON.

[5] The second mention was of the father, and not of the son.

[6] This word is in the manuscript, and the Dublin edition, but is omitted in the quarto.

[7] "Said a friend of mine," is not in the manuscript.

[8] His Tables of ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures.

is well, and happy in the prosecution of his scheme.[1] Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke in health. 'Arbuthnot is recovered,'[2] Duke Disney so also, 'from the gates of death.' Sir William Wyndham better. Lord Bathurst well, 'and a preserver of'[3] ancient honour and ancient friendship. 'The rest'[4] if they were damned, what is it to a protestant priest, who has nothing to do with the dead? I answer for my own part as a papist, I would not pray them out of purgatory.

My name is as bad an one as yours,[5] and hated by all bad poets, from Hopkins and Sternhold to Gildon[6] and Cibber. The first prayed against me 'joined' with the Turk;[7] and a modern imitator of theirs, whom I leave you to find out, has added the christian to them, with proper definitions of each in this manner:

The Pope's the whore of Babylon,
The Turk he is a Jew:
The christian is an infidel
That sitteth in a pew.[8]

'My paper is out without the doctor's help.'

[1] His scheme for a religious settlement at Bermudas.—BOWLES.

He was dean of Derry, "the best preferment," said Swift, "among us," and he calls Berkeley a man "of very visionary virtue, for endeavouring to quit 1000*l.* a year for a hundred at Bermudas." His scheme was to found a college for training some of the children of the American Indians in christianity, that they might subsequently preach the gospel to their brethren. He was to be the head of the college with 100*l.* a year, and the fellows were to have 40*l.* a year. With much exertion he collected subscriptions, obtained a promise from the crown of 20,000*l.*, and set sail from England in September, 1728. The government grant was never paid, and after lingering in Rhode Island for two or three years in expectation of the money, he was compelled to abandon the project for want of funds. He sunk a considerable amount of his private property in the abortive undertaking, but returned every shilling of the subscriptions he had received.

[2] "Arbuthnot recovered," in the Dublin edition; omitted in the quarto.

[3] The quarto reads, "These and some others preserve their ancient," etc.

[4] The quarto, "Those who do neither."

[5] Swift said that he had an ill name and would not sign it, because he was obnoxious to the government, and suspected that his letters were opened at the post-office.

[6] Gildon was no longer living. He died in January, 1724, and the works in which he depreciated Pope were published some years before,—the New Rehearsal in 1714, and the Complete Art of English Poetry in 1718.

[7] Alluding to a line in the prayer at the end of the psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins:

From Pope and Turk defend us, Lord.
—CROKER.

[8] This is a stanza from a long and

15.[1] SWIFT TO POPE.

'DUBLIN,' *Nov.* 26, 1725.

'SIR,'—I should sooner have acknowledged yours, if a feverish disorder, and the relics of it, had not disabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuses, because I hope I am pretty near seeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance, because, if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counterparts of my heart. I fear I have not expressed that right, but I mean well, and I hate blots. I look in your letter, and in my conscience you say the same thing, but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord Bolingbroke that I wish he were banished again, for then I should hear from him, when he was full of philosophy, and talked *de contemptu mundi*. My Lord Oxford was so extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his son's birth, which I immediately acknowledged, but before my letter could reach him, I wished it in the sea:[2] I hope I was more afflicted than his lordship. It is hard that parsons and beggars should be overrun with brats, while so great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have received his father's picture,[3] but I lament, *sub sigillo confessionis*, that it is not so true a resemblance as I could wish. 'I had a very kind letter from Dr. Arbuthnot, but I will not trouble him with an answer. This is no excuse, for I would rather write than not.

stupid ballad called the Monster of Ragusa, which is published in the third edition of Pope's Miscellanies. Pews are confined to protestant churches.—CROKER.

If any meaning is to be attached to such miserable doggerel it seems intended to confound in a common censure the roman catholic, mahometan, and protestant religions. Pope judged of other people by his own intimates when he called the christian an infidel.

[1] From the quarto of 1741, with additions from a copy in the Oxford MSS.

[2] Lord Oxford announced the birth of his son, in a letter dated Oct. 19, and on Oct. 22, four days before Swift wrote his letter of congratulation, the child died.

[3] A portrait of Lord Oxford, the minister, which Swift had begged as a memorial of his old friend.

I will answer him when I see him. In the meantime you shall do it for me. It is enough that I know he is in health and loves me.'

Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there were an hospital built for its despisers, where one might act with safety, and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endowed. 'Mr.' P'hilips' is *fort chancelant* whether he shall turn parson or no. But all employments here are engaged or in reversion. Cast wits and cast beaux have a proper sanctuary in the church. Yet we think it a severe judgment that a fine gentleman,[1] and so much the finer for hating ecclesiastics, should be a domestic humble retainer to an Irish prelate. He is neither secretary nor gentleman-usher, yet serves in both capacities. He has published several reasons why he never came to see me, but the best is, that I have not waited on his lordship. We have had a poem sent from London in imitation of 'his'[2] on Miss Carteret. It is on Miss Harvey, of a day old; and we say and think it is yours.[3] I wish it were not, because I am against monopolies. You might have spared me a few more lines of your Satire, but I hope in a few months to see it all. 'I would have the prefer-

[1] Philips was a fop and was laughed at by Pope for wearing red stockings. He once received a witty rebuke from Swift, when the conversation turned upon the personal appearance of Julius Cæsar. "I should take him," said Philips, describing himself, "to have been of a lean make, pale complexion, extremely neat in his dress, and five feet seven inches high." "And I," said Swift, "should take him to have been a plump man, just five feet five inches, not very neatly dressed, in a black gown with pudding sleeves." The height must be a mistake, for the dean was of middling stature.

[2] "That" in the quarto. "His" in the manuscript and Dublin edition.

[3] It is said in Cibber's Lives of the Poets that the burlesque was ascribed to both Swift and Pope, and that each at first took it for the composition of the other. The real author was Henry Carey. He called his parody Namby Pamby, a term which has been incorporated into the English language to designate mawkish sentiment. Namby was the infantine pronunciation of Ambrose, and Pamby was formed by the first letter of Philips's surname, and that reduplication of sound which is natural to lisping children. The laughter Carey had raised against his puerilities did not keep him from publishing a poem, in 1727, on Miss Margaret Pulteney in the Nursery, which commences with the ridiculous line,

Dimply damsel, sweetly smiling.

ment just enough to save your lines;[1] let it be ever so low, for your sake we will allow it to be preferment.

'Mr. Ford has explained to me your allegorical lady. She is our friend Gay's steward. He would better find his account in dealing with the devil than with me, who have not one friend left at court.' To hear boys like you talk of millenniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we last were together: and we should differ more than ever—you coquetting a maid of honour, my lord looking on to see how the gamesters play,[2] and I railing at you both. I desire you and all my friends will take a special care that my disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my age, for I have credible witnesses ready to depose that it has never varied from the twenty-first to the f—ty-eighth[3] year of my life; pray fill that blank charitably. I tell you, after all, that I do not hate mankind: it is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable animals, and are angry 'for'[4] being disappointed. I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with [Walpole] than I was with the kite that last week flew away with one of my chickens;[5] and yet I was pleased when one of my servants shot him two days after. This I say because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write Maxims in opposition to Rochefoucauld, who is my favourite, because I found my whole character in him.[6] However, I will read him again,

[1] He transferred the concluding line to the Dunciad;

Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferred for wit.

[2] Looking on, that is, to see how the political gamesters played in parliament, from which he himself was excluded by the act of attainder.

[3] He was fifty-eight all but four days when this letter was written.

[4] Quarto, "at."

[5] Men, argues Swift, are not "reasonable animals," and therefore are not to be blamed for their irrational lives. They are irresponsible because they are powerless to act otherwise. Yet he admits that they are *capax rationis*, and since they cannot at once be capable and incapable of the same thing, he would seem to mean that they are capable of rational views, and incapable of rational conduct.

[6] This methinks is no great compliment to his own heart.—WARBURTON.

Swift says to Mrs. Moore, Dec. 27, 1727, in one of the most solemn letter he ever wrote, "Self-love as it is t motive to all our actions, so it is t sole cause of our grief." This sel

because it is possible I may have since undergone some alterations.[1] Take care the bad poets do not outwit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Mævius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your verses: and as to the difference between good and bad fame, it is a perfect trifle.[2] 'I guess your modern imitator, and desire to be a sub-imitator of his. I must bestow four lines on one sect:

> The heathen doth believe in Christ
> And doth all christians hate;
> For never was informer he,
> Nor minister of state.[3]

But this, on second thoughts, is not of a-piece with yours, because it is a commendation, for which' I ask a thousand pardons; and so leave you for this time, and will write again without concerning myself whether you write or no. I am 'ever,' &c.

'My service to the doctor, your friend Gay, Mr. Lewis, &c.'

system was the basis of La Rochefoucauld's Maxims, and Swift was consistent in approving them. Pope was a believer in the same system, and was inconsistent when he stated in the previous letter that he intended to write "in opposition to all La Rochefoucauld's principles."

[1] The re-perusal produced no change in Swift's opinions; for in the lines on his own death, written six years later, he says,

> As Rochefoucauld his maxims drew
> From nature, I believe them true:
> They argue no corrupted mind
> In him; the fault is in mankind.

The misanthropy of Swift was a consequence of his dark estimate of human nature. Mankind were hateful, and they were therefore to be hated.

[2] Swift admits posthumous fame to be desirable, but thinks it unimportant whether it is good fame or bad. Nothing is material except, as Sydenham satirically puts it, that certain letters of the alphabet should be pronounced in the order which compose your name.

[3] As Pope termed the nominal christian an infidel, so Swift seems to intimate that he, who was thought a heathen by his enemies, was the true believer. This heathen, in scorning "informers and ministers of state," is said to be consequently a hater of christians, since, according to Swift, in Gulliver, the bulk of the people of Great Britain consisted of informers and their subaltern instruments, under the conduct of ministers of state and their deputies. Swift's aversion to ministers of state only meant that his friends were out of office.

16.[1] POPE AND BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT.

POPE.

Dec. 14,[2] 1725.

'DEAR SIR,—You say you do not much care whether I write to you or not, and therefore I do not much care if I do; but whereas you tell me you will write whether I do or not, I take it as kindly as I do many another favour you have had the kindness to do for me whether I deserved it or not. I shall, however, begin to fancy I do deserve it, because I find my own heart so prodigiously pleased with it. Let me tell you' I am[3] the better acquainted with you for a long absence, as men are with themselves for a long affliction. Absence does but hold off a friend to make one see him the truer.[4] I am infinitely more pleased to hear you are coming near us, than at anything you seem to think in my favour,—an opinion which perhaps has been aggrandised by the distance or dulness of Ireland, as objects look larger through a medium of fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleased with that too. 'For praise is like ambergrise; a little unexpected whiff of it, such as I meet with in your letter, is the most agreeable thing in the world; but where a whole lump of it is thrust to your nose it is a stink, and strikes you down. However, like the verses on Miss Harvey as well as you will, I am never the better for it; for they are none of mine, but' I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our wits) our judgments jump, in the notion that all scribblers should be passed by in silence. To vindicate one's self against such nasty slanders,[5] is much as wise as it was in your countryman, when the people imputed a stink to him, to prove the contrary by showing his backside. So let Gildon and Philips[6] rest in peace! What Virgil had to do with Mævius,[7] that he

[1] Pope's share of this letter first appeared in the quarto of 1737, and Bolingbroke's in the quarto of 1741. The copy in the Oxford Papers has passages in both portions, which were omitted in the printed version.

[2] The date in the quartos is December 10.

[3] The quartos, "I find myself."

[4] The quartos, "More truly."

[5] "Slander" in the quartos.

[6] "P——s" in the Dublin edition.

[7] Or Pope with Tibbald, Concanen, and Smedley, etc.—WARTON.

should wear him upon his sleeve to all eternity, I do not know, 'but I think a bright author should put an end to slanders only as the sun does to stinks—by shining out exhale them to nothing.' I have been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works might[1] possibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a wit, and hate you. So you know the worst; unless you are as vindicative as Virgil, or the aforesaid Hibernian.

I wish as warmly as you for the hospital[2] to lodge the despisers of the world in; only I fear it would be filled wholly like Chelsea, with maimed soldiers, and such as had been disabled in its service; 'and' I would rather have those that out of such generous principles as you and I, despise it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger against the great; my spleen is at the little rogues of it; it would vex one more to be knocked on the head with a piss-pot than by a thunderbolt. As to great oppressors, 'as you say' they are like kites or eagles,—one expects mischief from them; but to be squirted to death, as poor Wycherley said to me on his death-bed, by apothecaries' apprentices, by the understrappers of under-secretaries to secretaries who were no secretaries—this would provoke as dull a dog as Ph'ilip's himself. 'But I beg your pardon. I am tame again at your advice. I was but like the madman who on a sudden clapped his hand to his sword of lath, and cried, "Death to all my enemies;" when another came behind him and stopped his wrath by saying, "Hold! I can tell you a way worth twenty on't; let your enemies alone, and they will die of themselves."'

So much for enemies, now for friends. Lewis[3] thinks all this 'very' indiscreet; the doctor[4] not so; he loves mischief the best of any good-natured man in England. Lord B[oling-

[1] The quartos, "may."

[2] The quartos read, "an hospital in which," and omit "in" after "world."

[3] The quartos, "Mr. L——." The "all this" was the arrogant contempt for mankind, which Lewis saw would discredit those who professed it.

[4] Arbuthnot.

broke] is above trifling; 'he is grown a great divine.'[1] Jervas and his Don Quixote are both finished.'[2] Gay is writing Tales for Prince William: I suppose Philips[3] will take this very ill, for two reasons; one, that he thinks all childish things belong to him; and the other, because he will take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childish. What have I more to add? but that Lord Oxford, 'the best man in the world,' desires earnestly to see you: and that many others whom you do not think the worst[4] will be gratified by it: none more, be assured, than your[5] 'very affectionate faithful servant.'

'P. S. What is become of Mr. Ford? I am glad to hear his name; but tell him from me, he does not know a maid of honour from a woman of honour,[6] by what you write of Gay's steward. I am much his servant.'

BOLINGBROKE.

'I am so far from being above trifling, that I wish with all my heart I had nothing else to do. But I need not take any pains to convince you that Pope advances a mere slander. His way of proving is like that of an Irishman whose life and death were lately transmitted to posterity by that great historiographer Paul Lorraine.[7] "I did not rob the witness," said your countryman, "for by my showl I did put my hand into his left pocket and seize him by the left arm, not by the right."'

Pope and you are very great wits, and I think very indifferent philosophers. If you despised the world as much as you pre-

[1] In place of the announcement "he is grown a great divine," Pope in the quartos substituted the sentence, "When he writes of anything in this world he is more than mortal; if ever he trifles it must be when he turns a divine."

[2] Jervas translated Don Quixote, but I am unable to explain what is meant by the statement that the translator was finished as well as the translation.

[3] "Mr. Philips" in the quartos, and "Mr. P——" in the Dublin edition.

[4] The quartos, "worst of."

[5] The quartos, "yours, etc."

[6] The woman of honour was Mrs. Howard. I have not discovered the name of the maid of honour who was Gay's steward, and whom Mr. Ford supposed to be the court lady mentioned in the previous letters of Pope.

[7] Paul Lorraine was the late ordinary of Newgate, and was accustomed to publish accounts of the principal criminals he attended to the gallows.

tend, and perhaps believe, you would not be so angry with it. The founder of your sect,[1] that noble original whom you think it so great an honour to resemble, was a slave to the worst part of the world, to the court; and all his big words were the language of a slighted lover, who desired nothing so much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing so much as a rupture.[2] I believe the world has used me as scurvily as most people, and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the simple, false, capricious thing. I should blush alike to be discovered fond of the world, or piqued at it.[3] Your definition of *Animal 'capax' Rationis*, instead of the common one *Animal Rationale*, will not bear examination: define but reason, and you will see why your distinction is no better than that of the pontiff Cotta, between *mala ratio* and *bona ratio*.[4] But enough of this. Make us a visit, and I will subscribe to any side of these important questions which you please. We differ less than you imagine, perhaps, when you wished me banished again; but I am not less true to you and to philosophy in England than I was in France. Yours, etc., B.

[1] Seneca.—POPE, 1741.

[2] "Thus I think of the man," he wrote to Swift, Jan. 1, 1722, "and yet I read the author with pleasure. He is seldom instructive, but he is perpetually entertaining, and when he gives you no new idea he reflects your own back upon you with a new lustre."

[3] It is strange to find Bolingbroke rebuking the false pretence of Seneca, Swift, and Pope, and then boasting that he himself was the genuine despiser of the world. Swift's scorn of mankind was the frenzy of disappointment, Pope's vaunted contempt was the affectation of superiority, and Bolingbroke's acted indifference was the struggle to hide his mortification at the sentence of political death which had been passed upon him. The misanthropy of Swift was real. The professions of Pope and Bolingbroke were the reverse of their most prominent feelings, and Bolingbroke, who immediately proceeds to quote Cotta, might have remembered with advantage the sarcastic remark of the same Cotta on the hollow philosophy of the epicureans: "It is marvellous how one soothsayer can help laughing when he meets another, and still more wonderful how you can help laughing among yourselves."

[4] The passage is in Cicero De Nat. De. iii. 28. Cotta says that the gods only endow man with the faculty of reason, that the use or abuse of it depends on himself, and that right reason is when his thoughts are in accordance with truth, wrong reason when they are not. Bolingbroke has not stated his objections to Cotta's view, and it may be inferred from the usual flimsiness of his philosophical speculations that his arguments would not have been weighty.

17. SWIFT TO POPE.

LONDON,[1] [*Aug.*][2] 4, 1726.

I HAD rather live in forty Irelands than under the frequent disquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it most after a great dinner; for the least transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and one sup more than your stint, is a great debauch, for which you certainly pay more than those sots who are carried dead drunk to bed.[3] My Lord Peterborough spoiled everybody's dinner, but especially mine, with telling us that you were detained by sickness. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pot-hook that will give me a better account of your health, which concerns me more than others, because I love and esteem you for reasons that most others have little to do with, and would be the same, although you had never touched a pen further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey. I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can, and when I write to you, I will strive not to think of you. This I intend

[1] Swift visited England in March 1726, and remained till the middle of the following August. He spent more than half the time in Pope's house. "I have lived these two months past," he wrote to Tickell, July 7, 1726, "for the most part in the country, either at Twickenham with Mr. Pope, or rambling with him and Mr. Gay for a fortnight together. Yesterday my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Congreve made up five at dinner at Twickenham."

[2] This letter, which was written from London when Swift was preparing to return to Ireland, is, by an evident error, dated May in the quarto of 1741.

[3] He was prone to excess at meals, and passed the limits of prudence by much more than a couple of mouthfuls of victuals, and one of drink. "You do well," Lord Bathurst wrote to Mrs. Howard, "to reprove him about his intemperance; for he makes himself sick every meal at your most moderate and plain table in England. Yesterday I had a little piece of salmon just caught out of the Severn, and a fresh pike that was brought me from the other side of your house out of the Thames. He ate as much as he could of both, and insisted upon his moderation, because he made his dinner upon one dish." At luxurious feasts he indulged his appetite in the richest food, and stimulated his weak digestion by drams. "He certainly," says Dr. King, "hastened his death by feeding much on high-seasoned dishes, and drinking spirits."

in return to your kindness; and further, I know nobody has dealt with me so cruelly as you, the consequences of which usage I fear will last as long as my life, for so long shall I be, in spite of my heart, entirely yours.

18. POPE TO SWIFT.

Aug. 22, 1726.

MANY a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me till the day you return. I really walked about like a man banished, and when I came home found it no home. It is a sensation like that of a limb lopped off; one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. I may say you have used me more cruelly than you have done any other man; you have made it more impossible for me to live at ease without you. Habitude itself would have done that, if I had less friendship in my nature than I have. Besides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which presents you to me in every place I frequent. I shall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Cicester,[1] or the pleasing prospect of Bibury,[2] but your idea must be joined with them, nor see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my own house, without a phantom of you, sitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Chester. I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy coach, and wished a hundred times I had either a deanery or a horse in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about me, from a warm uneasy desire after you. I am gone out of myself to no purpose, and cannot catch you. *Inhiat in pedes* was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to your departure. I wish I could think no more of it, but lie down and sleep till we meet again, and let that day, how far soever off it be, be the morrow.[3]

[1] Cirencester, the seat of Lord Bathurst.

[2] In Gloucestershire. They had seen the view when they visited Lord Bathurst at Cirencester.

[3] Is it possible Pope could feel all this, or Swift believe it?—BOWLES.

Since I cannot, may it be my amends that everything you wish may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there in the state you wish him, or her—so that your visits to us may have no other effect, than the progress of a rich man to a remote estate, which he finds greater than he expected, which knowledge only serves to make him live happier where he is, with no disagreeable prospect if ever he should choose to remove. May this be your state till it becomes what I wish. But indeed I cannot express the warmth with which I wish you all things, and myself you. Indeed you are engraved elsewhere than on the cups you sent me with so kind an inscription,[1] and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleased with them, but take them very kindly too; and had I suspected any such usage from you, I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did, for at this rate I may say,

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

I will bring you over just such another present, when I go to the deanery of St. Patrick's, which I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem pateras*, &c. Till then I will drink, or Gay shall drink, daily healths to you, and I will add to your inscription the old Roman vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu.[2]

All those of your friends whom I have seen are constant in their remembrance, and good wishes to you,—only the doctor I have never been able to see since. Poor Congreve is desperately ill of the gout. Lord Bolingbroke bids me again tell you he will take as a letter to himself, and reply to, every one that you shall write to Gay or me,—so that we hope you will not be deterred from writing to some of us by an imagination that all will expect it. Yours, etc.

[1] They were small silver cups, and the inscription was as follows: "Jonathan Swift Alex^ro Pope: Pignus amicitiæ exiguum ingentis."

[2] Here the letter stops in the quarto of 1741, and the remainder is taken from the Dublin edition, which omits the word "adieu."

19. SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN,

Oct. 30, 1727. [*Aug.* 30, 1726.][1]

THE first letter I writ after my landing was to Mr. Gay; but it would have been wiser to direct it to Tonson or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the post-office. In that letter you will find what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the deanery, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilised world. And I have often reflected in how few hours, with a swift horse or a strong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the antipodes. If I did not know you more by your conversation and kindness than by your letter, I might be base enough to suspect, that in point of friendship you acted like some philosophers who writ much better upon virtue than they practised it. In answer, I can only swear that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years further than by inexpressible nonsense; but now I can every night distinctly see Twitenham and the Grotto, and Dawley, 'and Mrs. B[lount]'[2] and many other et ceteras, and it is but three nights since I beat Mrs. Pope. I must needs confess, that the pleasure I take in thinking on you is very much lessened by the pain I am in about your health. You pay dearly for the great talents God has given you, and for the consequences of them in the esteem and distinction you receive from mankind, unless you can provide a tolerable stock of health, in which pursuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather entreat you would mend it by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke and your other physicians. When you talked of cups and impressions, it came

[1] This letter is dated in the quarto October 30, 1727, as if it had been written on Swift's return to Ireland after his second visit to England. But on that occasion he was detained eight days at Holyhead alone, instead of making "a quick change in seven days from London to the deanery,"—a discrepancy which, combined with the mention of the cups, and other topics, plainly shows that the letter relates to the first visit, and was an answer to Pope's letter of August 22, 1726.

[2] From the Dublin edition.

into my head to imitate you in quoting scripture,[1] not to your advantage: I mean what was said to David by one of his brothers: "I knew thy pride and the naughtiness of thy heart."[2] I remember when it grieved[3] your soul to see me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which, if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have cost me a hundred pounds, for I live worse here upon more. Did you ever consider that I am for life almost twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do port, and have neither coach,[4] chair, nor mother? As to the world, I think you ought to say to it with St. Paul, *If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?* This is more proper still, if you consider the French word *spirituel*, in which sense the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a present of a thousand pounds, I would not allow myself to be in your debt; and if I made you a present of two, I would not allow myself to be out of it. But I have not half your pride; witness what Mr. Gay says in his letter, that I was censured for begging presents, though I limited them to ten shillings, 'and although I forgave Sir R[ober]t W[alpol]e a thousand pounds, *multa gemens*.'[5] I see no reason, at least my friend-

[1] Pope omitted the Scripture quotation in his published letter.

[2] His pride rebelled against receiving the cups, because he understood them to be payment for Swift's board and lodging.

[3] The Dublin edition reads, "so I remember it grieved."

[4] Swift did not keep a carriage, and wine and provisions in Dublin were very cheap. He told Mrs. Pendarves in 1735 that his usual dinner was a chicken which cost sixpence, and a pint of French wine which cost eightpence, and he said the chicken would cost eighteenpence in London, and the wine half-a-crown. His whim, when certain persons dined with him, was to advance them money that they might provide their own viands, and he thought one shilling a head sufficient.

[5] From the Dublin edition. On Swift's presentation to the deanery of St. Patrick's, in April, 1713, he calculated that the warrant, the first-fruits, and his share of the recent expenditure on the house, would come to a thousand pounds. He applied to Lord Oxford to discharge the debt, and was always answered by ambiguous raillery. The moment Bolingbroke arrived at supreme power he gave Swift an order on the treasury for the amount, but the queen died before the money was paid, and the whigs refused to honour the bill. This was the thousand pounds which he says he forgave Walpole. The incumbrances, which Swift demanded

ship and vanity see none, why you should not give me a visit, when you shall happen to be disengaged. I will send a person to Chester to take care of you, and you shall be used by the best folks we have here, as well as civility and good-nature can contrive. I believe local motion will be no ill physic, and I will have your coming inscribed on my tomb, and recorded in never-dying verse.

I thank Mrs. Pope for her prayers, but I know the mystery. A person of my acquaintance, who used to correspond with the last Great Duke of Tuscany,[1] showing one of the duke's letters to a friend, and professing great sense of his highness's friendship, read this passage out of the letter; *I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good.* The person to whom this was read, and who knew the duke well, said, the meaning of *real good* was only that the other might turn a good catholic. Pray ask Mrs. Pope whether this story is applicable to her and me! I pray God bless her, for I am sure she is a good christian, and, which is almost as rare, a good woman. Adieu.

20. POPE TO SWIFT.

Sept. 3, 1726.

YOURS to Mr. Gay gave me greater satisfaction than that to me, though that gave me a great deal; for to hear you were safe at your journey's end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it; otherwise, believe me, every tittle of each is important to me, which sets any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I

should be defrayed out of the revenues of the crown, were invariably borne by the clergy upon whom the preferment was bestowed, and his claim to the money could not be put upon any more specious ground than that of a grant by a minister for party services. "I never asked for my thousand pounds," he wrote to Sheridan, July 8, 1726, "though I mentioned it to the princess the last time I saw her, but I bid her tell Walpole I scorned to ask him for it." This was one of the modes of asking,—a device for bringing the subject under Walpole's notice without risking the mortification of a refusal.

[1] This may have been Sir Andrew Fountaine, who was intimate with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and was formerly among the familiar companions of Swift.

guess reached you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with Sir [Robert Walpole], who expressed his desire of having seen you again before you left us. He said he observed a willingness in you to live among us, which I did not deny,[1] but at the same time told him you had no such design in your coming this time, which was merely to see a few of those you loved: but that indeed all those wished it, and particularly Lord Peterborough and myself, who wished you loved Ireland less,[2] had you any reason to love England more. I said nothing but what I think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I—plain truth—did they know either it or you. I cannot help thinking, when I consider the whole short list of our friends, that none of them except you and I are qualified for the mountains of Wales. The doctor[3]

[1] "I was twice with the chief minister," wrote Swift, July 20, 1726; "the first time by invitation, and the second time at my desire for an hour, wherein we differed in every point." Swift's object in the second interview was, he says, "to represent the affairs of Ireland in a true light," and he went away disgusted with the minister. In the meanwhile Pulteney was endeavouring to allure Swift into devoting his talents to the cause of the opposition, and Walter Scott conjectured that Walpole became desirous to win the dean and prevent the coalition. Walpole did not persevere in his advances. "Pray tell him," wrote Swift to Mrs. Howard, when he was preparing to renew his visit to England in 1727, "that if he does not use me better next summer than he did last, I will study revenge, and it shall be *vengeance ecclésiastique*," which meant rancorous revenge. The threat did not alarm Walpole, and in May 1727, the dean wrote to Sheridan, "I am in high displeasure with him, and his partisans."

[2] Pope might think it politic to pretend to Walpole that the dean had a local attachment to Ireland, but the assertion was not consistent with that plain truth for which the poet takes credit in the next sentence. "I reckon no man is thoroughly miserable unless he be condemned to live in Ireland," wrote Swift to Ambrose Philips in October, 1709, and from this opinion he never swerved. A few months before he sailed for England, to stay with Pope, he dated a letter to Dr. Stopford, who was then abroad, from "wretched Dublin, in miserable Ireland," and advised him to travel back blindfold, which, said he, "is the only way to make Ireland tolerable." In England his aversion to unhappy Ireland did not diminish. He wrote to Sheridan that it was "a wretched, dirty dog-hole, and prison;" he wrote to Dr. Stopford that the "country was odious," the "people odious," and he declared that the pleasure of his visit was marred by the reflection that he must at last return home. His life, with brief intervals, had been one prolonged groan at his banishment to a land he abhorred, and his dearest desire was still to be liberated.

[3] Arbuthnot.

goes to cards, Gay to court; one loses money, one loses his time: another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling soil.[1] One lady you like has too much of France[2] to be fit for Wales: another is too much a subject to princes and potentates,[3] to relish that wild taste of liberty and poverty. Mr. Congreve is too sick to bear a thin air; and she that leads him too rich to enjoy anything.[4] Lord Peterborough can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord Bathurst is too great an husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethell, indeed, is too good and too honest to live in the world, but yet it is fit, for its example, he should. We are left to ourselves, in my opinion, and may live where we please, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas: and for me, I assure you I love the world so well, and it loves me so well, that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest of my days. I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glimpse of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are, like the vulgar, apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps it is a mistake, but however there is something in it generous. Mr. [Pulteney] takes it extreme kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he is only to thank his ill fortune: for if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power, than out.[5] To show you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will with great truth apply to myself an old sentence: "Those that are in, may abide in; and those that are out, may abide out: yet to me, those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out shall be as those that are in." I am indifferent as to all those matters; but I miss you as much as I did the first day, when, with a

[1] Bolingbroke.

[2] The French wife of Lord Bolingbroke.

[3] Mrs. Howard.

[4] Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, the daughter of the famous duke and duchess. She and Congreve were inseparable.

[5] Pope seems already to have anticipated those points of Pulteney's character, which he afterwards expressed by the celebrated line,

He foams a patriot to subside a peer.—WALTER SCOTT.

short sigh, I parted. Wherever you are,—or on the mountains of Wales, or on the coast of Dublin,

> Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
> Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris, ——

I am, and ever shall be, yours, &c.

21.[1] GAY TO SWIFT.

EXTRACT. LONDON, *Sept.* 16, 1726.

DEAR SIR,—Since I wrote last, I have been always upon the ramble. I have been in Oxfordshire with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, and at Petersham,[2] and wheresoever they would carry me; but as they will go to Wiltshire[3] without me on Tuesday next, for two or three months, I believe I shall then have finished my travels for this year, and shall not go further from London than now and then to Twickenham. I saw Mr. Pope on Sunday, who has lately escaped a very great danger, but is very much wounded across his right hand. Coming home in the dark about a week ago, alone in my Lord Bolingbroke's coach from Dawley, he was overturned where a bridge has been broke down near Whitton, about a mile from his own house. He was thrown into the river, with the glasses of the coach up, and was up to the knots of his periwig in water. The footman broke the glass to draw him out, by which he thinks he received the cut across his hand. He was afraid he should have lost the use of his little finger, and the next to it; but the surgeon, whom he sent for last Sunday from London to examine it, told him that his fingers were safe, that there were two nerves cut, but no tendon. He was in very good health and very good spirits, and the wound is in a fair way of being soon healed.

[1] Published by Hawkesworth.

[2] The duke had a house at Stoney Middleton in Oxfordshire, and at Petersham in Surrey. Thomson in his Summer, ver. 1419, speaks of

> Ham's embowering walks,
> Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retired,
> With her, the pleasing partner of his heart,
> The worthy Queensb'ry yet laments his Gay.—CUNNINGHAM.

[3] To Amesbury, their principal residence.

22.[1] ARBUTHNOT TO SWIFT.

EXTRACT. LONDON, *Sept.* 20, 1726.

MR. POPE has been in hazard of his life by drowning. Coming late, two weeks ago, from Lord Bolingbroke's in his coach and six, a bridge on a little river being broke down, they were obliged to go through the water, which was not too high, but the coach was overturned in it, and the glass being up, which he could not break nor get down, he was very near being drowned; for the footman was stuck in the mud, and could hardly come in time to help him. He had that in common with Horace, that it was occasioned by the trunk of a tree, but it was *trunco rheda illapsa, neque Faunus ictum dextra levabat;* for he was wounded in the left hand;[2] but thank God without any danger, but by the cutting of a large vessel lost a great deal of blood. I have been with Mrs. Howard, who has had a most intolerable pain in one side of her head. I had a great deal of discourse with your friend, her royal highness. She insisted upon your wit and good conversation. I told her royal highness that was not what I valued you for, but for being a sincere honest man, and speaking truth when others were afraid to speak it. I have been for near three weeks together every day at the Duchess of Marlborough's, with Mr. Congreve, who has been likely to die with a fever, and the gout in his stomach;[3] but he is now better, and likely to do well. My brother was near being cast away going to France;[4] there was a ship lost just by him.

[1] Published by Hawkesworth.

[2] Gay and Lord Bolingbroke say the "right."

[3] Gout was his constant companion. He combined the characters of a great author, and a man of fashion, and was courted by his contemporaries for his position in the world, his witty conversation, his agreeable manners, and easy temper. He appears winning no longer. He had neither heart nor morals, and he expressed his vain and unworthy disposition in a will, bequeathing his 10,000*l.* to the over-rich Duchess Henrietta, and paltry legacies to his needy relations.

[4] Robert Arbuthnot, who was a banker and commercial agent in France. During his stay in England he married a lady with 900*l.* a year.

23.[1] BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT.

LONDON, *Sept.* 22, 1726.

A BOOKSELLER[2] who says he is going in a few days to Dublin calls here, and offers to carry a letter to you. I cannot resist the temptation of writing to you, though I have nothing to say more by this conveyance than I should have by that of the post, though I have lately clubbed with Pope to make up a most elegant epistle to you in prose and verse, and though I wrote the other day the first paragraph of that Chedder[3] letter which is preparing for you. The only excuse, then, which I can plead for writing now is that the letter will cost you nothing.

Have you heard of the accident which befel poor Pope in going lately from me? A bridge was down, the coach forced to go through the water, the bank steep, a hole on one side, a block of timber on the other, the night as dark as pitch. In short he overturned.[4] The fall was broke by the water; but the glasses were up, and he might have been drowned if one of my men had not broke a glass, and pulled him out through the window. His right hand was severely cut, but the surgeon thinks him in no danger of losing the use of his fingers. However he has lately had very great pains in that arm from the shoulder downward, which might create a suspicion that some of the glass remained still in the flesh, St. Andrè[5] says there is none. If so, these pains are owing to a cold he took in a fit of gallantry, which carried him across

[1] Published by Hawkesworth.

[2] Mr. Faulkner.—HAWKESWORTH.

[3] A Chedder letter is a joint composition, and was called after the village in Somersetshire, where the famous cheeses were made from milk contributed by several proprietors. The cow-keeper brought his milk to the common dairy, where it was measured before being poured into the general reservoir, and he received in the course of the year the number of cheeses which was equivalent to the milk he had furnished.

[4] Pope, a few years later, told Spence that the coach was upset in consequence of the six spirited horses taking fright, and running away. This must have been a mistake, or the circumstance would have been mentioned in the accounts sent to Swift while the incident was fresh.

[5] The surgeon.

the water to see Mrs. Howard, who has been extremely ill, but is much better. Just as I am writing, I hear that Dr. Arbuthnot says that Mr. Pope's pains are rheumatic, and have no relation to his wound. He suffers very much. I will endeavour to see him to-morrow. Let us hear from you as often as you can afford to write. I would say something to you of myself if I had any good to say; but I am much in the same way in which you left me, eternally busy about trifles, disagreeable in themselves, but rendered supportable by their end, which is to enable me to bury myself from the world (who cannot be more tired of me than I am of it) in an agreeable sepulchre.[1] I hope to bring this about by next spring, and shall be glad to see you at my funeral. Adieu.

24.[2] GAY TO SWIFT.

[*Sept.* 1726.]

As we cannot enjoy any good thing without your partaking of it, accept the following receipt for stewing veal:[3]

Take a knuckle of veal,
You may buy it, or steal.
In a few pieces cut it,
In a stewing-pan put it.

[1] He was employed in fitting up Dawley, where he was about as calm and resigned as a living man would be in an actual tomb. He was soon immersed in factious politics, and he endeavoured to smooth over the inconsistency to Swift, by writing to him in February, 1727, "I believe I shall seldom visit London, unless it be to divert myself now and then with annoying fools and knaves for a month or two."

[2] Published by Hawkesworth. This is the only portion which remains of the Chedder epistle mentioned by Bolingbroke in the preceding letter, and answered by Swift in the next letter to Pope.

[3] "The receipt of the veal," said Gay in a subsequent letter, "is of Monsieur Devaux, Mr. Pulteney's cook, and it has been approved of at one of our Twickenham entertainments." The original receipt, which Gay versified, is preserved among the Oxford papers: "Take a knuckle of veal, cut it in three or four pieces, then put it in a stew-pan, and add to it the proper seasoning of pepper and salt, and a clove of mace or two, according to your taste. Then take salary [celery], spinage, sorrel, thyme, endive, lettuce, beet, and marigold, of each as you like, till you fill the pot. Then stop it close that no water can possibly get into it. Then put the pot into a large kettle of boiling water, and let it stew for four hours at least,—the longer the better. Then serve it up, meat and all, skimming the fat off before you serve it."

Salt, pepper, and mace,
Must season this knuckle;
Then what's joined to a place,[1]
With other herbs muckle,—
That which killed king Will,[2]
And what never stands still;[3]
Some sprigs of that bed
Where children are bred,[4]
Which much you will mend, if
Both spinach and endive,
And lettuce and beet,
With marigold meet.
Put no water at all,
For it maketh things small,
Which, lest it should happen,
A close cover clap on.
Put this pot of Wood's metal[5]
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About,—let me see,—
Thrice as long as you preach.[6]
So skimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat off.
Oh, then with what rapture
Will it fill Dean and Chapter!

25.[7] SWIFT TO POPE AND GAY.

Oct. 15, 1726.

I RECEIVED your map and pictures. By the latter I could not find out the originals, and your map is as much a caricatura of Bibury, as the others must be of I do not know who.

As for your tripartite letter which begins with his lordship, I think, gentry, it should be settled what foot we are upon,

[1] Vulgo *salary*.—GAY.

[2] Supposed *sorrel*.—GAY.
The name of the horse which fell with William III. when he was riding from Kensington on February 21, 1702. The king's collar-bone was broken, and the injury was supposed to have hastened his death, which took place on March 8.

[3] This is by Dr. Bentley thought to be *time* or *thyme*.—GAY.

[4] *Parsley*. See Chamberlayne.—GAY.
He was a noted midwife.

[5] Of this composition see the works of the copper-farthing dean.—GAY.

[6] Which we suppose to be near four hours.—GAY.

[7] From the transcript in the Oxford MSS.

and how you intend we are to live together in absence. His lordship takes the office of a critic, and is in a dozen lines acting a critic, telling me of a very indifferent letter. Is it imagined that I must be always leaning upon one hand[1] while I am writing with the other, alway upon the *qui vive* and the slip-slop, instead of an honest plain letter, which only should contain in more words *si vales bene est*, &c., and *me ama ut*, &c. I have since writ him a much longer and a more indifferent letter, which will cost him two dozen lines at least to find fault with, and will be so much matter for an answer; *aliquisque malo fuit usus*, &c. However, as to the writing part, you shall no more complain, for I can mend my hand better than my head. But may I never think again, if I think three seconds whenever I write to the best or the worst of you. Let builders and ministers think till they have not a penny left in their pockets, or a friend in the world. Besides, I am so busy with railing at those odious beasts you send us for all employments, that I can think of nothing else. Breed a man a dozen years in a coal-pit, he shall pass his time well enough among his fellows; but send him to light for a few months,[2] then down with him again, and try what a correspondent he will be.

I take you in order. The next is my landlord at Whitehall,[3] who treats me with kindness and domesticity, and says that he is laying in a double stock of wine. He is to return my Lord Chesterfield thanks for the honour I receive in his remembering me. He is to make Mr. Stopford[4] be received by all who

[1] Lord Orrery states that he had often heard him profess, "When I sit down to write a letter, I never lean upon my elbow till I have finished it," and he assured Lady Suffolk that "he never leant on his elbow except when he was under a necessity of writing to fools, or lawyers, or ministers of state, where he had to consider what was to be said."

The coal-pit is Ireland; the few months of light his visit to England.

[3] Gay. When Swift was in London, during his recent visit to England, he shared Gay's lodgings.

[4] He was expected home from France, and was to stay in London before he went back to Ireland. In a letter Swift wrote to him, July 20, 1726, he says, "I have given strict charge to Mr. Pope to receive you with all kindness and distinction. He is perfectly well received by all the people in power, and he loves to do good; and there can hardly go over a governor to whom he may not, by himself or friends, strongly recommend you."

deserve it, in the best manner possible, and to thank Mr. Rollinson, &c.;[1] but as for Tom, the water fool, I think he treats me with little respect; therefore upon mature thoughts I conclude it below me to return his compliment, and he must polish his manners before I will do him a good office to Mr. Pope's maid.

To speak in the second person, I would advise you to inquire diligently whether the mice who eat up your buttons were whigs or tories, or whether of the court or country party. Plutarch tells us that Diogenes was encouraged to continue in the study of philosophy by a mouse. If this be true, by parallel reasoning you should have enemies at court, and probably Mrs. Howard sent those mice to eat your buttons, as the readiest instruments to make you a heathen philosopher.[2] But if mice be like rats, who haunt only ships that are not in danger of sinking, then you are safe enough, and they may perhaps be some of knight Robert's[3] mice to pay you a visit. I would be glad to know whether your buttons were green; if so, then they must have been Pontic mice, which, as Olavs Magnus assures us, always devour whatever is green, and it never flourishes again. Upon the whole, Pliny allows them to have been always an ill omen, and therefore you should be advised to prepare against it either by averruncation or traps. For the latter you may consult Avicen. The last part of your part[4] relates to my Twitenham host; therefore I shall answer it to him.

You ought to give me joy that I was not present to be overturned with you. In answer, let me say that I am ready to stand or fall with you as long as I live. However, I believe

[1] William Rollinson, esq., formerly a wine merchant, settled afterwards in Oxfordshire, where he died at a great age; a genteel, agreeable man, an old acquaintance of Lord Bolingbroke, and a favourite of Mr. Pope's, who left him five pounds for a ring.—NICHOLS.

As far back as March, 1711, Swift, in the Journal to Stella, calls him "my old friend Rollinson." Dr. Birch says that he married the widow of John, fifth Earl of Winchelsea. She was his second wife. His first died in 1730.

[2] That he might learn to bear with philosophic patience the disappointment which awaited him when she failed to procure him a place.

[3] Sir Robert Walpole.

[4] Of Gay's part of the Chedder letter.

my weight would have saved us all if it had been rightly applied. I am so far of your opinion that life is good for nothing otherwise than for the love we have to our friends, that I think the easiest way of dying is so to contrive matters as not to have one friend left in the world, and perhaps it would be no ill amendment to add, nor an enemy neither. I hope you jest when you say you have lost two fingers, and it is so bad and provoking a jest, that, if I did not love you, I should wish it were true.[1] Neither are your hopes worth a rush. A lawyer, a usurer, a physician, a minister, a senator, a judge, must open their hand before they shut it, else they will go off empty-handed. But other letters tell me you have only lost some blood which you can ill spare; for you had nothing to venture except blood and bones. I am mustering, as I told you, all the little things in verse[2] that I think may be safely printed, but I give you despotic power to tear as many as you please.

I now turn to Mr. Gay. I desire you will let me know where I am to direct to Lord B.,[3] when I am disposed towards him; I desire he may only see the most indifferent part of this letter; and lastly to make my acknowledgment to Mr. Pulteney for his letter, and that nothing hinders me from writing again, but the fear that his civilities would engage him in a very useless correspondence;[4] or, if you think he did

[1] "I wish I could tell you," said Gay in his reply, "that the cutting of the tendons of two of his fingers was a joke; but it is really so. The wound is quite healed; his hand is still weak, and the two fingers drop downward, as I told you before." "Tendons," in this passage, was probably a slip of the pen, for, in his previous letter of Sept. 16, Gay says "that there were two nerves cut, but no tendon."

[2] For the projected Miscellanies of Swift and Pope.

[3] Gay was uncertain whether he meant Lord Bathurst or Lord Burlington.

[4] Swift during his recent visit to England made the acquaintance of Pulteney, who was in virulent opposition to Walpole. Pulteney hoped to engage the pen of the dean in the service of the tories, and discontented whigs, and he addressed him a letter on September 3, 1726, in which he held out the lure of promotion. "I could wish," he said, "that those who are more able to serve you than I am had the same desire of doing it. And yet methinks, now I consider it, and reflect who they are, I should be sorry they had the merit of doing so right a thing. As well as I wish you, I would rather not have you provided for yet, than provided for by those I do not like."

expect a second letter, I would readily do it, although I am ever at a loss in dealing with persons too civil, for I have a cloud of witnesses, with my Lord Bolingbroke at their head, to prove I never practised or possessed such a talent as civility, which Sir William Wyndham knew well enough when he refused to make any returns to what I writ to him before I left you,[1] wherein he knew me better than Mr. Pulteney does, although what I did was a pure effect of friendship, brotherly love, esteem, and concern. I have received a box with the spectacles, but by whose care they were conveyed I know not. I only desire that my Lord Bolingbroke may be assured the spectacles were for two old cousins, and not for me. Mr. Ford is just landed, after a month's raking by the way with some of his tory lords, for want of whom he must here sink into spleen as he uses to do. I am going to try your receipt of the knuckle of veal, and I wish the measure of ingredients may prove better than of the verses; but I want the other, of a chicken in a wooden bowl, from Mrs. Howard, upon which you may likewise exercise your poetry. The ladies here object against both. They swear that a saucepan cannot get into a kettle, and therefore they resolve to change it into a deep earthen pot. This day I was forced to dine upon eggs alone, that I might have time to write my letter. This is all I have leisure to say at present.

Upon four dismal stories in the doctor's letter relating to four of my friends :—

> Here four of you got mischances to plague you,
> Friend Congreve a fever, friend Howard an ague,
> Friend Pope overturned by driving too fast away,
> And Robin[2] at sea had like to be cast away.

Whether from domestic distress, or advancing years, or becoming pride, or a sense of the impropriety in a person of his station, Swift was not inclined to resume the post of retained advocate to a faction, and as he could neither misunderstand Pulteney's meaning, nor openly reject a proposition which had not been formally expressed, he intimated through Gay that the correspondence would be merely an interchange of civilities, without any political result.

[1] A year and a-half afterwards, Sir William talked of answering the letter, and Swift's remark upon the tardy intention will be seen in his letter to Gay, March 28, 1728.

[2] Robert Arbuthnot.

But alas! the poor dean neither shudders nor burns,
No sea overwhelms him, no coach overturns;
Though his claret is bad, and he foots it on stones,
Yet he gets home at night with health and whole bones.

26. POPE TO SWIFT.

Nov. 16, 1726.

I HAVE resolved to take time; and in spite of all misfortunes and demurs, which sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you, at intervals, a long letter. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the others, like useless dependents, who only take up room, and never are active and assistant to our wants: I shall never be much the better for them. I congratulate you first upon what you call your cousin's[1] wonderful book, which is *publicâ trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen is delightful. I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I have never been a night in London since you left me, till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations. I find no considerable man very angry at the book.[2] Some, indeed, think it rather too bold, and too general a satire: but none, that I hear of, accuse it of particular reflections (I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgment; the mob of critics, you know, always are desirous to apply satire to those they envy for being above them); so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte[3] received the copy, he tells me, he knew not from whence, nor

[1] The Travels of Gulliver were professedly published by the captain's cousin, Richard Sympson.

[2] The reason few persons were angry at Gulliver was that the satire was seldom felicitous enough to wound. Sometimes it is obscure, sometimes revolting and extravagant, and is invariably feeblest when most elaborate. The genius of the book is in the original and diverting incidents, and especially in the skill with which the fabulous is converted into the real. This must always have been the charm of the work, which flags, as Jeffrey remarked, whenever the satire predominates over the story.

[3] The publisher of Gulliver.

from whom, dropped at his house in the dark, from a hackney coach. By computing the time, I found it was after you left England, so, for my part, I suspend my judgment.

I am pleased with the nature and quality of your present to the princess. The Irish stuff you sent to Mrs. H[oward], her r[oyal] h[ighness] laid hold of, and has made up for her own use.[1] Are you determined to be national in every thing, even in your civilities? You are the greatest politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational politician, there is no great fear of you; you will never succeed.

Another thing in which you have pleased me, was what you say to Mr. P[ulteney],[2] by which it seems to me that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reason. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men, and it is high time to be so, after twenty or thirty years' observation of the great world.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

I question not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their interest: but God forbid an honest or witty man should be of any, but that of his country. They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs; let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity. If you must needs write about politics at all (but perhaps it is full as wise to play the fool any other way), surely it ought to be so as to preserve the dignity and integrity of your character with those times to come, which will most impartially judge of you.

I wish you had writ to Lord Peterborough, no man is more affectionate towards you. Do not fancy none but tories are

[1] The Irish had grown expert in manufacturing silk plaid, in imitation of the Indian, and on September 1, 1726, Swift announced to Mrs. Howard that he had sent her a dress of this material in the hope that it would attract the notice of the Princess of Wales, and induce her to accept from him a similar present. His object was to persuade the princess to bring the silk manufactures of Ireland into vogue in England. Mrs. Howard read her the dean's letter, and entering into his design, she took the plaid for herself, and ordered more for the princesses.

[2] In the message sent through Gay, by which Swift let him know that he declined to be the tool of the pretended patriots.

your friends; for at that rate I must be, at most, but half your friend, and sincerely I am wholly so. Adieu, write often, and come soon, for many wish you well, and all would be glad of your company.

27. GAY AND POPE TO SWIFT.[1]

Nov. 17, 1726.

ABOUT ten days ago a book was published here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which has been the conversation of the whole town ever since. The whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. It is generally said that you are the author; but I am told the bookseller declares he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the cabinet-council to the nursery. The politicians to a man agree that it is free from particular reflections, but that the satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search for particular applications in every leaf; and it is highly probable we shall have keys published to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord[2] [Bolingbroke] is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplished of his species,[3] and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man.[4] Your friend,

[1] This letter is headed in the quarto "Mr. Gay to Dr. Swift," but in the table of contents it is said to be "From Mr. Gay and Mr. Pope." The letter itself shows that it was written in the name of both.

[2] In the Dublin edition "Your Lord."

[3] It is said in a letter, which is printed in Bolingbroke's name, that there were only three men capable of governing; one was himself, another Pope!! Laughable as this may appear, I do not think it very unlikely he should have said so. A man who rates his own abilities at the highest, in proportion as the world in general neglects them, thinks that person only fit to rank next to him, who alone has discernment enough to appreciate his transcendental talents.—BOWLES.

[4] It is no wonder a man of real merit should condemn a satire on his

my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The Duchess Dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it. She declares that she has now found out that her whole life had been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes; and that if she knew Gulliver, though he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she would give up her present acquaintance for his friendship.[1] You may see by this, that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disobliged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us;[2] and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among lady critics, some have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to maids of honour. Those of them who frequent the church say his design is impious, and that it is 'an insult on Providence, by'[3] depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the princess has read it with

species, as it injures virtue and violates truth, and as little that a corrupt or worthless man should approve such a satire, because it justifies his principles and tends to excuse his practice.—WARBURTON.

The remark is just, though, as Mr. Croker observes, "it seems from the position of the note as if Warburton thought Bolingbroke the *man of real merit*, the friend of *virtue* and *truth*, and Lord Harcourt a *corrupt* and *worthless* man, which no one else ever thought of either." Warburton had the lowest opinion of Bolingbroke, and the implied approbation was an inadvertence.

[1] "Swift," said the duchess to Lord Stair, in 1736, "gives the most exact account of kings, ministers, bishops, and the courts of justice that is possible to be writ." She declared that she was "prodigiously fond of him," notwithstanding "all the slaps" he had bestowed upon herself and the duke; and the ground of her partiality was the common rancour they entertained towards mankind from a common cause. They were both arrogant by nature, and events had imparted a keener edge to their acerbity. The duchess had never been in good humour with the world from the day of her downfall, nor Swift since he ceased to be patronised by ministers.

[2] The satire on the court, the ministers, the parliament, might have led to a prosecution, and those who were in the secret of the authorship kept up this thin disguise from a suspicion that their letters might be read at the post-office.

[3] The words in inverted commas are in the Dublin edition, but not in the quarto.

great pleasure. As to other critics, they think the flying island is the least entertaining; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, that it is agreed that part was not writ by the same hand, though this has its defenders too. It has passed Lords and Commons, *nemine contradicente;* and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it. Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which has not yet reached Ireland. If it has not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you. But it will be much better to come over yourself, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine primâ*, which we modern naturalists pronounce ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg. at furthest.[1] But to us, your friends, the coming of such a black swallow as you will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at court.

The princess is clothed in Irish silk; pray give our service to the weavers. We are strangely surprised to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money.[2] I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B——[3] has been guilty of that crime, that you, like a Houyhnmhnm, have treated him as a Yahoo, and discarded him your service.

[1] The old style was followed in England till 1752. The Gregorian, or new style, was eleven days in advance of the old, and Gay reckons by it that Swift may come at the earliest period. The last day of February in the Gregorian calendar would have been the 17th in the English.

[2] When Swift returned to Dublin, after his visit to England, a triumphal procession went out to meet him, the bells of all the churches were rung, and bonfires were kindled in every street. In mentioning the tribute, Swift had probably commented upon the unusual circumstance that the ringers did their work gratis.

[3] Probably Swift's servant.

I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of your wine, and come away to better. You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken; we envy those you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

28. SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *Nov.* 27,[1] 1726.

I AM just come from answering a letter of Mrs. H[oward]'s writ in such mystical terms, that I should never have found out the meaning, if a book had not been sent me, called Gulliver's Travels, of which you say so much in yours.[2] I read the book over, and in the second volume observe several passages which appear to be patched and altered, and the style of a different sort, unless I am much mistaken.[3] Dr. Arbuthnot likes the projectors least;[4] others, you tell me, the flying island. Some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed; so that in these cases I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A bishop here said that book was full of

[1] This letter, like the preceding, is dated November 17 in the quarto, but the second letter is clearly the answer to the first, and the true date is settled by that of the letter to Mrs. Howard, which Swift mentioned as having been written on the same day.

[2] The letter of Mrs. Howard was a continuous allusion to Gulliver's Travels.

[3] Swift had said, on completing the book, that he intended to publish it when "he found a printer brave enough to venture his ears." A regard for his ears had induced the printer to omit, add, and alter. The true readings were afterwards restored.

[4] "I tell you freely," Arbuthnot wrote to him, Nov. 8, 1726, "the part of the projectors is the least brilliant." Swift had not sufficient acquaintance with arts and sciences to ridicule the follies of their professors, and his satire consists of extravagances which have not the least resemblance to the real absurdities of philosophers and inventors.

improbable lies, and, for his part, he hardly believed a word of it; and so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but at the same time I must tell you, that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious?[1] Another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can publish fifty fables.

I am just going to perform a very good office: it is to assist, with the archbishop, in degrading a parson who couples all our beggars,[2] by which I shall make one happy man, and decide the great question of an indelible character in favour of the principles in fashion. This I hope you will represent to the ministry in my favour, as a point of merit; so farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries. He declared to us that he resolved to be hanged, only desired that when he was to go to the gallows, the archbishop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice. Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend, I would desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled and abused, and added to, and blotted out by the printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly. Adieu.

[1] "Tedious" is here put for "dilatory." "My Fables are printed," Gay wrote Feb. 18, 1727, "but I cannot get my plates finished, which hinders the publication."

[2] Previous to the Marriage Act of 1754, clandestine marriages were valid in England, but the minister who officiated was liable to a fine, and ecclesiastical censure. Several disreputable clergymen got a livelihood in London by performing the ceremony, without banns or license, in public houses and other secular places, at any hour of the day or night. The Irish parson appears to have been a delinquent of this description. The beggars, no doubt, resorted to him for cheapness, and if he imitated the practices of his London brethren he took advantage of convivial impulses to couple people who would have preferred, in their sober hours, to keep asunder.

29. SWIFT TO POPE.

Dec. 5, 1726.

I BELIEVE the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourself, and with reason, because I may probably be a greater loser by it. What have accidents to do with those who are neither jockeys nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a rascally groom shall gallop a foundered horse ten miles upon a causeway, and get home safe.

I am very much pleased that you approve what was sent,[1] because I remember to have heard a great man say that nothing required more judgment than making a present, which, when it is done to those of high rank, ought to be of something that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the same time do me justice in what you observe as to Mr. P[ultency]. Besides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwise, and therefore I follow a very easy road to virtue, and purchase it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a state of power, and dependence a state of slavery? We care not three-pence whether a prince or minister will see us or no: we are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree that riches are liberty, but then we are to put into the balance how long our apprenticeship is to last in acquiring them.

Since you have received the verses,[2] I most earnestly entreat you to burn those which you do not approve, and in those few where you may not dislike some parts, blot out the rest, and sometimes, though it be against the laziness of your nature, be so kind to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them.[3] I have some few of those things I call Thoughts, moral and diverting; if you please, I will send the best I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reason to choose the

[1] The present to the Princess of Wales of Irish stuff.—BOWLES.

[2] The poems for the Miscellanies.

[3] Swift was always willing that his writings should be castigated by competent critics. "In a poem," says Dr. Delany, "of not two hundred lines — Baucis and Philemon — Mr. Addison made him blot out fourscore, add fourscore, and alter fourscore."

method you mention of mixing the several verses, and I hope thereby, among the bad critics, to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am so happy to have a letter from my Lord Peterborough, for which I entreat you will present him with my humble respects and thanks, though he all-to-be-Gullivers me by very strong insinuations. Though you despise riddles, I am strongly tempted to send a parcel to be printed by themselves, and make a sixpenny job for the bookseller. There are some of my own wherein I exceed mankind, *mira poemata!* the most solemn that were ever seen; and some writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine; but I will not praise myself. You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh; but why should I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it so happy? Therefore I resolve from henceforth to handle only serious subjects, *nisi quid tu, docte Trebati, dissentis.* Yours, &c.

30. POPE TO SWIFT.

March 8, 1726-7.

MR. STOPFORD will be the bearer of this letter, for whose acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you: and I think the acquaintance of so valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the least obligations.

Our Miscellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleased with this joint volume,[1] in which, methinks, we look like friends side by side, serious and merry by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to posterity, not in the stiff forms of learned authors, flattering each other, and setting the rest of mankind at nought, but in a free, unimportant, natural, easy manner, diverting others just as we diverted ourselves. The third volume consists of verses,

[1] The volume was an ill-arranged medley, and excites something of the feeling which Ford expressed to Swift, Nov. 6, 1733: "I have long had it at heart to see your works collected, and published with care. It is become absolutely necessary, since that jumble with Pope, etc. in three volumes, which put me in a rage whenever I meet them."

but I would choose to print none but such as have some peculiarity, and may be distinguished for ours, from other writers. There is no end of making books, Solomon said, and above all, of making Miscellanies, which all men can make. For unless there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the elect, I should not care to be one of the twelve thousand signed.

You received, I hope, some commendatory verses from a Horse and a Lilliputian to Gulliver; and an heroic Epistle of Mrs. Gulliver. The bookseller would fain have printed them before the second edition of the book, but I would not permit it without your approbation: nor do I much like them.[1] You see how much like a poet I write, and yet if you were with us, you would be deep in politics. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the purpose, but therefore the more warm and the more angry. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* I stay at Twitnam without so much as reading newspapers, votes, or any other paltry pamphlets. Mr. Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are sent for your diversion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks I am at Glubdubdrib, with none but ancients and spirits about me.

I am rather better than I use to be at this season, but my hand (though, as you see, it has not lost its cunning) is frequently in very awkward sensations rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done some mischief already, and just been strong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, lively letter, which will attend this. She has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborough has writ twice to you; we fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you: I wish you were as impatient to hear them, for if so, you would, you must come early this spring.[2] Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am

[1] All three pieces are printed in Pope's works. His low estimate of them was shared by the public.

[2] Swift left Dublin for England in the second week in April. He remained in town for a few days, and was taken by Arbuthnot to dine with Lord Chesterfield, Pulteney, and others. On May 1

vexed at losing Mr. Stopford as soon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of them, and I forgive you this one.

31.[1] SWIFT TO SHERIDAN.

EXTRACT.

TWICKENHAM, *Aug.* 12, 1727.

I AM cleverly caught, if ever gentleman was cleverly caught; for three days after I came to town with Lord Oxford, from Cambridgeshire,[2] which was ten days ago, my old deafness seized me, and has continued ever since with great increase; so that I am now deafer than ever you knew me, and yet a little less, I think, than I was yesterday; but which is worse, about four days ago my giddiness seized me, and I was so very ill, that yesterday I took a hearty vomit, and though I now totter, yet I think I am a thought better; but what will be the event, I know not. One thing I know, that these deaf fits use to continue five or six weeks, and I am resolved if it continues, or my giddiness, some days longer, I will leave this place and remove to Greenwich, or somewhere near London. I am very uneasy here, because so many of our acquaintance come to see us, and I cannot be seen. Besides, Mr. Pope is too sickly and complaisant; therefore, I resolve to go somewhere else.[3] This is a little unlucky; my head will not bear writing long. I want to be at home, where I can turn you out, or let you in, as I

he was staying with Pope, and continued to pass most of his time at Twickenham or London. At the end of September he returned to Ireland.

[1] Published by Hawkesworth.

[2] Wimpole, in Cambridgeshire, was the principal country residence of Lord Oxford. He sold it in 1740 to Lord Hardwicke.

[3] Before this violent outbreak of the dean's disorder, the physical infirmities of the two friends seem to have rendered their intercourse cheerless. In some verses which Swift wrote during his present visit he says he was too deaf to hear the weak voice of Pope, and that after looking at each other for a while they had to turn to their several occupations. During the paroxysm of giddiness and deafness which ensued Swift wished to be let alone, and he was fretted by the elaborate civilities of Pope.

think best. The king and queen come in two days to our neighbourhood,[1] and there I shall be expected, and cannot go, which, however, is none of my grievances; for I would rather be absent, and have now too good an excuse.[2] I believe this giddiness is the disorder, that will at last get the better of me;[3] but I would rather it should not be now, and I hope and believe it will not, for I am now better than yesterday.

32.[4] POPE TO SHERIDAN.

TWICKENHAM, *Sept.* 6, [1727].

SIR,—I am both obliged and alarmed by your letter. What you mention of a particular friend of the dean's being upon the brink of another world, gives me great pain;[5] for it makes me, in tenderness to him, wish him with you, and at the same time

[1] Richmond.—HAWKESWORTH.

[2] George I. died at Hanover of a fit of apoplexy on June 11, and the intelligence reached London on June 14. "I have at last," Swift wrote to Sheridan on May 13, "seen the princess twice this week by her own command: she retains her old civility, and I my old freedom." The sudden death of the king had now raised the prince to the throne, and as Swift had courted both the wife and the mistress, his fortunes seemed assured. At first everything promised well. On the third day after the accession he kissed the hands of the king and queen, and announced with satisfaction that the tories were received with as much consideration as the whigs. "It is agreed," he wrote on June 24, "the ministry will be changed, but the others will have a soft fall, although the king must be excessive generous, if he forgives the treatment of some people." This was especially meant of Walpole, and in a few short weeks the king had not only forgiven him, but confirmed him in his rule. Sir Robert had gained the ear of the queen, the queen governed the king, the mistress had little more influence than the housemaid, and it shortly became manifest that the avenues to favour had been hardly opened to Swift before they were closed against him for ever.

[3] His presentiment was verified. His giddiness proceeded from water on the brain, which was the disease that destroyed him.

[4] Published by Hawkesworth.

[5] Towards the end of August Swift received a letter from Dr. Sheridan, announcing that Stella, whose health had long been on the wane, was rapidly sinking. Swift was overwhelmed with grief, and the cry of despair he sent forth in his letters had evidently roused the apprehensions of Sheridan, and led him to apply for information to Pope. Stella lingered till Jan. 28, 1728, and the dean had the mournful satisfaction of spending a few more anxious months in her society. She was in the forty-fourth year of her age.

I fear he is not in a condition to make the journey, though, to ease you as far as I can, his physician and friend, Dr. Arbuthnot, assures me he will soon be well. At present he is very deaf, and more uneasy than I hoped that complaint alone would have made him. I apprehend he has written to you in a melancholy way, which has put you into a greater fright than, with God's will, we may have any reason for. He talks of returning to Ireland in three weeks if he recovers sufficiently; if not, he will stay here this winter. Upon pretence of some very unavoidable occasions, he went to London four days since,[1] where I see him as often as he will let me. I was extremely concerned at his *opiniâtreté* in leaving me; but he shall not get rid of the friend, though he may of his house. I have suggested to him the remedy you mention; and I will not leave him a day till I see him better. I wish you could see us in England without manifest inconvenience to yourself, though I heartily hope and believe that our friend will do well. I sincerely honour you for your warmth of affection, where it is so justly merited; and am, both for his sake and your own, with great esteem, sir, your truly affectionate and obedient servant.

P.S. I have often desired the dean to make known to you my sense of the good opinion you have expressed of me in your letters. I am pleased to have an opportunity of thanking you under my hand; and I desire you to continue it to one who is no way ungrateful.

33. POPE TO SWIFT.

Oct. 2, 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's[2] affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I cannot tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that it

[1] He went to London on the last day of August. He kept secret from Pope the impending death of Stella, for he could not have endured to speak of it, nor have borne the condolences of his friends.

[2] Not published.

is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine, though at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness.[1] I cannot explain my meaning; perhaps you know it. But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your so sudden departure: for the last time I saw you, 'at Hammersmith,'[2] you assured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unless your health grew better, and I do not find it did so. I never complied so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so entirely from you; nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised that before you went we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours: we are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe we shall have something better than even a friend there, but certainly here we have nothing so good. Adieu for this time. May you find every friend you go to as pleased and happy, as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled! Yours, &c.

[1] Pope imagined that Swift had left Twickenham to avoid being troublesome to his host.

[2] "At Hammersmith" is from the Dublin edition. The "disagreeable news" was communicated confidentially by Sheridan, and to conceal that he had been told the bad tidings Pope professed to have divined them.

34. SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *Oct.* 12, 1727.

I HAVE been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in, and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune has made my home; I have there a large house, and servants and conveniences about me. I may be worse than I am, and I have no where to retire. I therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know nobody alive or dead to whom I am so much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind as to let old friends be acquainted in another state; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy; yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unsociable, comfortless deafness had not quite tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the inn, if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely, besides all other faults, I should be a very ill judge to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it has pleased God that you are not in a state of health to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me; you could refuse to see anybody, and here is a large house where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at

command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us,—who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither, which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which however I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myself with accounts,—so that I am very well qualified to be a lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.[1]

Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which nature gave him. I hope my Whitehall-landlord[2] is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher said, "The day of judgment was nearer than ever it had been before."

Pray God send you health; *det salutem, det opes; animum æquum tibi ipse parabis.* You see Horace wished for money, as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the court till you do so too. Yours, &c.

35. GAY AND POPE TO SWIFT.

Oct. 22, 1727.

GAY.

THOUGH you went away from us so unexpectedly, and in so clandestine a manner, yet, by several inquiries, we have informed ourselves of everything that has happened to you.

To our great joy, you have told us, your deafness left you at the inn in Aldersgate-street. No doubt, your ears knew there was nothing worth hearing in England.

[1] Walter, or Waters, was an attorney, and steward, who assisted needy men of property to-day that he might rob them to-morrow. He was frequently satirised by Pope, and his base practices are denounced by Swift in the Epistle to Gay:

Have Peter Waters always in your mind;
That rogue of genuine ministerial kind,
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,
Starve twenty lords to make one scoundrel rich,
And when he gravely has undone a score
Is humbly prayed to ruin twenty more.

[2] Gay.

Our advices from Chester tells us, that you met Captain Lawson.[1] The captain was a man of veracity, and set sail at the time he told you. I really wished you had laid hold of that opportunity, for you had then been in Ireland the next day. Besides, as it is credibly reported, the captain had a bottle or two of excellent claret in his cabin. You would not then have had the plague of that little smoky room at Holyhead; but considering it was there you lost your giddiness, we have great reason to praise smoky rooms for the future, and prescribe them in like cases to our friends. The maid of the house writes us word, that, while you were there, you were busy for ten days together writing continually; and that, as Wat drew nearer and nearer to Ireland, he blundered more and more. By a scrap of paper left in this smoky room, it seemed as if the book you were writing was a most lamentable account of your travels; and really, had there been any wine in the house, the place would not have been so irksome. We were further told, that you set out, were driven back again by a storm, and lay in the ship all night. After the next setting sail, we were in great concern about you, because the weather grew very tempestuous, when, to my great joy and surprise, I received a letter from Carlingford in Ireland, which informed us, that, after many perils, you were safely landed there. Had the oysters been good, it would have been a comfortable refreshment after your fatigue. We compassionated you in your travels through that country of desolation and poverty in your way to Dublin; for it is a most dreadful circumstance, to have lazy dull horses on a road where there are very bad or no inns. When you carry a sample of English apples next to Ireland, I beg you would get them either from Goodrich, or Devonshire.[2] Pray, who was the clergyman that met you at some distance

[1] Commander of the king's Dublin yacht.—HAWKESWORTH.

[2] These places are specified because Gay was born in Devonshire, and Swift was the issue of a family who settled at Goodrich, in Herefordshire. The dean had bought some Welsh apples during his detention at Holyhead. The pleasantry of Gay's letter consisted in surprising Swift with the little particulars of the journey which his English friends had picked up from some independent source.

from Dublin? because we could not learn his name. These are all the hints we could get of your long and dangerous journey, every step of which we shared your anxieties, and all that we have now left to comfort us, is to hear that you are in good health. But why should we tell you what you know already?[1]

The queen's family is at last settled, and in the list I was appointed gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa, the youngest princess, which, upon account that I am so far advanced in life,[2] I have declined accepting, and have endeavoured, in the best manner I could, to make my excuses by a letter to her majesty.[3] So now all my expectations are vanished; and I have no prospect, but in depending wholly upon myself, and my own conduct. As I am used to disappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be disappointed, so that I am in a blessed condition. You remember you were advising me to go into Newgate to finish my scenes the more correctly. I now think I shall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my opera is already finished. I leave the rest of this paper to Mr. Pope.

[1] The whole of this letter is in the Dublin edition. The quarto of 1741 contains only the portion which follows.

[2] Gay was born in 1688, the same year as Pope, and was now thirty-nine.

[3] This appointment was treated by all the friends of Gay as a great indignity, and he is said to have felt the disappointment very severely, and was too much dejected on the occasion. —WARTON.

The kind of place fit for Gay was a small sinecure which might afford him bread, and leave him leisure for his literary pursuits, and such was the office proposed to him. For one of higher and more important duties his temper and habits incapacitated him; nor does it seem such a violent indignity that he whose greatest merit at that time was his Fables written for one royal child, should have been appointed to a nominal office about another royal child.—CROKER.

It confirms the justice of Mr. Croker's view that in order to exhibit the offer in a ridiculous light, Swift was obliged, in his Epistle to Gay, to imagine functions which were purely fictitious.

Say, had the court no better place to choose
For thee, than make a drynurse of thy Muse?
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
To squire a royal girl of two years old:
In leading strings her infant steps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble side by side.

The affluent friends who recommended Gay to reject the provision were strangers to want, and, with unconscious selfishness, they thought less of his necessities than of venting their spleen against the court.

POPE.

GAY is a free man, and I writ him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the same: it will mend him, and make him a better man than a court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Augustus's time if he pleased; but I will not in the time of our Augustus. My poem[1] (which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of, for fear of the Curlls and Dennises of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of traitors, our friends and admirers), my poem, I say, will show you what a distinguishing age we lived in. Your name is in it, with some others, under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bless you, and give you health and spirits.

> Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
> Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair;
> Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
> Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

These two verses[2] are over and above what I have said of you in the poem. Adieu.

36[3] SWIFT TO GAY AND POPE.

TO GAY.

DUBLIN, *Nov.* 23, 1727.

'I HAD your double letter some time ago, whereof the first and greatest part is of your own head, and contains a very exact account of my journey from London to this place. Wherever you got it, or whatever familiar you dealt with, I did actually amuse myself with writing a journal of my distresses and living at Holyhead, at least when it grew dark, for then I never read. I did miss my passage from Chester,

[1] The Dunciad.

[2] Pope uses "verses" in the sense of "couplets."

[3] The letter which is printed with this date in the quarto of 1741 is made up of extracts from three letters of Swift,—Nov. 23, 1727, Feb. 26, 1728, and March 28, 1728. This medley was put together by Pope with so little regard to consistency, that he makes Swift, in November 1727, descant upon the success of the Beggar's Opera, which was not performed till January, 1728. The letters are here given from the transcripts in the Oxford MSS.

which would have saved much time, weariness, and money. I wanted wine for four days of the eight I staid there. I did set out, and was driven back, and all the other circumstances—Carlingford, bad horses, worse roads, and Welsh apples—are all true, and nothing but the devil could have informed you, for I kept no company, but travelled alone; or else it must be poetical conjuring, as Homer recites the dreams of those who were killed in their sleep.

'I heard nothing of the q[ueen's] family settling, nor ever hear one syllable of news any more than at Twitenham. Remember how I detested your three-halfpenny-worth of news at Whitehall, which made me think myself in a coffee-house.' I entirely approve your refusal of that employment, and your writing to the queen. I am perfectly confident you have a firm[1] enemy in the ministry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself, I should hope they are gone too far to discard you quite, and that they will give you something, which, although much less than they ought, will be, as far as it is worth, better circumstantiated: and since you already just live, a middling help will make you just tolerable.[2] Your lateness in life, as you so soon call it, might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the eldest men may hope to see changes in a court. A minister is always seventy, and you are thirty years younger; and consider, Cromwell himself did not begin to appear in the world till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a shilling, which Dr. Birch[3] said was a serious thing. Get a stronger fence about your 1000*l.* and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be advised by your Twitenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the most refractory, honest, good-natured man I ever have known. I could argue

[1] "Keen" in the quarto. The enemy he meant was Sir Robert Walpole.

[2] This was precisely the help which Swift commended Gay for flinging away.

[3] Dr. Peter Birch, Archdeacon of Westminster, who died in 1710, and was notedly avaricious. The evening before his wife's funeral he married a pair of lovers at Lord Fitzharding's "for the sake," says Atterbury, "of five or ten guineas, which helped to bear the charges the next day of his wife's interment."

out this paper. I am very glad your Opera is finished, and hope your friends will join the readier to make it succeed, because you are used by others so ill.[1]

TO POPE.

'Scene: Twitenham-house. Just after dinner.'[2]

I HAVE known courts these thirty-six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant. First, in the trite old maxim of a minister's never forgiving those he has injured:[3] Secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends: Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing: Fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well, to a point of interest or intrigue:[4] Fifthly, in keeping everything worth taking for those who can do service or disservice. 'I could go on to four-and-twentiethly; but with all the partiality of my inclination, I cannot acquit the characterised person.'[5] It is against my original funda-

[1] The quarto, "because you are ill-used by others."

[2] It may be presumed that Pope had declared his conviction, in a suppressed passage of his last letter that Gay's patroness, Mrs. Howard, was not accountable for the treatment he received. Swift, in his answer, avoided the mention of names, from the belief that nothing was safe at the post-office. "This goes by a private hand," he said to Sheridan, May 13, 1727, "for my writing is too much known, and my letters often stopped and opened."

[3] A libel had been written on Sir Robert Walpole, of which he suspected Gay to be the author, and the dean insisted that after Walpole became convinced of the poet's innocence he still kept up his resentment. The accusation was unjust. Walpole, in 1722, made Gay a commissioner of the lottery, and after the libel renewed his nomination to the office which, without any serious inroad upon his time, brought him in 150*l.* a year. If the appointment was small, so were Gay's pretensions to ministerial patronage. His productions had been hitherto few, and of no extraordinary excellence, and in politics he endeavoured to secure the countenance of both parties without really serving either. In so far as he manifested a preference, he seemed, from the company he kept, to side with the opposition.

[4] The second and fourth of these maxims are directed against Mrs. Howard. The charge is repeated in the poetical epistle which Swift wrote in 1731:

How could you, Gay, disgrace the Muse's train,
To serve a tasteless court twelve years in vain!
Fain would I think our female friend sincere,
Till Bob, the poet's foe, possessed her ear.
Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,
To lose an inch of favour for a friend?

[5] Swift had written the character of Mrs. Howard during his recent

mental maxims. I durst appeal to our friend at Dawley, though I knew more than he because I was a subaltern, and have even deceived him to do more for some I did not overmuch value, than the other[1] who pretends to have so strong a regard for our friend. Neither will your *mutato nomine*, &c.[2] satisfy me unless things are monstrously changed from what you taught me. For I was led to believe that the present unexpected situation or confirmation of things was brought about above two years ago by the intervention of that person whose character was drawn. But, if it be as you say, the fate of the Princess des Ursins ought to be remembered.[3]

'As to Ireland, the air of this house is good, and of the kingdom very good; but the best fruits fall short a little. All things to eat and drink, except very few, better than in London, except you have 4000*l.* a year. The ridings and coachings a hundred times better in winter. You may find about six rational, good, civil, learned, easy companions of the males; fewer of the females, but many civil, hospitable, and ready to admire and adore. About a dozen

visit to England, and hence he designates her to Pope as the "characterised person," and a little lower down as "that person whose character was drawn."

[1] That is, than the other, meaning Mrs. Howard, has done for Gay.

[2] It may be conjectured that Pope had said to Swift that the only change was from George I. to George II., and that all the power and patronage remained where it was before.

[3] Pope had apparently stated that Mrs. Howard's failure to promote Gay was solely occasioned by the resistance of Walpole. The dean replies that Pope had previously intimated to him that the unexpected confirmation of Walpole's supremacy had been arranged between the present king and Mrs. Howard for a couple of years before George I. died, and Swift infers that when the minister owed the whole of his power to the mistress, he could not have refused a pressing request to bestow some better preferment upon Gay. But if her demand had been indeed both earnest and unsuccessful, then she ought, says Swift, to be prepared for the fate of the Princess des Ursins, who, having made Elizabeth Farnese queen of Spain, was instantly seized by order of the sovereign of her own creation, and transported out of the kingdom. It is now notorious that Mrs. Howard had nothing to do with keeping Walpole in office, and that her wishes had no weight with king, queen, or minister. "To my knowledge," says Lord Chesterfield, "she sincerely tried to serve some, but without effect. She could not even procure a place of 200*l.* a year for John Gay, a poor and honest man, and no bad poet, only because he was a poet, which the king considered as a mechanic."

tolerable he companions without impertinence. No Pulteneys nor Dawleys, nor Arbuthnots. A very good apartment, good French wine and port; and, among the extravagant, hock, burgundy, rack-punch, &c.; but too dear for me. Only I hope to have cider from Goodrich. If you like this bill of fare, and air, and company, the sea, the town-gates, and the door of this house are open. You can have an eighteen-penny chicken for seven-pence. I will send Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford as far as Chester to conduct you; and thus I have answered your challenge. I repeated your civilities to Dr. Sheridan, who received them as he ought, and resolves to get you all sorts of those foolish wines your caprices are so fond of, and has a garden two miles off to amuse you with, but the inconveniency is, it will have very good fruit in it.[1] I desire you will present my most humble service to Sir Spencer Compton, or the speaker,[2] if he must be so, and desire he will perform his promise of giving me three or four Marseilles figs and some of his most early grapes; and do you get them put into boxes with earth, and send them to Whitehall,[3] and let them be kept cool, and I will send for them.

'My humble service and kind remembrance to Mrs. Pope and to Patty Blount, and to Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bathurst, Dr. Arbuthnot and family, Mr. Lewis, and Mrs. Howard, who[4] must remember my duty to the queen, and to all others without naming, but you are to name them in a particular manner, especially to Mr. Pulteney.' Adieu. God bless you.'

[1] The "inconveniency" was that Pope would be tempted to partake too freely of it.

[2] The new House of Commons was to meet on January 23, 1728, and Swift presumed that Sir Spencer Compton would aspire to be speaker of the present parliament, as he had been of the past. The "if he must be so" was the expression of the dean's dissatisfaction that a friend of his should accept the office from Walpole. Sir Spencer had for an instant grasped the premiership, which his hands were too feeble to retain, and Walpole, fearing he would no longer be a tractable speaker, removed him to the House of Lords. On December 28, 1727, before the parliament assembled, he was created a peer by the title of Lord Wilmington.

[3] To Gay's lodgings.

[4] The anonymous persons were no doubt some members of the Opposition whom he had met at the house of Pulteney, and Swift adopted the small precaution of not naming them, lest his letter should be read at the post-office.

37.[1] POPE TO SWIFT.

[*Jan.* 1727-28.]

DEAR SIR,—I have a mind to be in the spleen and quarrel with half the accidents of my life, they have so severally and successively hindered me from writing to you. First, a continuation of such very ill health, that I cared not to give you such an account as from your friendship would have been so uneasy to you, and which almost disabled me, indeed, from giving it, by attacking me in that part which only qualifies one to write. Then I was advised to a journey which gave me as sore an ailment at the other end, and was no sooner crawled home, but I found my mother at the gates of death. We did not for two days expect her life, and in that day of trouble I really thought of flying to you in my anguish if it had pleased God to have taken her from me. She is still very weak, but we think in a fair way, if there can be such a thing at her age, of recovery. Pray do your utmost to preserve the friend that I shall have left, against that loss arrives, which cannot be far off. Dr. Delany[2] gave me a pleasure, which I hope was not ill-grounded, in saying, since I heard from you, that your deafness was removed. The season here is very sickly, and all honest men will be dead or in danger by the meeting of our House. I have not seen Lords B[olingbroke], B[athurst], nor the doctor, nor Lewis, nor Gay, nor anybody above once since you writ last,—Lord Bolingbroke not these three months. Naming Lewis, I should tell you that I have

[1] From the transcript in the Oxford MSS.

[2] Patrick Delany, a member of Swift's intimate circle, was born in 1685, and died in 1768, aged 83. He is said in the Biographia Britannica to have been the son of a man-servant, and by Mr. D. Swift to have been the son of a maker of brogues. The father may have first been one and then the other, and the son at all events sprung from the common people, and rose by his talents and industry. He became a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, was one of the most popular preachers in Ireland, and, in the course of his long life, published several theological works, which are not remarkable for vigour of thought or style. His sole surviving production is his little book upon Swift, which is still consulted for its facts. He was a learned, upright, amiable, and liberal man.

ten times spoken to Gay to give him the note to send to M[otte],[1] and he was within this week so careless as not to have done it. I will take it myself at my next going to town, and see Mr. L[ewis] write about it. The third volume of the Miscellanies is coming out post now, in which I have inserted the treatise περὶ βάθους. I have entirely methodised, and in a manner written it all.[2] The doctor grew quite indolent in it, for something newer, I know not what. It will be a very instructive piece. I want to see the journals of your travels from Holyhead, which Mr. Sheridan seems highly delighted with. And it grieves me to the soul that I cannot send you my *chef d'œuvre*, the poem of Dulness,[3] which, after I am dead and gone, will be printed with a large commentary, and lettered on the back, Pope's Dulness. I send you, however, what most nearly relates to yourself, the inscription to it, which you must consider, reconsider, criticise, hypercriticise, and consult about with Sheridan, Delany, and all the literati of the kingdom,—I mean, to render it less unworthy of you.

INCIPIT PROPOSITIO.

Books and the man I sing, &c.

INSCRIPTIO.

And thou ! whose sense, whose humour, and whose rage,
At once can teach, delight, and lash the age,
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
Praise courts, and monarchs, or extol mankind,
Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind ;
Attend whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver.

[1] Motte was the publisher of Gulliver, and the Miscellanies, and the note, probably, related to one or other of these productions.

[2] "Mr. Pope," said Motte the bookseller to Swift, July 31, 1735, "has published a second volume of his poetical works. I always thought the Art of Sinking was his, though he there disowns it." In a letter Pope wrote to Broome, May 2, 1730, he enumerates some of the "flat lies" his enemies have recently published of him, and among the number is "how the Profound was, in a manner, wholly mine." The Profound, or the Art of Sinking, is the περὶ βάθους, of which Pope here says to Swift, that he has "in a manner written it all." He must either have told a "flat lie" to Swift, or to Broome and the public, and there is not the smallest doubt that it was to Swift that he told the truth.

[3] The Dunciad.

From thy Bœotia, lo ! the fog retires,
Yet grieve not thou at what our Isle acquires ;
Here dulness reigns, with mighty wings outspread,
And brings the true Saturnian age of lead, &c.

John Gay's opera is just on the point of delivery. It may be called, considering its subject, a jail-delivery. Mr. Congreve, with whom I have commemorated you, is anxious as to its success, and so am I. Whether it succeeds or not, it will make a great noise, but whether of claps or hisses I know not.[1] At worst, it is in its own nature a thing which he can lose no reputation by, as he lays none upon it.[2]

Mrs. Patty is very grateful for your memory of her, but not a jot the wiser for another winter. It is hard time should wrinkle faces and not ripen heads. But she is a very honest woman, and deserves to be whipped. To make her wise is more than you can do, but it is in your power by writing to her once in your life to make her proud, which is the best supplement for want of wisdom.

Courts I see not, courtiers I know not, kings I adore not, queens I compliment not, so am never like to be in fashion nor in dependence. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor lady[3] for her unhappiness, and should only pity her more if she had more of what we call court happiness. I have seen her very seldom. I had lately many compliments to you from Mr. Morice, etc.[4] Pray make mine to all you think worth re-

[1] In conversation with Spence, Pope ascribed the prediction to Congreve, who said, after reading the opera in manuscript, that "it would either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly." The Duke of Queensberry told Boswell that he, too, had remarked to the author, "This is a very odd thing, Gay ; I am satisfied that it is either a very good thing, or a very bad thing." Pope confessed to Spence that he and Swift did not think it would succeed.

[2] The motto on the title-page was

Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.

[3] Mrs. Howard.

[4] Mr. Morice was the son-in-law of Atterbury, and the "etc." stood for the exiled prelate, whom Pope did not think it prudent to name. Swift had spoken of him with regard in 1726. "I lately sent you Gulliver's Travels," wrote Morice to Atterbury, January 11, 1727 ; "the reputed author, Dean Swift, made very kind enquiries after you through our Twitenham friend, and was pleased to hear he had been mentioned by you in some of your letters. He came over hither publicly to see his friends, and divert himself, and was almost constantly with Mr. Pope." In the spring of 1727 Morice went abroad to stay with the bishop, and came back in November. Shortly after he re-

membering. But I will not exclude Messrs. Delany, Sheridan, and Stopford, the latter of whom treats me the most kindly by never writing to me, which proves he thinks himself, as he is, secure of my remembrance. I wish I could make Dr. D[elany] and Mr. Sh[eridan] so uneasy by my not writing to them, as to bring them hither the sooner. As for yourself, you cannot be absent, go where you will. Do you but keep well and live, and if I keep well and live, we must meet. Adieu.

To mortify you, I acquaint you that I am a hundred pounds a year richer than when you was here, and I owe it to no great man;[1] and I believe I am in as good health as you; and my Lord Oxford has given me a great gold cup and salver, which quite eclipses your silver ones.[2]

Micat inter omnes
Harlæum sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Send me an inscription to grave at the bottom of it. I have also a fine seal of Plato, with which I will not seal this letter.

turned, Pope had an interview with him, and, as Morice informed Atterbury, January 2, 1728, "was full of kind enquiries." The many compliments to Swift were doubtless delivered at this meeting.

[1] Swift wrote to Lord Oxford, Aug. 25, 1727, "I have withdrawn my little stake from the turmoil of the stocks, and out of suspicions, which gave me a continued disquiet. But the same inquietude pursues me upon a different account—what to do with it any other way." He had probably expended a portion of it in the purchase of his annuity, and had increased his income by converting the capital into a life interest.

[2] The genteel manner of my Lord Oxford's present to Mr. Pope is well worth recording. He seemed to have forgot some money due for subscriptions he had procured to the Homer, the amount about thirty guineas. Some time after he sent a gold cup with the following inscription: "Edv: Comes Oxon. Alex^us. Pope in memoriam Patris." The cup was worth about one hundred and fifty guineas, and he said he did not know the sum exactly, but thought it might be about what he owed him.—SPENCE.

In a letter to him, dated Dec. 28, 1727, Pope says, "I will write upon your cup, 'This is the least thing Alex. Pope owed to Edw. E. of Oxford.'" With slender abilities and attainments, Lord Oxford was a collector of literary curiosities, and a patron of literary men. He was principal almoner to the needy authors of his day, and was all the time embarrassing his own affairs, and hastening towards ruin. His excessive indolence, weakness, and improvidence dimmed the lustre of his generosity, and he always passed for an insignificant personage.

38. BOLINGBROKE AND POPE TO SWIFT.

[*Feb.* 1727-28].

BOLINGBROKE.

POPE charges himself with this letter; he has been here two days, he is now hurrying to London, he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more, and before the end of the week he will be, for ought I know, at Dublin. In the meantime his Dulness grows and flourishes as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work; the many will stare at it, the few will smile, and all his patrons from Bickerstaff to Gulliver will rejoice, to see themselves adorned in that immortal piece.

I hear that you have had some return of your illness which carried you so suddenly from us, if indeed it was your own illness which made you in such haste to be at Dublin. Dear Swift, take care of your health. I will give you a receipt for it, *à la Montaigne*, or which is better, *à la Bruyère. Nourrisser bien vôtre corps; ne le fatiguer jamais: laisser rouiller l'esprit, meuble inutil, voire outil dangereux: laisser sonner vos cloches le matin pour éveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le doyen d'un sommeil doux et profond, qui luy procure de beaux songes: lever vous tard, et aller à l'eglise, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien dejeuné.*[1] As to myself, a person about whom I concern myself very little, I must say a word or two out of complaisance to you. I am in my farm, and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots. I have caught hold of the earth (to use a gardener's phrase), and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy matter to transplant me again. Adieu. Let me hear from you, at least of you. I love you for a thousand things, for none more than for the just esteem and love which you have for all the sons of Adam.

POPE.

ACCORDING to Lord Bolingbroke's account I shall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to desire

[1] The whole of this receipt is taken from the Lutrin of Boileau.—WARTON.

you to expect my soul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that is tacked to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I assure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at court absolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the gynocrasy[1] are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber and the British Journalist;[2] so that we may live at quiet, and apply ourselves to our more abstruse studies. The only courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr. Bowry;[3] the former is at present so employed in the elevated airs of his opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity—that of her majesty's waterman—that I can scarce obtain a categorical answer from either to anything I say to them. But the opera succeeds extremely, to yours and my extreme satisfaction, of which he promises this post to give you a full account. I have been in a worse condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: so it must be in you and in posterity to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am yours. Pray love me, and take care of yourself.

39.[4] GAY TO SWIFT.

WHITEHALL, *Feb.* 15, 1727-28.

DEAR SIR,—I have deferred writing to you from time to time till I could give you an account of the Beggar's Opera. It is acted at the playhouse in Lincoln's Inn Fields with such success, that the playhouse has been crowded every night. To-night is the fifteenth time of acting, and it is thought it will run a fortnight longer.[5] I have ordered Motte to send the play to you the first opportunity. I made no interest either

[1] The petticoat government, perhaps alluding to Queen Caroline and Mrs. Howard.—WALTER SCOTT.

[2] The principal author was William Arnall, a writer of considerable ability in the pay of Walpole.

[3] Pope's waterman.

[4] Published by Hawkesworth. Swift's reply to this letter was printed by Pope.

[5] It was performed for thirty-two nights in succession, and for sixty-two in the course of the season.

for approbation or money, nor has anybody been pressed to take tickets for my benefit, notwithstanding which I think I shall make an addition to my fortune of between six and seven hundred pounds. I know this account will give you pleasure, as I have pushed through this precarious affair without servility or flattery.

As to any favours from great men, I am in the same state you left me; but I am a great deal happier, as I have no expectations. The Duchess of Queensberry has signalised her friendship[1] to me upon this occasion in such a conspicuous manner, that I hope for her sake you will take care to put your fork to all its proper uses, and suffer nobody for the future to put their knives in their mouths.[2] Lord Cobham says that I should have printed it in Italian over against the English, that the ladies might have understood what they read.[3] The outlandish (as they now call it) opera has been so thin of late that some have called that the Beggar's Opera, and if the run continues I fear I shall have remonstrances drawn up against me by the royal academy of music.[4] As none of us have heard from you of late, every one of us are in concern about your health. I beg we may hear from you soon. By my constant attendance on this affair, I have almost worried myself into an ill state of health, but I intend in five or six days to go to our country seat at Twickenham for a little air. Mr. Pope is very seldom in town. Mrs. Howard frequently asks after you, and desires her compliments to you. Mr. George Arbuthnot, the doctor's brother, is married to Mrs. Peggy Robinson.[5] I would write more, but as to-night is for my benefit, I am in a hurry to go out about business. I am, dear sir, your most affectionate and obedient servant.

[1] Her friendship for Gay was of some years standing. "He is always with the Duchess of Queensberry," wrote Mrs. Bradshaw to Mrs. Howard from Bath, Sept. 19, 1721.

[2] Swift, when dining with Pope, had used his knife for a fork. The Duchess was told of it, and made it a subject of playful remonstrance.

[3] This was a sarcasm on their fondness for the Italian opera. The taste for Italian music was a standing theme for ridicule among the authors of the time who ignorantly judged the musical by the rules of the literary drama.

[4] The managers and patrons of the Italian opera, with the king at their head, had formed themselves into an association under this title.

[5] She was the sister of the singer, who married Lord Peterborough.

40.[1] SWIFT TO GAY.

Feb. 26, 1727-28.

Now why does not Mr. Pope publish his Dulness? The rogues he mawls[2] will die of themselves in peace, and so will his friends, and so there will be neither punishment nor reward. Pray inquire how my Lord St. John does? There is no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his.[3] I wonder whether you begin to taste the pleasure of independency; or whether you do not sometimes leer upon the court, *oculo retorto?* Will you now[4] think of an annuity, when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchase-money? Have you dedicated your opera, and got the usual dedication fee of twenty guineas? How is the doctor? Does he not chide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke, at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philosopher, or a writer? Is Mr. Pulteney in expectation of a son, 'or my Lord Bathurst of an employment,' or my Lord Oxford of a new old manuscript?[5]

'Ask Mrs. Howard if she will take the remedy with which I twice perfectly cured my deafness, though I am again relapsed,

[1] A portion of this letter was published by Pope in the quarto of 1741, under the date of Nov. 23, 1727. The present version of it is from the copy in the Oxford MSS.

[2] The quarto "marks."

[3] Bolingbroke would have removed from Dawley to his family seat at his father's death, and it was in Swift's usual style of compliment to pretend that, rather than lose, in his visits to Twickenham, the neighbourhood of his friend, he would wish him to be kept out of his paternal inheritance.

[4] The quarto "not." Swift asks whether he will think of an annuity now that he is two years older than when he before disregarded the advice.

[5] The fancy of Lord Oxford was to collect books, manuscripts, and coins. The chief desire of Pulteney was for an heir to his enormous wealth. "Mrs. Pulteney is now in labour," he wrote to Pope in 1727. "If she does well, and brings me a boy, I shall not care one sixpence how much longer Sir Robert governs England, or Horace governs France." Both his political and private aspirations were balked. He spent his days in amassing money without a surviving child to inherit it, and in struggling for power which he lost in the moment of clutching it. Lord Bathurst had been unremitting in his attentions to the prince, princess, and Mrs. Howard, when they were in opposition to Walpole, and though a tory, he fondly hoped that his old friends would remember him in their elevation, and reward his past assiduity with a place.

and I will send her the receipt. I said something of this to Mr. Pope. Does W[alpole] think you intended an affront to him in your opera?[1] Pray God he may, for he has held the longest hand at hazard that ever fell to any sharper's share, and keeps his run when the dice are charged. Present my most humble service to the deliverer of this letter, for so he must be, and not Dr. Delany, who stole away without it, by an accident.[2] It is probable that I have forgot something of more moment than anything here. My service to Mr. Pope and all friends. Adieu.'

I bought your opera to-day for sixpence, a cursed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand goût.*

41.[3] SWIFT TO MARTHA BLOUNT.

DUBLIN, *Feb.* 29,[4] 1727-8.

DEAR PATTY,—I am told you have a mind to receive a letter from me, which is a very undecent declaration in a young lady, and almost a confession that you have a mind to write to me; for as to the fancy of looking on me as a man *sans* consequence, it is what I will never understand. I am told likewise you grow every day younger, and more a fool,

[1] The opera was begun, and far advanced, when nothing was more odious to the prince and princess than Walpole and the court. Meanwhile George I. died, and the prince adopted instead of disgracing Walpole. Gay, like the rest of the prince's followers, was disappointed, and rejecting the post which the princess offered him, he threw himself into the new opposition, sharpened the satire of the opera, and brought it out in revenge.—CROKER.

The intended affront was plain to all the world. Nobody could doubt that Robin of Bagshot, alias bluff Bob, alias Carbuncle, alias Bob Booty, was designed to typify, by his various names, Sir Robert's unrefined manners, convivial habits, and alleged robbery of the public. His system of bribery was pointedly attacked, and Macheath was provided with both a wife and a mistress to indicate that Lady Walpole had a rival in Miss Skerrett.

[2] The accident is explained in the next letter to Miss Blount. The postman was Dr. Delany's substitute.

[3] Published by Bowles.

[4] This letter which is dated three days after the last, must have been written at the same time, as appears from the interpolated passage to Gay.

which is directly contrary to me, who grow wiser and older, and at this rate we shall never agree. I long to see you a London lady, where you are forced to wear whole clothes, and visit in a chair,[1] for which you must starve next summer at Petersham, with a mantua out at the sides; and spunge once a week at our house without ever inviting us in a whole season to a cow-heel at home. I wish you would bring Mr. Pope over with you when you come, but we will leave Mr. Gay to his Beggars and his Operas till he is able to pay his club. How will you pass this summer for want of a squire to Ham-Common and Walpole's Lodge; for as to Richmond Lodge and Marble-hill, they are abandoned[2] as much as Sir Spencer Compton[3]: and Mr. Schabe's[4] coach, that used to give you so many a set-down, is wheeled off to St. James's. You must be forced to get a horse, and gallop with Mrs. Jansen and Miss Bedier. Your greatest happiness is, that you are out of the chiding of Mrs. Howard and the dean; but I suppose Mr. Pope is so just as to pay our arrears, and that you edify as much by him as by us, unless you are so happy that he now looks upon you as reprobate and a cast-away, of which I think he has given me some hints. However, I would advise you to pass this summer at Kensington, where you will be near the

[1] Miss Blount was a great economist in clothes and chair hire.

[2] Walpole's lodge was erected by Sir Robert at Richmond New Park, and has since been pulled down. Richmond Lodge was the summer residence of George II. while Prince of Wales, and Marble-hill, which he built for Mrs. Howard at Twickenham, was about two miles distant. The royal lodge was small, and Swift took for granted that the house, which served for the prince, would be insufficient for the monarch, and that the mistress would no longer frequent Marble-hill when it ceased to be close to her lover's residence. Swift's suppositions were not fulfilled. Miss Blount lived at Petersham, and from her proximity to Twickenham and Richmond she maintained a constant intercourse with Mrs. Howard, whose acquaintance she may have originally owed to Pope.

[3] When Sir Robert Walpole announced the death of George I. to the Prince of Wales, he answered, "Go and take your directions from Sir Spencer Compton." This was in effect to appoint Sir Spencer prime minister. His helplessness in his new position and the skill of Sir Robert Walpole in winning over the queen, soon reversed the situation, and the ephemeral minister was consigned to total neglect.

[4] Swift could hardly have called Sir Luke Schaub, Mr. Schabe, and I know not who else can be meant. Schaub was a Swiss, knighted in 1720, and a favourite companion of George II.

court, and out of his jurisdiction, where you will be teased with no lectures of gravity and morality, and where you will have no other trouble than to get into the mercer's books, and take up a hundred pounds of your principal for quadrille. Monstrous, indeed, that a fine lady, in the prime of life and gaiety, must take up with an antiquated dean, an old gentlewoman of four-score, and a sickly poet. I will stand by my dear Patty against the world, if Teresa beats you for your good,[1] and I will buy her a fine whip for the purpose. Tell me, have you been confined to your lodging this winter for want of chair-hire? [Do you know that this unlucky Dr. Delany came last night to the deanery, and being denied, without my knowledge, is gone to England this morning, and so I must send this by the post. I bought your opera to-day for sixpence, so small printed, that it will spoil my eyes. I ordered you to send me your edition, but now you may keep it till you get an opportunity.] Patty, I will tell you a blunder: I am writing to Mr. Gay, and had almost finished the letter; but by mistake I took up this instead of it, and so the six lines in a hook are all to him, and therefore you must read them to him, for I will not be at the trouble to write them over again. My greatest concern in the matter is, that I am afraid I continue in love with you, which is hard after near six months' absence. I hope you have done with your rash and other little disorders, and that I shall see you a fine young, healthy, plump lady; and if Mr. Pope chides you, threaten him that you will turn heretic. Adieu, dear Patty, and believe me to be one of your truest friends and humblest servants; and that, since I can never live in England, my greatest happiness would be to have you and Mr. Pope condemned, during my life, to live in Ireland,—he at the deanery, and you, for reputation's sake, just at next door, and I will give you eight dinners a week, and a whole half-dozen of pint bottles of good French wine at your lodgings, a thing you could never expect to arrive at, and every year a suit of fourteen-penny stuff, that should not be worn out at the right side; and a chair costs but sixpence a

[1] That is, he will stand by her against the world, after she has been beaten, and her faults corrected.

job; and you shall have catholicity as much as you please, and the catholic[1] Dean of St. Patrick's, as old again as I, for your confessor. Adieu, again, dear Patty.

42.[2] GAY TO SWIFT.

March 20, 1727-8.

DEAR SIR,—I am extremely sorry that your disorder is returned; but as you have a medicine which has twice removed it, I hope by this time you have again found the good effects of it. I have seen Dr. Delany at my lodgings; but as I have been for a few days with Mr. Pulteney at Cashiobury, I have not yet returned his visit. I went with him to wait upon Lord Bathurst and Lord Bolingbroke, both of whom desire me to make you their compliments. Lady Bolingbroke was very much out of order, and, with my lord, is now at Dawley. She expects a letter from you. Mrs. Howard would gladly have the receipt you have found so much benefit by. She is happier than I have seen her ever since you left us, for she is free as to her conjugal affairs by articles of agreement.[3]

The Beggar's Opera has been acted now thirty-six times, and was as full the last night as the first, and as yet there is not the least probability of a thin audience, though there is a

[1] He means the roman catholic dean, Miss Blount being a papist.

[2] Published by Hawkesworth. A part of Swift's answer to this letter was printed by Pope.

[3] In the reign of George I. Mr. Howard who, according to Queen Caroline, was brutal, seldom sober, and a little mad, went one night into the quadrangle of St. James's palace, and vociferously demanded his wife before the guards. The only result of the uproar was to publish an intrigue, which was hitherto little known. When the prince became king, Mr. Howard had an audience of the queen, and threatened, unless Mrs. Howard was dismissed from her office at court, to take her by force from the royal coach. His object was not to reclaim his wife, but to share the wages of her adultery, and she requested the queen, through Lord Trevor, to purchase Mr. Howard's acquiescence by an annuity of £1200. The queen thought she did enough in consenting to retain the king's mistress in her service, and declined to pay the expense of his infidelities out of her private purse. The money was ultimately furnished by George II., and Mr. Howard having completed the iniquitous bargain, agreed to a formal separation.

discourse about the town that the directors of the royal academy of music design to solicit against its being played on the outlandish opera days, as it is now called. On the benefit day of one of the actresses last week, they were obliged to give out another play, or dismiss the audience. A play was given out, but the people called out for the Beggar's Opera, and they were forced to play it, or the audience would not have staid.

I have got by all this success between seven and eight hundred pounds, and Rich, deducting the whole charge of the house, has cleared already near four thousand pounds. In about a month I am going to the Bath with the Duchess of Marlborough[1] and Mr. Congreve; for I have no expectations of receiving any favours from the court. The Duchess of Queensberry is in Wiltshire, where she has had the small-pox in so favourable a way that she had not above seven or eight on her face. She is now perfectly recovered. There is a mezzotinto print published to-day of Polly, the heroine of the Beggar's Opera, who was before unknown, and is now in so high vogue that I am in doubt whether her fame does not surpass that of the opera itself.[2] I would not have talked so much upon this

[1] The Duchess Henrietta.

[2] This was Miss Lavinia Fenton. She afterwards became Duchess of Bolton. She was very accomplished; was a most agreeable companion; had much wit, and strong sense, and a just taste in polite literature. Her person was agreeable and well made, though she could not be called a beauty. I have had the pleasure of being at table with her, when her conversation was much admired by the first characters of the age, particularly the old Lord Bathurst, and Lord Granville. Quin thought the success of this opera so doubtful, that he would not undertake to play the part of Macheath, but gave it up to Walker. And indeed it had like to have miscarried and been damned, till Polly sung in a most tender and affecting manner, the words

For on the rope that hangs my dear
Depends poor Polly's life.

This is the air that is said irresistibly to have conquered the lover who afterwards married her.—WARTON.

Polly's real name was Beswick, but when she went upon the stage she assumed that of Fenton. She was called Beswick when she was kept by the duke.—HAWKESWORTH.

Warton had much better means of knowing her than by meeting her at dinner-parties. In 1751 he accompanied the duke and his mistress in a continental tour, that he might be ready to marry them the moment the breath was out of the body of the Duchess of Bolton, who was left dying in England. The duchess seems to have lasted longer than they expected, and Warton deserted the worthy pair. The moment she was dead he wrote to the duke and asked his permission to return. The duke meanwhile had got a protestant chaplain abroad to per-

subject, or upon anything that regards myself, but to you; but as I know you interest yourself so sincerely in everything that concerns me, I believe you would have blamed me if I had said less.

Your singer owes Dr. Arbuthnot some money.[1] I have forgot the sum; I think it is two guineas. The doctor desired me to let you know it. I saw him last night with Mr. Lewis at Sir William Wyndham's, who, if he had not the gout, would have answered your letter you sent him a year and a half ago. He said this to me a week since, but he is now pretty well again, and so may forget to write; for which reason I ought to do him justice and tell you that I think him a sincere well-wisher of yours. I have not seen Mr. Pope lately, but have heard that both he and Mrs. Pope are very well. I intend to see him at Twickenham on Sunday next. I have not drunk out the Gutheridge[2] cider yet, but I have not so much as a single pint of port in my cellar. I have bought two pair of sheets against your coming to town, so that we need not send any more to Jervas upon that account.[3] I really miss you every day, and I would be content that you should have a whole window to yourself, and half another to have you again. I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately.

You have half a year's interest due at Lady-day, and now it is March the 20th, 1727-28.

43. POPE TO SWIFT.

March 23, 1727-8.

I SEND you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New England, wherein you will find a real person, a member of their parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the

form the ceremony, and Warton, by a just retribution, had the discredit of his conduct, and lost the additional preferment which was to reward it.

[1] Arbuthnot, who had a knowledge of music, sometimes selected a singer for the dean's Dublin choir.

[2] Goodrich, sometimes spelt Goodridge, and Gutheridge.

[3] They borrowed sheets of Jervas when Swift lodged with Gay in 1726, and Gay wrote to the dean Sept. 16, "Mr. Jervas's sheets are sent home to him mended, finely washed, and neatly folded up."

fame of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled very quick to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed author. But if you object that no child so lately christened could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into parliament, I reply, to solve the riddle, that the person is an anabaptist, and not christened till full age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr. Gay's opera has [been] acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand pounds:[1] he will soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no 'sure'[2] annuity, you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar, as Cato said, for ambitious, false, or flattering people to domineer in! nay, they would not, by their goodwill, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words, in quiet.[3] I despise the world yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you, and the court more than all the rest of the world. As for those scribblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my Dulness (which, by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name, the Dunciad), how much that nest of hornets are my regard will easily appear to you when you read the Treatise of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and, as Tully calls it, *in consuetudine studiorum*. Would to God our persons could but as well, and as surely, be inseparable! I find my other ties dropping from me: some worn off, some torn off, others

[1] Before Mr. Gay had fenced this thousand pounds, he had a consultation with his friends about the disposition of it. Mr. Lewis advised him to intrust it to the funds, and live upon the interest; Dr. Arbuthnot to intrust it to Providence, and live upon the principal: and Pope was for purchasing an annuity for life. In this uncertainty he could only say with the old man in Terence,

fecistis probe,
Incertior sum multo, quam dudum.—
WARBURTON.

[2] From the Dublin edition.

[3] Pope had changed his opinion when he wrote the Essay on Man, Epist. iv., ver. 145:

This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar, but for Titus, too.

relaxing daily. My greatest, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, time is shaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread. I am many years the older, for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long helped and tended by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful, and the less fit for others, who want only, in a companion or a friend, to be amused or entertained. My constitution too has had its share of decay, as well as my spirits, and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at sixty. I believe we should be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable. Your deafness would agree with my dulness; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you should be as destitute of the social comforts of life as I must when I lose my mother; or that ever you should lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafness. You cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; everything you do or say in this kind obliges me, nay, delights me, to see the justice you do me in thinking me concerned in all your concerns; so that though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier, next to that it pleases me that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels, which I cannot but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found, if I may quote myself,

That each bad author is as bad a friend.

This poem will rid me of these insects:

Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii;
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

I mean than my Iliad; and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but, however, if it silence these fellows, it must be something greater than any Iliad in Christendom. Adieu.

44.[1] SWIFT TO GAY.

'DUBLIN, *March* 28, 1728.

'I HAD yours of the 20th last night. As to the remedy that twice cured my deafness, I would not take it the third time, because it made me so tender that the least cold brought on my disorder again, which went off, however, without using it any more. This I say on Mrs. Howard's account, yet she shall have it if she pleases. I am now tolerably well, but my fears of relapsing hang over me, and very much take down my mettle. I will write to my Lady Bolingbroke, but I would be glad first that you would know from her whether she will have such usquebaugh as I can get, and how much, and whether the green or the yellow, for there is no such thing as white, or will she leave all but the quantity to my discretion. We have your opera for 6*d.* and' we are as full of it *pro modulo nostro* as London can be; continually acting, and house[2] crammed, and the lord-lieutenant several times there laughing his heart out. 'I wish you had sent me a copy, as I desired to oblige an honest bookseller. It would have done Motte no hurt, for no English copy has been sold, but the Dublin one has run prodigiously.' I did not understand that the scene of Lockit and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Cassius, till I was told it.[3] I wish Macheath, when he

[1] A small portion of this letter was given by Pope in the quarto of 1741, in the made up letter of Nov. 23, 1727. It is now printed from the copy in the Oxford MSS.

[2] "Houses" in the quarto.

[3] Many persons have imagined that the scene in which Peachum and Lockit first reproached, and then collared one another, was a satire on a similar fray between Walpole and Lord Townshend. This interpretation would add zest to both action and dialogue ut the notion is not countenanced y Swift's expressions, and is inconsistent with Lord Hervey's testimony that the quarrels of the two ministers had not publicly transpired when the Beggar's Opera was produced, and with Coxe's statement that the scuffle, which was the climax, did not occur till 1729.

was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying. I would have had his fellow-rogues desire his commands about a successor, and he to answer, Let it be the most worthy, &c. We hear a million of stories about the opera, of the 'encore'[1] at the song, *That was levell'd at me*, when two great ministers were in a box together, and all the world staring at them.[2] I am heartily glad your opera has mended your purse, though perhaps it may spoil your court. 'I think that rich rogue, Rich, should in conscience make you a present of two or three hundred guineas. I am impatient that such a dog by sitting still should get five times more than the author. You told me a month ago of 700*l.* and have you not quite made up the eight yet? I know not your methods. How many third days are you allowed, and how much is each day worth, and what did you get for copy?[3] Pray give one to Dr. Delany for me.'

Will you desire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thousand pounds? that you may laugh at courts, and bid ministers 'kiss, &c.,—and ten to one they will be ready to grease you when you are fat. I hope your new duchess[4] will treat you at the Bath, and that you will be too wise to lose your money at play.' Ever preserve some spice of the alderman, and prepare against age and dulness, and sickness, and coldness, or death of friends. A whore has a resource left, that she can turn bawd; but an old decayed poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewise Polly's mezzotinto. Lord, how the school-boys at Westminster and

[1] "Applause" in the quarto.

[2] When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
Each cries,—That was levelled at me.

Warton says that some of the songs that contained the severest satire against the court were written by Pope, particularly,

Through all the employments of life,

And

Since laws were made for ev'ry degree.

Pope, however, assured Spence that he and Swift limited their assistance to corrections and advice, and that the entire composition was by Gay.

[3] He sold the copyright of his Fables and the Beggar's Opera for the inadequate sum of ninety guineas on Feb. 6, 1728, before he was aware of the extensive popularity which was in store for his play.

[4] Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough.

university lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh, as ministers can make weep?

'I am glad your goddess duchess has preserved a face which I never saw since it was on the shoulders of a girl.[1] Dr. Arbuthnot lent Fox, the singer, whom he sent me, five guineas, and had his note. This note I took from the doctor, and paid him the five guineas honestly at his house in Cork Street, over against my Lord Hervey's. If he lent the fellow any other money without a note, I know nothing of it.'

I will excuse Sir 'William Wyndham'[2] the trouble of a letter. When ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his nephew, after two years, the emperor answered, that he likewise condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected 'Sir William'[2] very much, and do still as much as ever; and it is a return sufficient, if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

'I have twenty dozen of Goodrich cider, as good as yours, which cost me 8*l.*, and if you will just cross the water hither from the Bath, I will give you a bottle of it every day. I had a letter from Jo Taylor last post, recommending one Waghern for my choir. He must be answered, by your means, that I did admit him to a half place, a year ago or more, and have recommended him to the dean of our other cathedral,[4] to be taken in there. But the man by his indiscretion is got so deep in debt, that I doubt he must run away back to England, as I suppose he did from thence hither for the same reasons. This I would have said to Mr. Taylor without troubling him with a letter,—neither do I know his address, unless it be to Bridewell. My most humble service to Mr. Pulteney and Mrs. Howard, and Mr. Pope, &c., and the doctor. I hope Dr. Delany has shown you the tale, writ by Mrs. Barber, a citizen's wife here, in praise of your Fables. There is something in it hard upon Mr. Congreve, which I sent to her, for I never saw her, to change to Dryden, but

[1] The Duchess of Queensberry, who had escaped being marked by the recent attack of the small-pox.

[2] The name is in the manuscript and the Dublin edition, but is omitted in the quarto.

[3] The quarto "him."

[4] That of Christ church at Dublin.

she absolutely refused. I am now descended * * * But I have not yet descended so low as a halfpenny:[1] that indeed would be an indignity. Tell Dr. Delany that our town is full of speculations about his journey, and they have found out three ladies for him. One is Lady Rawdon, of Ireland; another is a daughter of Sir Constantine Phipps;[2] and the third is a lady who has no name, but 600*l.* a-year estate. These conjectures entertained this town till your opera drove them out, so that I fear at present they are under little concern whether he gets a wife or no.'

The Beggar's Opera has knocked down Gulliver; I hope to see Pope's Dulness knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it has fully done its job. 'They have not been told how easy a thing it is to get 800*l.* by two or three months' writing. If you were an alderman you could never fail of writing two or three such trifles every year.' To expose vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public service than all the ministers of state from Adam to Walpole, and so adieu.

45[3] MARTHA BLOUNT TO SWIFT.

May 7, 1728.

SIR,—I am very much pleased with your letter, but I should have thought myself much more obliged had you been less sincere, and not told me I did not owe the favour entirely to your inclinations, but to an information that I had a mind to hear from you; and I mistrust you think even that as much as I deserve. If so, you really are not deserving of my repeated inquiries after you, and my constant good wishes and concern for your welfare, which merits some

[1] This sentence is an enigma which I cannot solve. The few coarse words omitted express that he had sunk to be the refuse of the earth, and throw no light on the phrase that he had "not yet descended so low as a halfpenny."

[2] He was lord chancellor of Ireland under Lord Oxford's Administration. Dr. Delany did not marry any of the ladies.

[3] Published by D. Swift.

remembrance without the help of another. I cannot say I have a great inclination to write to you, for I have no great vanity that way, at least not enough to support me above the fear of writing ill; but I would fain have you know how truly well I wish you.

I am sorry to hear no good account of your health. Mine has been since Christmas, at which time I had my fever and rash, neither well nor ill enough to be taken notice of; but within these three weeks I have been sick in form, and kept my bed for a week, and my chamber to this day. This confinement, together with the mourning,[1] has enabled me to be very easy in my chair-hire: for a dyed black gown and a scoured white one have done my business very well; and they are now just fit for Petersham, where we talk of going in three weeks: and I am not without hopes I shall have the same squire I had last year. I am very unwilling to change: and moreover, I begin to fear I have no great prospect of getting any new danglers; and therefore, in order to make a tolerable figure, I shall endeavour to behave myself well, that I may keep my old ones.

As a proof that I continue to be well received at court, I will tell you where the royal family design to pass their summer,—two months at Richmond Lodge, the same time at Hampton Court, and six weeks at Windsor. Mrs. Howard is well, and happier than ever you saw her; for her whole affair with her husband is ended to her satisfaction.

Dr. Arbuthnot I am very angry with: he neglects me for those he thinks finer ladies. Mr. Gay's fame continues, but his riches are in a fair way of diminishing. He is gone to the Bath. I wish you were ordered there; for I believe that would carry Mr. Pope, who is always inclined to do more for his friends than himself. He is much out of order, and is told nothing is so likely to do him good.

My illness has prevented my writing to you sooner. If I was a favourite at court, I would soon convince you that I am, very sincerely, your faithful friend and very humble servant.

[1] General mourning for the death of George I.—CHALMERS.

46. SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *May* 10, 1728.

I HAVE with great pleasure shown the New England newspaper, with the two names Jonathan Gulliver, and I remember Mr. Fortescue sent you an account from the assizes, of one Lemuel Gulliver who had a cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd, strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for historians. Mr. Gay's opera has been acted here twenty times, and my lord lieutenant tells me it is very well performed; he has seen it often, and approves it much.

You give a most melancholy account of yourself, and which I do not approve. I reckon that a man subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for constant diet before partridges—I mean a middle kind both for understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in everything, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence, that I am otherwise engaged at present.[1] This you cannot expect from any of those that either you or I, or both, are acquainted with on your side, who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much business of their own. God forbid I should condemn you to Ireland (*Quanquam O!*) and for England I despair; and

[1] It was natural that Swift should live chiefly with domestic companions, and only mix occasionally in more imposing society, but unfortunately his courtiers were too obsequious, and fostered his violent temper and love of domination. He assumed magisterial power, "and thought himself injured," says Johnson, "if the licentiousness of his raillery, the freedom of his censures, or the petulance of his frolics was resented or repressed." He put no restraint upon a temper already irritable from disease and disappointment, and his fits of passion exasperated his malady, as his malady again reacted on his anger, till the evil habit, in Dr. Delany's opinion, helped to wear out his understanding.

indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf.

You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune. You will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly housekeeper,[1] who has been my Walpole above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villas near this town. You have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess freely that I have no discontent at living here, besides what arises from a silly spirit of liberty, which as it neither sours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach farther than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad, but I am impatient to have it *volitare per ora*. There is now a vacancy for fame; the Beggar's Opera has done its task; *discedat uti conviva satur*. Adieu.

47. SWIFT TO POPE.

June 1, 1728.

I LOOK upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two, as a peculiar triumvirate, who have nothing to expect, or to fear, and so far fittest to converse with one another,—only he and I are a little subject to schemes, and one of us, I will not say which,[2] upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profess without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a patriot, since you call it so, is what I do not deserve;

[1] Mrs. Brent. She was the wife of a printer in Dublin, and the dean's mother had formerly lodged at her house.

[2] For the words, "and one of us, I will not say which," the Dublin edition reads "and often."

because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly, and baseness about me, among which I am forced to live. And I will take my oath that you have more virtue in an hour, than I in seven years; for you despise the follies, and hate the vices of mankind, without the least ill effect on your temper; and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better, whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope, however, this is not in you from a superior principle of virtue, but from your situation, which has made all parties and interests indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about high and low church, whig and tory, or who is first minister.

Your long letter was the last I received, till this by Dr. Delany,[1] although you mention another since. The doctor told me your secret about the Dunciad, which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it.[2] As to one of your inquiries, I am easy enough in great matters, but have a thousand paltry vexations in my little station, and the more contemptible, the more vexatious. There might be a Lutrin writ upon the tricks used by my chapter to tease me. I do not converse with one creature of station or title, but I have a set of easy people whom I entertain when I have a mind; I have formerly described them to you. But when you come, you shall have the honours of the country as much as you please, and I shall on that account make a better figure as long as I live. Pray God preserve Mrs. Pope for your sake and ease; I love and esteem her too much to wish it for her own. If I were five-and-twenty, I would wish to be of her age, to be as secure as she is of a better life. Mrs. P[atty] B[lount] has writ to me, and is one of the best letter writers I know: very good sense, civility, and friendship, without any stiffness or constraint. The Dunciad has taken wind here, but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the

[1] Not published.

[2] The first edition of the Dunciad was published in May, 1728, without the address to Swift, or the commentary. The motive for beginning with an abbreviated edition is not apparent.

university lads will crowd to kiss the hem of your garment. I am grieved to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forced him to the Bath. Tell me, is not temperance a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent of ease and liberty, so necessary for the use and improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life? I believe, had health been given so liberally to you, it would have been better husbanded without shame to your parts.

48. POPE TO SWIFT.

DAWLEY, *June* 28, 1728.

I NOW hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two haycocks: but his attention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate between yourself and me; though he says that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures like Antony. It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree, that this scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him; and his great temperance and economy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a bishopric in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might inquire of his haymakers; but as to his temperance, I can answer that, for one whole day, we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for 200*l.* to paint his country-hall with trophies

of rakes, spades, prongs,[1] &c., and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm. Now turn over a new leaf.

He bids me assure you, he should be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends, than of ambition for himself. There, though his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong; and he says further, if you could bear as great a fall and decrease of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription, which makes me proudest. It will be attended with *Proeme*, *Prolegomena*, *Testimonia Scriptorum*, *Index Authorum*, and Notes *Variorum*.[2] As to the latter, I desire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like best,[3] whether dry raillery, upon the style and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my mother not ill; Dr. Arbuthnot vexed with his fever by intervals. I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much. I am, &c.

49. SWIFT TO POPE.

July 16, 1728.

I HAVE often run over the Dunciad in an Irish edition (I suppose full of faults) which a gentleman sent me. The notes I could wish to be very large, in what relates to the persons concerned; for I have long observed that twenty miles from London nobody understands hints, initial letters, or town facts and passages; and in a few years not even those who live in London. I would have the names of those scribblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have

[1] Nothing can show the efforts of disappointed ambition so strongly as this absurdity, with which he endeavoured to please and deceive himself. —BOWLES.

[2] The enlarged edition did not appear till April, 1729.

[3] Dr. Swift did so.—WARBURTON.

all the parodies, as they are called, referred to the author they imitate. When I began this long paper, I thought I should have filled it with setting down the several passages I had marked in the edition I had; but I find it unnecessary, so many of them falling under the same rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never in my opinion saw so much good satire, or more good sense, in so many lines. How it passes in Dublin, I know not yet; but I am sure it will be a great disadvantage to the poem, that the persons and facts will not be understood, till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be published till towards winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again I insist, you must have your asterisks filled up with some real names of real dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter, of June 28, and find that all I have advised above is mentioned there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymously, as published by the commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, &c., and among[1] many complaints of spurious editions? I am thinking whether the editor should not follow the old style of, *This excellent author*, &c., and refine in many places when you meant no refinement; and into the bargain, take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, histories, and performances.

As to yourself, I doubt you want a spurrer-on to exercise and to amusements; but to talk of decay at your season of life is a jest. But you are not so regular as I. You are the most temperate man God-ward, and the most intemperate yourself-ward, of most I have known. I suppose Mr. Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more flesh,[2] and two hundred less in money. Providence never designed him to be above two-and-twenty, by his thoughtlessness and cullibility. He has as little foresight of age, sickness, poverty, or loss of admirers, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I must observe that my Lord Bolingbroke, from the effects of his kindness to me, argues most sophistically. The fall from a million to a

[1] "Among" is not in the Dublin edition.

[2] He was fat, gluttonous, and inactive. "As the French philosopher," wrote Congreve to Pope, "used to prove his existence by *cogito ergo sum*, the greatest proof of Gay's existence is, *edit ergo est*."

hundred thousand pounds is not so great, as from eight hundred pounds a year to one: besides, he is a controller of fortune, and poverty dares not look a great minister in the face under his lowest declension. I never knew him live so great and expensively as he has done since his return from exile. Such mortals have resources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bless you, whose great genius has not so transported you as to leave you to the courtesy of mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a philosopher, and Gay is a slave just by two thousand pounds too little; and Horace was of my mind, and let my lord contradict him, if he dares.

50[1]. POPE TO SHERIDAN.

[*Oct.* 12, 1728.]

SIR,—I thank you kindly for your news of the Dean of St. Patrick's, for your Persius,[2] for everything in your letter. I will use my warmest endeavours to serve Dr. Whaley. Besides his own merit, the demerit of his antagonist goes into the scale,[3] and the dean tells me he is a co-adjutant of that fool Smedley. You must have seen, but you cannot have read,

[1] Published by Hawkesworth..

[2] A literal translation in prose, published at Dublin, 1728.—NICHOLS.

When Swift read it in manuscript he objected that an obscure word was left unexplained, and no reason given for the omission, and he added the excellent advice, "Where you are ignorant, you should confess you are ignorant."

[3] Mr. Whaley had been a fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. He went over to Ireland under the patronage of Dr. Lindsay, Archbishop of Armagh, who died in 1724, and he held a living worth near a thousand a year. His title was disputed by Dr. Daniel, the Dean of Armagh, whom Swift calls "the greatest puppy and vilest poet alive," and the cause was about to be heard before the English House of Lords. The present custom of leaving the decision of appeals to the law lords did not then prevail, and peers were canvassed by the friends of the parties, and constantly voted without regard to the justice of the case. Swift and Sheridan were exerting their influence for Mr. Whaley, and enlisted Pope in their service, who evidently thought that the report he had received of Whaley's "merit" and Daniel's "demerit" ought to supersede the question of legal right. Law, on this system, resolved itself into personal preferences.

what he has lately published against our friend and me.[1] The only pleasure a bad writer can give me he has given, that of being abused with my betters and my friends. I am much pleased with most of the Intelligencers;[2] but I am a little piqued at the author of them, for not once doing me the honour of a mention upon so honourable an occasion as being slandered by the dunces, together with my friend the dean, who is properly the author of the Dunciad.[3] It had never been writ but at his request, and for his deafness; for had he been able to converse with me, do you think I had amused my time so ill? I will not trouble you with amendments to so imperfect an edition as is now published. You will soon see a better, with a full and true commentary, setting all mistakes right, and branding none but our own cattle. Some very good epigrams on the gentlemen of the Dunciad have been sent me from Oxford, and others of the London authors. If I had an amanuensis, which is a thing neither I nor my common trifles are worth, you should have them with this. If your university or town have produced any on this subject, pray send them me, or keep them at least together; for another day they may all meet.

I have writ to the dean just now by Mr. Elrington, who charges himself with this; and have inserted a hint or two of his libelling the lady of the family.[4] In as innocent a man-

[1] Jonathan Smedley, Dean of Clogher, brought out anonymously, in 1728, a volume called Gulliveriana, which was chiefly composed of original and collected pieces abusive of Swift and Pope.

[2] The Intelligencer was published once a week, and consisted of essays and poems by Swift and Sheridan. It only extended to twenty numbers.

[3] In his letter of Nov. 26, 1725, Swift had cautioned Pope against being provoked into transmitting the names of bad poets to posterity, and with an apparent oblivion of his first and soundest opinion, he shortly afterwards pleaded for a Dunciad which should "damn them to everlasting fame." "You judge very truly," he said to Sir Charles Wogan, Sept. 1732, "that the taste of England is infamously corrupted by shoals of wretches who write for their bread, and therefore I had reason to put Mr. Pope on writing the poem called the Dunciad, and to hale those scoundrels out of their obscurity by telling their names at length, their works, their adventures, sometimes their lodgings and their lineage, not with A's and B's according to the old way, which would be unknown in a few years."

[4] Swift was now on a visit to Sir Arthur Acheson at Market-hill in the county of Armagh, and in a letter to Sheridan on Sept. 18, he mentioned that part of his employment was to

ner as he does it, he will hardly suspect I had any information of it.

Though I am a very ill correspondent, I shall at all times be glad to have the favour of a line from you. My eyesight is bad, my head often in pain, my time strangely taken up. Were I my own master (which I thank God I yet am in all points but one, where humanity only constrains me), I would infallibly see Ireland before I die. But whether that, or many other of my little, though warm designs, will ever take effect,

Caliginosâ nocte premit Deus!

I am, wherever I am, the dean's, and the dean's friends', and consequently faithfully, sir, your affectionate servant.

51. POPE TO SWIFT.

BATH, [*Oct.* 12] *Nov.* 12,[1] 1728.

I HAVE passed six weeks in quest of health, and found it not: but I found the folly of solicitude about it in a hundred instances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of physicians, the blind obedience of some patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe, at a certain time of life, men are either fools or physicians[2] for themselves,[3] and zealots or divines for themselves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's visit, but last week I repented that wish, having been alarmed

amuse Lady Acheson by writing libels on her.

[1] "Nov." in the quarto was probably a misprint for "Oct." Pope's first words are to state that he has been six weeks at Bath. He had arrived by Sept. 4, when he wrote from thence to Miss Blount, and the interval to Nov. 12 would be ten weeks instead of six. In fact he had left Bath before Nov. 12, as appears from his letter to Lord Bathurst on Nov. 7, which is dated from Twickenham.

[2] An old English adage, that a man is either a fool or physician at forty. —BOWLES.

Pope meant what the adage means, that, unless a man is a fool, he learns by experience what agrees or disagrees with him, and becomes his own physician.

[3] "For themselves" is omitted in the Dublin edition.

with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland, from which I am just relieved by an assurance that you are still at Sir Arthur Acheson's[1] planting and building,—two things that I envy you for, besides a third, which is the society of a valuable lady. I conclude, though I know nothing of it, that you quarrel with her, and abuse her every day, if she is so.[2] I wonder I hear of no lampoons upon her, either made by yourself, or by others,[3] because you esteem her. I think it a vast pleasure, that whenever two people of merit regard one another, so many scoundrels envy and are angry at them; it is bearing testimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have received of late, at the finding yours and my name constantly united in any silly scandal, I think you would go near to sing *Io Triumphe!* and celebrate my happiness in verse: and, I believe, if you will not, I shall. The inscription to the Dunciad is now printed, and inserted in the poem. Do you care I should say anything further how much that poem is yours? since certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the rest of our lives! The whole weight of scribblers would just serve to find us amusement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them. Every stick you plant, and every stone you lay, is to some purpose; but the business of such lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raise nothing. I only wish we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities, and let those who have so great a mind to have more wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but ease, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the best wish in the world, and you know whose it was. If I lived in Ireland, I fear the wet climate would endanger more than my life,—my humour and health, I am so atmospherical a creature.

[1] "Sir A——'s" in the quarto.

[2] He had received information of the disputes as well as of the libels from Sheridan. "My lady," said Swift to the latter, "is perpetually quarrelling with Sir Arthur and me."

[3] Swift had said in his letter to Sheridan, "If I do not produce a lampoon every now and then of about two hundred lines, I am chid for my idleness, and threatened with you," for Sheridan also was in the habit of amusing Lady Acheson with playful lampoons.

I must not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words spoken of you in the drawing-room was not true.[1] The sayings of princes are generally as ill related as the sayings of wits. To such reports little of our regard should be given, and less of our conduct influenced by them.

52. SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *Feb.* 13, 1728-[9].

I LIVED very easily in the country: Sir Arthur Acheson[2] is a man of sense, and a scholar, has a good voice,[3] and my lady a better. She is perfectly well-bred, and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady.[4] She was my pupil there, and severely chid when she read wrong.[5] With that and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family verses of mirth by way of libels on my lady, my time passed very well, and in very great order,—infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants and my old presbyterian housekeeper, denying myself to everybody, till I shall recover my ears.

[1] Pope is replying to an unpublished letter, and the remark which was reported to have been made by the queen is not preserved.

[2] "Sir A." in the quarto. In the Dublin edition the name is at full length.

[3] His difficulty in hearing rendered this important to him. "My deafness," he wrote to Mr. Worrall, Jan. 13, 1729, "is not so extreme as you have known when I have fretted at your mannerly voice, and was only relieved by Mrs. Worrall."

[4] "The ladies in general," says Swift, in a letter to Mrs. Pendarves, Jan. 29, 1735, "are extremely mended both in writing and reading since I was young. A woman of quality, who had excellent good sense, was formerly my correspondent; but she scrawled and spelt like a Wapping wench, having been brought up in a court at a time before reading was thought of any use to a female; and I knew several others of very high quality with the same defect." Lady Acheson belonged to this illiterate generation. In one of his poems Swift makes her say,

> Poor I, a savage bred and born,
> By you instructed ev'ry morn,
> Already have improved so well,
> That I have almost learnt to spell.

[5] If Swift's verse is to be interpreted literally, she, the year after, grew impatient of his schooling:

> Lest it may more quarrels breed,
> I will never hear you read.

The account of another lord-lieutenant was only in a common newspaper when I was in the country;[1] and if it should have happened to be true, I would have desired to have had access to him, as the situation I am in requires.[2] But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who surely, besides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion.[3] He had the misfortune to squander away a very-good constitution in his younger days; and I think a man of sense and merit like him is bound in conscience to preserve his health for the sake of his friends, as well as of himself. Upon his own account, I could not much desire the continuance of his life under so much pain, and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight upon my spirits since we lost him, though I saw him so seldom, and possibly, if he had lived on, should never have seen him more. I do not only wish, as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humoured physician,[4] a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to everybody, has abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally. They pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together. He loves them all, and they him. He has twenty of these at

[1] It was a false report. Lord Carteret did not cease to be lord-lieutenant of Ireland till May, 1730.

[2] A passage seems to have been omitted here; for there is no visible connection between the death of Congreve and the intention of Swift to call upon a new lord-lieutenant.

[3] He was certainly one of the most polite, pleasing, and well-bred men of all his contemporaries. And it might have been said of him, as of Cowley, "You would not, from his conversation, have known him to be a wit and a poet, it was so unassuming and courteous."—WARTON.

It is a singular circumstance that fond as Swift was of the man, he had no appreciation of the wit. Until Oct. 1711, when he accidentally took up a copy which belonged to his man servant, he had never had the curiosity to read one word of the celebrated comedies, and then they only provoked his contempt. "I looked into the volume," he said, "and in mere loitering read in it till twelve, like an owl and a fool; if ever I do so again! Never saw the like!" Congreve, on his part, had no taste for the humour of Swift, and thought the Tale of a Tub insipid.

[4] Dr. Helsham.—DUBLIN EDITION.

He was professor of physic and natural philosophy in the University of Dublin. His admirable Course of Lectures in Natural Philosophy was published by Dr. Robinson in 1739.

command. If one of them dies, it is no more than Poor Tom! He gets another, or takes up with the rest, and is no more moved than at the loss of his cat. He offends nobody, is easy with everybody. Is not this the true happy man? I was describing him to my Lady Acheson,[1] who knows him too; but she hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health. I would give half my fortune for the same temper, and yet I cannot say I love it; for I do not love my Lord ——, who is much of the doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's second opera, which you mention, is forbid;[2] and then he will be once more fit to be advised, and reject your advice.—Adieu!

53.[3] SWIFT TO POPE.

March 6, 1728-9.

SIR,—If I am not a good correspondent, I have bad health; and that is as good.[4] I passed eight months in the country with Sir Arthur and my Lady Acheson, and had at least half-a-dozen returns of my giddiness and deafness, which lasted me about three weeks apiece; and among other inconveniences,

[1] The name is from the Dublin edition. The quarto has "Lady A——."

[2] The second opera was Polly. The lord chamberlain, the Duke of Grafton, informed the manager of the theatre on Dec. 12, that he would not permit it to be acted. Gay complained that he was persecuted for "writing in the cause of virtue," upon which Mr. Croker remarks, "Poor Gay must really have been 'in simplicity a child' if he could persuade himself that the Beggar's Opera was written in the cause of virtue. He wrote it to make money and to curry favour with the prince by assailing Walpole." The satire was purely the revenge of a disappointed courtier. Gay had accepted one office from the political Macheath, had long been a suppliant for another, and only talked of Bob Booty because he had not been allowed a larger share of the spoils. The prohibition of his second opera turned out a piece of good luck. Polly, as Mr. Croker says, "was destitute of any kind of dramatic merit," and must have failed. The Duke of Grafton's refusal to let it be produced on the stage enlisted party feeling on its side. The Duke and Duchess of Queensberry gave Gay an asylum in their house for the rest of his life, and from the subscriptions of the opposition, and the sale of the printed play, he realised, as Pope told Spence, between eleven and twelve hundred pounds.

[3] Published by D. Swift.

[4] Since it was a complete excuse for not writing.

hindered me from visiting my chapter, and punishing enormities; but did not save me the charges of a visitation dinner. This disorder neither hinders my sleeping, nor much my walking, yet is the most mortifying malady I can suffer. I have been just a month in town, and have just got rid of it in a fortnight: and, when it is on me, I have neither spirits to write, or read, or think, or eat. But I drink as much as I like; which is a resource you cannot fly to when you are ill. And I like it as little as you: but I can bear a pint better than you can a spoonful.[1] You were very kind in your care for Mr. Whaley: but I hope you remembered that Daniel is a damnable poet, and consequently a public enemy to mankind.[2] But I despise the lords' decree, which is a jest upon common sense; for what did it signify to the merits of the cause whether George the old, or the young, were on the throne?[3]

No: I intended to pass last winter in England, but my health said no: and I did design to live a gentleman, and, as Sancho's wife said, to go in my coach to court. I know not whether you are in earnest to come hither in spring; if not, pray God you may never be in jest![4] Dr. Delany shall attend

[1] Swift was totally indifferent to the pleasures of the table. "I have often heard him declare," says Dr. Delany, "that, if a fillip of his finger would support nature, he would never give himself the least trouble about the most delicate food on earth." He took his pint of claret medicinally, and though it afforded him temporary relief, he was probably the worse for it afterwards. A few years later, Dr. William King remarked that it affected his head, and told him that "he drank too much." "He was a little startled," says King, "and answered, 'that as to his drinking he had always looked on himself as a very temperate man, for he never exceeded the quantity which his physician had allowed and prescribed him.' Now his physician never drank less than two bottles of claret after his dinner."

[2] Several of Daniel's poems are printed in the third edition, 1720, of what Lintot called Pope's Miscellany. The pieces, chiefly religious, are written in smooth verse, and pure English, —qualities which have not sufficed to raise them above the dreariest mediocrity. Nothing more innocent can be imagined, and Pope and Swift were under an hallucination when they fancied that such authors did the slightest injury to any one.

[3] A doubt arising whether the writ was not abated, having been taken out in the lifetime of George I., but not returnable till after the king's death, their lordships determined Feb. 26, 1729, that it was abated. The following year another writ of error was brought wherein George II. was made defendant, which was heard April 30, 1730, and determined in favour of the archbishop and Mr. Whaley.—NICHOLS.

[4] The dean was answering a letter from Ford which he mistook for a

you at Chester, and your apartment is ready; and I have a most excellent chaise, and about sixteen dozen of the best cider in the world; and you shall command the town and kingdom, and *digito monstrari*, &c. And, when I cannot hear, you shall have choice of the best people we can afford, to hear you, and nurses enough; and your apartment is on the sunny side.

The next paragraph strikes me dumb. You say, I am to blame if I refuse the opportunity of going with my Lady Bolingbroke to Aix-la-Chapelle. I must tell you that a foreign language is mortal to a deaf man. I must have good ears to catch up the words of so nimble a tongued race as the French, having been a dozen years without conversing among them. Mr. Gay is a scandal to all lusty young fellows with healthy countenances;[1] and I think he is not intemperate in a physical sense. I am told he has an asthma, which is a disease I commiserate more than deafness, because it will not leave a man quiet either sleeping or waking. I hope he does not intend to print his opera before it is acted; for I defy all your subscriptions to amount to eight hundred pounds. And yet I believe he lost as much more for want of human prudence.

I told you some time ago that I was dwindled to a writer of libels on the lady of the family where I lived, and upon myself; but they never went further: and my Lady Acheson made me give her up all the foul copies, and never gave the fair ones out of her hands, or suffered them to be copied. They were sometimes shown to intimate friends to occasion mirth, and that was all. So that I am vexed at your thinking I had any hand in what could come to your eyes. I have some confused notion of seeing a paper called Sir Ralph the Patriot, but am sure it was bad or indifferent; and as to the Lady at Quadrille, I never heard of it. Perhaps it may be the same with a paper of verses called the Journal of a Dublin Lady, which I writ at Sir Arthur Acheson's; and leaving out what concerned the

letter from Pope, and it was Ford who had announced that he should shortly be in Ireland.

[1] That is, he discredited robust looks, because his own lusty appearance was deceptive. He was liable to attacks of colic, and was dangerously ill at this very time with pleurisy and fever. "I am but just recovered," he wrote to Swift on March 18, "from the severest fit of illness that ever anybody had who escaped death."

family, I sent it to be printed in a paper which Dr. Sheridan had engaged in, called the Intelligencer, of which he made but sorry work, and then dropped it. But the verses were printed by themselves, and most horridly mangled in the press, and were very *mediocre* in themselves: but did well enough in the manner I mentioned, of a family jest. I do sincerely assure you that my frequent old disorder and the scene where I am, and the humour I am in, and some other reasons which time has shown, and will show more if I live, have lowered my small talents with a vengeance, and cooled my disposition to put them in use. I want only to be rich, for I am hard to be pleased; and for want of riches, people grow every day less solicitous to please me. Therefore I keep humble company, who are happy to come where they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I give my vicar a supper, and his wife a shilling, to play with me an hour at backgammon once a fortnight. To all people of quality, and especially of titles, I am not within; or, at least, am deaf a week or two after I am well. But on Sunday evenings it costs me six bottles of wine to people whom I cannot keep out. Pray come over in April, if it be only to convince you that I tell no lies; and the journey will be certainly for your health. Mrs. Brent, my housekeeper, famous in print for digging out the great bottle,[1] says she will be your nurse, and the best physicians we have shall attend you without fees; although I believe you will have no occasion but to converse with one or two of them, to make them proud. Your letter came but last post, and you see my punctuality. I am unlucky at everything I send to England. Two bottles of usquebaugh were broken. Well, my humble service to my Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bathurst, Lord Masham, and his lady my dear friend, and Mr. Pulteney, and the doctor, and Mr. Lewis, and our sickly friend Gay, and my Lady Bolingbroke, and very much to Patty, who, I hope, will learn to love the world less before the world leaves off to love her. I am much concerned to hear of my Lord Peterborough being ill. I am exceedingly his servant; and pray God

[1] In the verses called "Stella's Birthday, a great bottle of wine, long buried, being that day dug up. 1722 —3."

recover his health! As for your courtier, Mrs. Howard, and her mistress, I have nothing to say, but that they have neither memory nor manners, else I should have some mark of the former from the latter, which I was promised about two years ago; but, since I made them a present, it would be mean to remind them.[1] I am told poor Mrs. Pope is ill. Pray God preserve her to you, or raise you up as useful a friend!

This letter is in answer to Mr. Ford, whose hand I mistook for yours, having not heard from him this twelvemonth. Therefore you are not to stare; and it must not be lost, for it talks to you only. Again, forgive my blunders; for, reading the letter by candle-light, and not dreaming of a letter from Mr. Ford, I thought it must be yours, because it talks of our friends. The letter talks of Gay, and Mr. Whaley, and Lord Bolingbroke, which made me conclude it must be yours: so all the answering part must go for nothing.

54. SWIFT TO BOLINGBROKE AND POPE.

TO BOLINGBROKE.

DUBLIN, *April* 5, 1729.

I DO not think it would be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit,[2] which always hung as a dead weight on my heart. I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own, so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last

[1] He did not present the plaid as a favour to the princess, but asked her to accept it as a favour to the Irish weavers, that their manufactures might be brought into fashion by her patronage. Her promise of a memorial to Swift was made in reply to his request, before leaving England in 1726, that she would give him a remembrance worth ten pounds. Some description of medal was in progress, and she answered that he should have one at Christmas. The medal was not sent, and Swift never forgave the insignificant grievance.

[2] In the Court of Chancery.

summer in a newspaper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history, which you often promised Mr. Pope and me to do.[1] I know he desires it very much, and I am sure I desire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue.

My lord, I have no other notion of economy than that it is the parent of liberty and ease, and I am not the only friend you have who has chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends otherwise very good, not to intermeddle with men's affairs in such nice matters. And, my lord, I have made a maxim, that should be writ in letters of diamonds, That a wise man ought to have money in his head, but not in his heart.[2] Pray, my lord, inquire whether your prototype, my Lord Digby, after the Restoration, when he was at Bristol, did not take some care of his fortune, notwithstanding that quotation I once sent you out of his speech to the House of Commons?[3] In my conscience, I believe fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually less for

[1] The history of his acts and policy in the Oxford administration. Lord Bolingbroke did not venture to execute the scheme.

[2] Which is the same as to say, that a man should be prudent, but not penurious or covetous.

[3] Swift sent the quotation on September 29, 1721, in a letter which has not been preserved. He called Lord Digby the prototype of Lord Bolingbroke, from the singular resemblance between the character of Bolingbroke and that of Digby as drawn by Clarendon. "He was a man," says the historian, "of very extraordinary parts by nature and art, and had surely as good and excellent an education as any man of that age in any country; a graceful and beautiful person; of great eloquence and becomingness in his discourse (save that sometimes he seemed a little affected), and of so universal a knowledge that he never wanted subject for a discourse. He was equal to a very good part in the greatest affair, but the unfittest man alive to conduct it, having an ambition and vanity superior to all his other parts, and a confidence peculiar to himself, which sometimes intoxicated, and transported, and exposed him. His fatal infirmity is that he often thinks difficult things very easy, and does not consider possible consequences, when the proposition ministers somewhat that is delightful to his fancy, and by pursuing whereof he imagines he shall reap some glory to himself, of which he is immoderately ambitious."

every year he lives. I have demonstration for it; because, if I play at piquet for sixpence with a man or woman two years younger than myself, I always lose; and there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails of winning my money at backgammon, though she is a bungler, and the game be ecclesiastic.

As to the public, I confess nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it, but these frequent returns of deafness, which have hindered me from passing last winter in London; yet I cannot but consider the perfidiousness of some people, who I thought when I was last there, upon a change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their professions that I have ever known.[1] Pray, will you please to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, that *res nolunt diu male administrari*.[2] The commonness makes me not know who is the author, but sure he must be some modern.

I am sorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I protest I never knew a very deserving person of that sex, who had not too much reason to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was

[1] The perfidious people were probably the queen and Mrs. Howard. Swift might either mean that they forgot their professions of hostility to Walpole, or of good-will to himself. As to the professions of good-will, Mrs. Howard had promised nothing, and could effect nothing. The queen had certainly raised hopes when she was princess, for she expressed a wish in the hearing of Gay and the Duchess of Queensberry, that she had the best living in England to give him. But she could not be blamed for her subsequent neglect, if Horace Walpole is accurate in his statement, that Swift lost her favour by his insolence, and the attempt to domineer over her politics. The traits are in character, and are confirmed by a letter of Swift to Mrs. Howard, in which he mentions having heard that the queen had said "he was an odd sort of man," and adds, "I forgive her, for it is an odd thing to speak freely to princes." Young, the poet, told Spence that there was "a mixture of insolence" in Swift's common conversation, and when he took to free-speaking his freedom was sure to get the better of the forms of respect.

[2] Upon this adage Bolingbroke was wont to justify his expectations of a change of administration. — WALTER SCOTT.

The dean was too bigotted to suspect that the error might be in his own supposition that the government was bad. The world has since recognised that Walpole, with all his faults, was a wise minister, and immeasurably superior in sagacity and statesmanship to the Oxfords and Bolingbrokes.

the day before, which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then all on a sudden dropping into the present. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropped in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day, and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments.[1] I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus which he imitates,—"that all times are equally virtuous and vicious," wherein he differs from all poets, philosophers, and christians that ever writ. It is more probable that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world, but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia, and hardly a thimble-full in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modest enough to confess that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption. I say this, because I have a scheme, in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of virtue, and, when the nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the era of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a day, and read Baronius.[2] *Hic explicit epistola ad Dom.* Bolingbroke, *et incipit ad amicum* Pope.

[1] The fish dropped from the hook at the death of Queen Anne, when his hope of further promotion disappeared deep under water in an instant. The fish had again escaped him when George II. reinstated Walpole in office. The new disappointment revived the old, and went on rankling for years in Swift's unhappy mind.

[2] He wrote many Latin annotations on the margin of his copy.

To POPE.

HAVING finished my letter to Aristippus,[1] I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unseasonable to trouble you. I am ashamed to tell you, that when I was very young I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you who are so much younger, although you want that health you deserve, yet your spirits are as vigorous as if your body were sounder. I hate a crowd, where I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great library always makes me melancholy, where the best author is as much squeezed, and as obscure, as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library, I value the compilements of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio, and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke, more than all my books besides; because whoever comes into my closet, casts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you it is almost incredible how opinions change by the decline or decay of spirits, and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours from a boy to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts,—whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue riband, or of a coach and six horses.[2] To be remembered for ever on the

[1] He was Bolingbroke's favourite philosopher, and Swift wrote under a mezzotinto print of Bolingbroke the lines in which Horace says, that every condition of life became Aristippus, and that while struggling for advancement he was placid in his lower estate. Swift with better reason might have called Bolingbroke Aristippus from his acting upon the self-indulgent doctrines of that lax immoralist.

[2] Swift's misplaced ambition was a perpetual torment to him, and inflamed beyond measure his physical disease. It is melancholy to read his confession of the petty desires, the craving for obeisances, which prompted his torturing discontent. The true ambition for every man is to make himself and others better, which is an enduring reality; and intellectual power is morally demented when the end of its exertions is outside, evanescent forms.

account of our friendship, is what would exceedingly please me; but yet I never loved to make a visit, or be seen walking with my betters, because they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no sooner writ this than I corrected myself, and remembered Sir Fulke Greville's epitaph, "Here lies, &c., who was friend to Sir Philip Sydney." And therefore I most heartily thank you for your desire that I would record our friendship in verse, which if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you.

55. SWIFT TO POPE.

August 11, 1729.

I AM very sensible that in a former letter I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wishes and desires, which, however, I find with some comfort do now daily decline, very suitable to my state of health for some months past; for my head is never perfectly free from giddiness, and especially towards night. Yet my disorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafness this half-year; so I am like a horse, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this comparison puts me in mind to add, that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wish you would imitate me. As to this country, there have been three terrible years' dearth of corn, and every place strewed with beggars;[1] but dearths are

[1] The evil commenced with a deficient harvest in 1725, and the crop continued to fall short in the three succeeding years. When Archbishop Boulter was on his visitation tour in 1726, he found the roads full of families who had wandered from their homes to seek bread elsewhere, and hundreds perished by the way. The failure in the supply of food drove the people to eat the potatoes before they were full-grown, and the stock was exhausted two months sooner than usual. The distress went on increasing till in 1728 the inhabitants in the northern part of the kingdom were many of them compelled to consume the oats which had been kept for seed. At the date of Swift's letter to Pope there was the promise, which was happily realised, of an abundant harvest, and a few weeks later the misery had abated.

common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation the two thirds of whose revenues are spent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third,[1] and where the pride of women will not suffer them to wear their own manufactures, even where they excel what come from abroad.[2] This is the true state of Ireland in a very few words.[3] These evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is absolutely undone, as I have been telling often in print these ten years past.

What I have said requires forgiveness, but I had a mind for once to let you know the state of our affairs, and my reason for being more moved than perhaps becomes a clergyman, and a piece of a philosopher: and perhaps the increase of years and disorders may hope for some allowance to complaints, especially when I may call myself a stranger in a strange land. As to poor Mrs. Pope, if she be still alive, I heartily pity you and pity her. Her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age has made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her best friends will most wish her eased of her labours, when she has so many good

[1] Swift's political facts are flights of imagination. Ireland had, in general, the same freedom to trade as England. The chief limitation was the unjust, but by no means ruinous, prohibition to export woollen goods, and Bishop Berkeley, wiser than Swift, asks in his Querist, published in 1735, "Whether other countries have not flourished without the woollen trade, and whether it would not be more prudent to strike out, and exert ourselves in permitted branches of trade, than to fold our hands, and repine that we are not allowed the woollen?"

[2] Bishop Berkeley thought it certain that the women of Ireland "sent out a greater proportion of the wealth of the country for fine apparel than any other females on the whole surface of the globe." He said it was a notorious truth that the scale of dress for an Irish lady was that of an English lady with five times her fortune.

[3] Swift remarks that the evils of Ireland had a much deeper cause than dearth, and they had a deeper cause than his present account. The wealth of a nation is its industry, and the Irish were idle, and consequently destitute. Bishop Berkeley has left a vivid picture of the prevailing indolence, dirt, and vagrancy, and he asks, "What should hinder us from using our hands and brains, doing something or other, man, woman, and child, like the other inhabitants of God's earth?" The native Irish were a warrior, hunting, pastoral people, who had been deprived of their primitive occupation without being trained to the habits of more advanced civilisation, and the misgovernment, injuries, and neglect which were answerable for their condition have never yet been thoroughly traced.

works to follow them. The loss you will feel by the want of her care and kindness, I know very well; but she has amply done her part, as you have yours. One reason why I would have you in Ireland when you shall be at your own disposal, is that you may be master of two or three years' revenues, *provisæ frugis in annos copia*, so as not to be pinched in the least when years increase, and perhaps your health impairs. And when this kingdom is utterly at an end, you may support me for the few years I shall happen to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant interest for the spoonful of wine, and scraps of a chicken, it will cost me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reason to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet knew any person one tenth part so heartily disposed as you are to do good offices to others, without the least private view.

Was it a gasconade to please me, that you said your fortune was increased 100*l.* a-year since I left you?[1] You should have told me how. Those *subsidia senectuti* are extremely desirable, if they could be got with justice, and without avarice; of which vice though I cannot charge myself yet, nor feel any approaches towards it, yet no usurer more wishes to be richer, or rather to be surer of his rents. But I am not half so moderate as you, for I declare I cannot live easily under double to what you are satisfied with.

I hope Mr. Gay will keep his 3000*l.* and live on the interest without decreasing the principal one penny; but I do not like your seldom seeing him. I hope he is grown more disengaged from his intentness on his own affairs, which I ever disliked, and is quite the reverse to you, unless you are a very dexterous disguiser. I desire my humble service to Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, and particularly to Mrs. B[lount], but to no lady at court.[2] God bless you for being a greater dupe than I. I love that character too myself, but I want your charity.[3] Adieu.

[1] Pope had imparted this information to Swift a year and a-half before.

[2] Mrs. Howard.

[3] The question was whether she wanted the will or the power to assist her friends, and the answer was not a charitable conjecture, but a fact upon which Pope had accurate intelligence. The king was managed by his wife, and Swift was confident that he must be ruled by his mistress.

56.[1] BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT.

'AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, *Aug.* 30, 1729, N.S.

'I TOOK a letter of yours from Pope, and brought it to this place that I might answer at least a part of it. I begin to-day. When I shall finish I know not; perhaps when I get back to my farm. The waters I have been persuaded to drink, and those which my friends drink, keep me fuddled or employed all the morning. The afternoons are spent in airings or visits, and we go to bed with the chicken.'

BRUSSELS, *Sept.* 27, 1729.

I HAVE brought your French acquaintance[2] thus far on her way into her own country, and considerably better in 'her' health than she was when she went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes that she will recover such a degree of health as may render old age supportable. Both of us have closed the tenth lustre, and it is high time to determine how we shall play the last act of the farce. Might not my life be entitled much more properly a What d'ye-call-it than a farce?—some comedy, a great deal of tragedy, and the whole interspersed with scenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr. Baloardo, the prototype of your hero.[3] I used to think sometimes formerly of old age and

[1] The larger portion of this letter appeared in the quarto of 1741. It was first printed in its complete form by Nichols, in his supplement to Hawkesworth's edition of Swift's works. There is a copy of the letter among the Oxford MSS. which wants the first paragraph, but which in other respects agrees with the text given by Nichols. It is evident from some of the allusions of Bolingbroke that the letter of April 5 to which he replies, was mutilated before it was committed to the press.

[2] Lady Bolingbroke.

[3] Lord Oxford. The characters mentioned by Bolingbroke were the standing *dramatis personæ* in Italian comedies. The doctor was always the personification of pedantic vanity, and is thus described by Addison: "With a deep voice, and a magisterial air he breaks in upon conversation, and drives down all before him. Everything he says is backed with quotations out of Galen, Hippocrates, Plato, Virgil, or any author that rises uppermost, and all answers from his companion are looked upon as impertinencies or interruptions." This, according to Bolingbroke, was "the prototype" of Lord Oxford, and corresponds with the description he gave of him to Spence: "He was very ignorant of Greek, yet he took great delight in repeating hard Greek verses, and in talking a man down." Bolingbroke was himself a Dr. Baloardo in philosophy, and he sustains the character to perfection in this pompous, empty letter.

of death; enough to prepare my mind, not enough to anticipate sorrow, to dash the joys of youth, and to be all my life a-dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and find it more as I proceed on my journey: little regret when I look backwards, little apprehension when I look forward. You complain grievously of your situation in Ireland. I could[1] complain of mine too in England, but I will not, nay, I ought not: for I find by long experience that I can be unfortunate without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the figure of living, and the pleasure of giving, though your old prating friend Montaigne does something like it in one of his rhapsodies. To tell you my reasons would be to write an essay, and I shall hardly have time to write a letter; but if you will come over, and live with Pope and me, I will show you in an instant why those two things should not *aller de pair*, and that forced retrenchments on both may be made, without making us even uneasy. You know that I am too expensive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of descending without anxiety two or three stages more. In short, Mr. Dean, if you will come to a certain farm in Middlesex,[2] you shall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom fortune has appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs: and yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. You say you are no philosopher, and I think you are in the right to dislike a word which is so often abused; but I am sure you like to follow reason, not custom, which is sometimes the reason and oftener the caprice of others, of the mob of the world. Now to be sure of doing this, you must wear your philosophical spectacles as constantly as the Spaniards used to wear theirs. You must make them part of your dress, and sooner part with your broad-brimmed beaver, your gown, your scarf, or even that emblematical vestment, your surplice. Through this medium you will see few things to be vexed at, few persons to be angry at.

[1] The quarto, "would." Dawley.

'OSTEND, *Oct.* 5.'

AND yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we ought to wish hanged. 'Since I am likely to wait here for a wind, I shall have leisure to talk to you more than you will like, perhaps. If that should be so, you will never tell it me grossly, and my vanity will secure me against taking a hint.'

In your letter to Pope, you agree that a regard for fame becomes a man more towards his exit, than at his entrance into life; and yet you confess, that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your sentiment is true and natural: your reasoning, I am afraid, is not so upon this occasion. Prudence will make us desire fame, because it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wise man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good of society. You poets and orators have inverted this order. You propose fame as the end; and good, or at least great actions as the means. You go further; you teach our self-love to anticipate the applause which we suppose will be paid by posterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads besides your own. I am afraid this has[1] done some harm in the world.

'CALAIS, *Oct.* 9.

'I GO on from this place, whither I am come in hopes of getting to sea, which I could not do from the port of Ostend.'

Fame is an object which men pursue successfully by various and even contrary courses. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as essential, and on the means as indifferent; so that Fabricius and Crassus, Cato and Cæsar, pressed forward to the same goal. After all, perhaps, it may appear, from a consideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world without calling this passion or this direction of self-love into your aid. Tacitus has crowded this excuse for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Contemptu famæ contemni virtutes.* But now whether

[1] "May have" in the quarto.

we consider fame as an useful instrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether we consider it as the cause of that pleasure which our self-love is so fond of, methinks our entrance into life, or, to speak more properly, our youth, not our old age, is the season when we ought to desire it most, and therefore when it is most becoming to desire it with ardour. If it is useful, it is to be desired most when we have, or may hope to have, a long scene of action open before us. Towards our exit, this scene of action is or should be closed; and then, methinks, it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occasion for. If it is pleasant, the sooner we are in possession of fame the longer we shall enjoy this pleasure. When it is acquired early in life, it may tickle us on till old age; but when it is acquired late, the sensation of pleasure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having tasted it sooner.

FROM MY FARM, *Oct. 5*, 'O.S.'

I AM here; I have seen Pope, and one of my first inquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am sorry to hear. You are building, it seems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpose, in some county of Ireland.[1] Though I have built in a part of the world, which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill-fortune and yours, yet I am sorry you do the same thing. I have repented

[1] Sir Arthur Acheson had a farm called Drumlack, which Swift hired, and which he said would yield him 4*l.* a year above his rent if he laid out 200*l.* in improvements. Here he intended to erect a house at the cost of 500*l.*, and at his landlord's request the place was to be named Drapier's Hill. The dean soon abandoned the scheme. In the verses entitled "Reasons for not building at Drapier's Hill" the causes he assigns for the change of purpose were that the district was a desert, that the inhabitants were thieves, fanatics, and barbarians, and that the proximity to the Achesons, which was the inducement to settle there, was not likely to answer his original expectations. On a closer acquaintance, Swift discovered that his host was an unconversable person, who sat for hours absorbed in metaphysical speculations, and though he took no interest himself in his grounds and estate, he ceased to relish the interference of his officious guest. The charm of novelty was over on both sides, and it is natural to suppose that increased familiarity had rendered Swift more encroaching, and the Achesons less forbearing.

a thousand times of my resolution, and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. 'Pope tells me he has a letter of yours which I have not seen yet. I shall have that satisfaction shortly, and shall be tempted to scribble to you again, which is another good reason for making this epistle no longer than it is already.' Adieu, 'therefore,' my old and worthy friend. May the physical evils of life fall as easily upon you, as ever they did on any man who lived to be old; and may the moral evils which surround us make as little impression on you as they ought to make on one who has such superior sense to estimate things by, and so much virtue to wrap himself up in!

My wife desires not to be forgotten by you; she is faithfully your servant, and zealously your admirer. She will be concerned and disappointed not to find you in this island at her return, which hope both she and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

57. POPE TO SWIFT.

Oct. 9, 1729.

IT pleases me that you received my books[1] at last; but you have never once told me if you approve the whole, or disapprove not of some parts of the commentary, &c. It was my principal aim in the entire work to perpetuate the friendship between us, and to show that the friends or the enemies of one were the friends or enemies of the other. If in any particular any thing be stated or mentioned in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new editions now coming out here may have it rectified. You will find the octavo[2] rather more correct than the quarto, with some additions to the notes and epigrams cast in, which I wish had been increased by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoice in hearing that Drapier's-Hill is to emulate Parnassus. I fear the

[1] The copies of the Dunciad.

[2] There was more than one octavo impression of the Dunciad published in 1729. Pope refers to that which bears on the title-page, "The second edition, with some additional notes."

country about it is as much impoverished. I truly share in all that troubles you, and wish you removed from a scene of distress, which I know works your compassionate temper too strongly. But if we are not to see you here, I believe I shall once in my life see you there. You think more for me and about me than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you will not be contented, though I am, that the additional 100*l.* a-year is only for my life.

My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it. She will never be troublesome to me, if 'it but please God'[1] she be not so to herself: but a melancholy object it is, to observe the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a person to whom one is tied by the links of both. I cannot tell whether her death itself would be so afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs; I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away a 100*l.* a year. Do not be angry; I will not live to be very old; I have revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.[2]

Mr. Gay assures me his 3000*l.* is kept entire and sacred. He seems to languish after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he, or not? The doctor[3] is unalterable, both in friendship and quadrille. His wife has been very near death last week: his two brothers buried their wives within these six weeks. Gay is sixty miles off, and has been so all this summer, with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. He is the same man. So is every one here that you know: mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille qui minimis urgetur.*

[1] From the Dublin edition.

[2] "Pope," says Lord Chesterfield, "was as great an instance as any he quotes of the contrarieties and inconsistencies of human nature; for notwithstanding the malignancy of his satires, and some blameable passages of his life, he was charitable to his power, active in doing good offices, and piously attentive to an old bedridden mother, who died but a little time before him."

[3] Arbuthnot.

Poor Mrs. [Blount] is like the rest; she cries at the thorn in her foot, but will suffer nobody to pull it out.[1] The court-lady[2] I have a good opinion of. Yet I have treated her more negligently than you would do, because you like to see the inside of a court, which I do not. I have seen her but twice. You have a desperate hand at dashing out a character by great strokes, and at the same time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you should draw mine, if I were conscious of any guilt; but if I were conscious only of folly, God send it! for as nobody can detect a great fault so well as you, nobody would so well hide a small one. But after all, that lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vast deal for a courtier. I can assure you that Lord Peterborough always speaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your friend as any one. I must throw away my pen; it cannot, it will never tell you, what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.*

58.[3] SWIFT TO BOLINGBROKE.

DUBLIN, *Oct.* 31, 1729.

I RECEIVED your lordship's travelling letter of several dates, at several stages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could anything be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in so many places. As to your ten lustres, I remember when I complained in a letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jest, and answered me out of Terence, *ista commemoratio est quasi exprobratio.* How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to answer for, all monastically passed in this country of liberty and delight, and

[1] Martha Blount had recently resisted the solicitations of Pope to give up living with her mother and sister, and this is what he calls her refusal to allow the thorn to be pulled from her foot.

[2] Mrs. Howard. The subsequent allusion seems to be to the dean's character of that lady, which contained some strong shades of satire. —WALTER SCOTT.

[3] This letter appeared in the quarto. There is a copy of it among the Oxford MSS., which is almost identical with the printed version.

money, and good company! I go on answering your letter. It is you were my hero, but the other[1] never was. Yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him, in the beginning of your ministry, from my accusations.[2] But I granted he had the greatest inequalities of any man alive, and his whole scene was fifty times more a What-d'ye-call-it than yours: for, I declare yours was *unic*, and I wish you would so order it, that the world may be as wise as I upon that article. 'And' Mr. Pope wishes it too, and I believe there is not a more honest man in England, even without wit. But you regard us not.

I was forty-seven years old[3] when I began to think of death, and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to sleep. 'My lord,' I writ to Mr. Pope, and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its time, is many degrees inferior to yours; all my pretensions from person and parts infinitely so; I a younger son[4] of younger sons; you born to a great fortune. Yet I see you, with all your advantages, sunk to a degree that you could never have been without them; but yet I see you as much esteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more, though it be almost impossible, than ever you were in your highest exaltation, but[5] I grieve, like an alderman, not so rich. And yet, my lord, I pretend to value money as little as you, and I will call five hundred witnesses, if you will take Irish witnesses, to prove it. I renounce your whole philosophy, because it is not your practice. By the *figure of living*, if I used that expression to Mr. Pope, I do not mean the parade, but a suitableness to your mind;

[1] Lord Oxford.—WARBURTON.

[2] This is a remarkable sentence, as it conveys a depreciating idea of Lord Oxford, whom we had imagined Swift preferred to Bolingbroke.—WARTON.

Walter Scott endeavours to reconcile the contradiction by supposing that Swift preferred Lord Oxford as a friend and Lord Bolingbroke as a politician. But he forgot that the dean had called the former "the wisest and best minister that ever served a prince."

[3] The year of Queen Anne's death.—POPE, 1741.

[4] The expression is inaccurate, for Swift had never any brother.

[5] The quarto reads "only," and after "alderman," inserts "that you are."

and as for the *pleasure of giving*, I know your soul suffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generosity and contempt of outward things (be not offended, it is no Ecclesiastical, but an Epictetian phrase), 'can you,' could you, when these have brought you to it,[1] come over and live with Mr. Pope and me at the deanery? I could almost wish the experiment were tried. No, God forbid, that ever such a scoundrel as Want should dare to approach you. But, in the meantime, do not brag; retrenchments are not your talent. But as old Weymouth[2] said to me, 'in your ministry,'[3] and in his lordly Latin, *Philosophia verba, ignava opera:* I wish you could learn arithmetic, that 3 and 2 make 5, and will never make more. My philosophical spectacles which you advise me to, will tell me that I can live on 50*l.* a-year, wine excepted,[4] which my bad health forces me to; but I cannot endure that *otium* should be *sine dignitate.*

My lord, what I would have said of fame is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life; because I cannot be a great lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *subsidium.* I would endeavour that my betters should seek me by the merit of something distinguishable, instead of my seeking them. 'But' the desire of enjoying it in after times is owing to the spirit and folly of youth; but with age we learn to know the house is so full, that there is no room for above one or two at most in an age, through the whole world. My lord, I hate and love to write to you; it gives me pleasure, and kills me with melancholy. The d—— take stupidity, that it will not come to supply the want of philosophy.

[1] "It" stands for "poverty," which has not been mentioned.

[2] The first Viscount Weymouth, who died July 1714, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Lord Weymouth was not a member of the government, and "in your ministry" means "in the time of your ministry." The words appear to have been the old lord's terse judgment on the Harley administration. He was the admirable man who gave Ken an asylum at Longleat, and the liberality ran in the blood. "Munificence," said Ken, "seems to be the family virtue."

[3] These words are in the MS. and the Dublin edition, but not in the quarto.

[4] "Excluded" in the quarto.

59. SWIFT TO POPE.

Oct. 31, 1729.

YOU were so careful of sending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleased four friends. I am one of everybody who approve every part of it, text and comment; but am one abstracted from everybody, in the happiness of being recorded your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeness shall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it, for we have an octavo of our own, which has sold wonderfully, considering our poverty, and dulness the consequence of it.

I writ this post to Lord B[olingbroke], and tell him in my letter, that, with a great deal of loss for a frolic, I will fly as soon as build. I have neither years, nor spirits, nor money, nor patience, for such amusements. The frolic is gone off, and I am only 100*l.* the poorer. But this kingdom is grown so excessively poor, that we wise men must think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thousand pounds of specie in the whole island; for we return thrice as much to our absentees as we get by trade, and so are all inevitably undone, which I have been telling them in print these ten years, to as little purpose as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Irish politics, which I only mention, because it so nearly touches myself.

I must repeat, what I believe I have said before, that I pity you much more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender disposition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much satisfied that your additional 100*l. per annum* is for your life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends. I would not have them glad to be rid of you; and I shall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me.[1] You have embroiled me with Lord B[olingbroke]

[1] Swift could not have been in earnest when he says, or seems to say,

about the figure of living, and the pleasure of giving. I am under the necessity of some little paltry figure in the station I am: but I make it as little as possible. As to the other part, you are base, because I thought myself as great a giver as ever was, of my ability;[1] and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a secret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue.[2] Adieu.

'L[ord] C[arteret] who does his duty of a good governor in enslaving this kingdom as much as he can, talks to me of you as he ought.'[3]

60.[4] GAY TO SWIFT.

MIDDLETON STONEY, *Nov.* 9, 1729.

I HAVE long known you to be my friend upon several occasions, and particularly by your reproofs and admonitions. There is one thing which you have often put me in mind of—

that his motive for not leaving money to relatives or friends was to keep them from being glad at his death. His opinion that covetousness was stronger than affection fell in with his theoretical cynicism, and may have been real. "If a man," he says in his Thoughts on Various Subjects, "will observe as he walks the streets, I believe he will find the merriest countenances in mourning coaches." They attracted his eye from the incongruity, while the sorrow-stricken faces, shrinking from notice, were hidden from his view. Grief for the dead—intense, deep, and tender—is almost as common as death itself

[1] Swift spoke the bare truth. "He laid himself out," says Dr. Delany, "to do more charities in a greater variety of ways, and with a better judging discernment, than perhaps any other man of his fortune in the world." His benevolence was the result of a principle which was not assisted by his impulses, for Dr. Delany states that his natural disposition was to avarice, and that no one had less of the sensibility which suffers from the sight of distress. Hence his almsdeeds were entirely directed by his understanding. He was aware that the charity which destroys self-reliance, and encourages idleness, impoverishes and corrupts, and by judicious loans he helped the needy to help themselves. He was equally careful to relieve the infirm, and unfortunate, and in a city swarming with beggars, he habitually investigated the cases of distress he met in the street. Generosity in giving, and the patient labour which is indispensable in order to give wisely, have seldom been combined in equal perfection.

[2] Pope's revenue, it is said, was 800*l.* per annum.—BOWLES.

[3] From the Dublin edition.

[4] Published by Hawkesworth.

the overruning you with an answer before you had spoken. You find I am not a bit the better for it; for I still write and write on, without having a word of an answer. I have heard of you once by Mr. Pope. Let Mr. Pope hear of you the next time by me. By this way of treating me, I mean by your not letting me know that you remember me, you are very partial to me,—I should have said very just to me. You seem to think that I do not want to be put in mind of you, which is very true, for I think of you very often, and as often wish to be with you.

I have been in Oxfordshire with the Duke of Queensberry for these three months, and have had very little correspondence with any of our friends. I have employed my time in new writing a damned play, which I wrote several years ago, called the Wife of Bath.[1] As it is approved or disapproved of by my friends when I come to town, I shall either have it acted, or let it alone, if weak brethren do not take offence at it. The ridicule turns upon superstition, and I have avoided the very words bribery and corruption. Folly, indeed, is a word that I have ventured to make use of; but that is a term that never gave fools offence. It is a common saying that he is wise that knows himself. What has happened of late, I think, is a proof that it is not limited to the wise.[2]

My Lord Bathurst is still our cashier. When I see him I intend to settle our accounts, and repay myself the five pounds out of the two hundred I owe you. Next week I believe I shall be in town,—not at Whitehall, for those lodgings were judged not convenient for me, and were disposed of.[3] Direct to me at the Duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington Gardens,

[1] This comedy was the first he wrote, and was unsuccessfully performed at the theatre in Drury Lane, in the year 1713. It was altered by the author, and revived in 1730 at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and condemned a second time, although the author's reputation was then at its height from the uncommon success of his Beggar's Opera. — HAWKESWORTH.

[2] He refers to Walpole, whom he supposes to have taken to himself the song on bribery in the Beggar's Opera.

[3] They belonged to the crown, and he was not permitted to retain them after his ally and champion, the Duchess of Queensberry, had made his cause the pretext for behaving with gross disrespect to the king.

near Piccadilly. You have often twitted me in the teeth with hankering after the court. In that you mistook me; for I know by experience that there is no dependance that can be sure, but a dependance upon one's self. I will take care of the little fortune I have got. I know you will take this resolution kindly, and you see my inclinations will make me write to you, whether you will write to me or not. I am, dear sir, yours most sincerely and most affectionately.

To the lady I live with, I owe my life[1] and fortune. Think of her with respect, value and esteem her as I do, and never more despise a fork with three prongs. I wish, too, you would not eat from the point of your knife. She has so much goodness, virtue, and generosity, that if you knew her you would have a pleasure in obeying her as I do.[2] She often wishes she had known you.

61.[3] SWIFT TO GAY.

DUBLIN, *Nov.* 20, 1729.

IN answer to your kind reproaches of the 9th instant, I declare myself to have not received above two letters from you at most since I left England. I have every letter by me that you writ since I first knew you, although neither those, nor of some other friends, are in such order as I have long intended

[1] The primary cause of Gay's illness was distress at the prohibition of his play, and he seems to imply that he would have sunk under the mortification unless he had been sustained by the patronage of the Duchess of Queensberry. "He was remarkable," says Pope, "for an unwillingness to offend the great by any of his writings: he had an uncommon timidity upon him in relation to anything of that sort." His friends had spirited him up to a contest which was opposed to his disposition, and it laid him prostrate to find that the court resented his satire.

[2] Lady Catherine Hyde, daughter of Henry, Earl of Clarendon and Rochester, married the Duke of Queensberry in 1719, and died in 1777. Lord Bolingbroke used to call her "sa singularité," and it was her ambition to attract attention by eccentricities of dress and conduct. Her whimsies were the offspring of a vain and weak, and perhaps, of a disordered mind. Horace Walpole often speaks of her as mad. To Gay she was a genuine benefactor.

[3] From the transcript in the Oxford MSS.

them. But one thing you are to consider, because it is an old compact, that when I write to you or Mr. Pope, I write to both, and if you are such a vagabond and truant as not to see your friends above once a quarter, who is to blame? Who could write to you in Scotland? Yet I am glad you were in a country nine times worse than this, wherein I speak very favourably of the soil, the climate, and the language. But you were among a brave people and defenders of their liberty, which outbalances all our advantages of nature. Here I will define Ireland a region of good eating and drinking, of tolerable company, where a man from England may sojourn some years with pleasure, make a fortune, and then return home with the spoils he has got by doing us all the mischief he can, and by that make a merit at court. Pray tell Mr. Pope what a wise thing he has done. He gave my Lord Allen's lady a commission to buy him here a bed of Irish stuff. Like a right Englishman, he did not imagine any nation of human creatures were deprived of sending their own goods abroad. But we cannot send an inch of wrought woollen to any foreign place without the penalty of 500*l.* and forfeiture of the stuff, and the English sea-publicans[1] grumble if we carry our own night-gowns, unless they be old. Lady Allen used all endeavours, but found it impossible, and I told her she was a fool to attempt it. But if he will come over he shall lie in one of mine.

I have heard of the Wife of Bath, I think in Shakespeare.[2] If you wrote one it is out of my head. I had not the cant word "damned" in my head; but if it were acted and damned and printed, I should not be your counsellor to new lick it. I wonder you will doubt of your genius. The world is wider to a poet than to any other man, and new follies and vices will never be wanting, any more than new fashions. *Je donne au diable* the wrong notion that matter is exhausted; for as poets in their Greek name are called creators, so in one cir-

[1] Swift uses "publican" in the antiquated sense which it bears in the translation of the New Testament.

[2] Swift's acquaintance with Shakespeare's plays must have been very slight when he could imagine that one of them was called The Wife of Bath.

stance they resemble the great Creator by having an infinity of space to work in.

Mr. Pope has been teazed ten times to pay your five guineas, and in his last letter he says it is done. But you say otherwise. However, I do not understand Lord Bathurst to be my cashier, but my cully and creditor upon interest, else you are a bad manager, and our money had better have been in the funds. I assure you I will give Lord Carteret a note on him for nine guineas, which his excellency has squeezed from many of us for a job to Buckley, the Gazetteer, who in conjunction with a jacobite parson, is publishing a most monstrous, unreasonable edition of Thuanus. I understand the parson is only to be paid as a corrector of the press, but Buckley is to have all the profit. The parson's name is Carte.[1] I wish you would occasionally inquire into this matter, for the subscribers on your side are many and glorious.

I cannot be angry enough with my Lord Burlington. I sent him an order of the chapter of St. Patrick's, desiring the dean would write to his lordship about his ancestor's monument in my cathedral. The gentlemen are all persons of dignity and consequence, of birth and fortune, not like those of your hedge-chapters[2] in England; and it became him to send an answer to such a body on an occasion where only the honour of his family is concerned. I desired in England that

[1] Carte, in 1722, was accused of high treason, and a reward of 1000*l.* was offered for his apprehension. He fled to France, where he resided under the name of Phillips, and employed his leisure in collating the manuscripts and printed copies of the Latin history of his own time, by the President De Thou, and in writing an explanatory comment, without which much of the text could no longer be understood. He sold his materials to Dr. Mead, and it was agreed that Buckley should be the nominal editor. Before the proposals were circulated, Queen Caroline obtained a pardon for Carte, who returned to England, and superintended the passage of his Thuanus through the press. His valuable and laborious edition is in 7 vols. folio, and was far more complete and exact, as well as more intelligible, than any which had appeared in France itself. The whole of the merit belonged to Carte, and Buckley, who was quite incompetent to the task, was merely the salesman.

[2] "Hedge," says Dr. Johnson, "prefixed to any word, notes something mean, vile, of the lowest class, perhaps from a hedge, or hedge-born man, a man without any known place of birth," and Swift applies the term to the cathedral establishments of England, probably for no better reason than that he was an Irish instead of an English dean.

he would order the monument to be repaired, which may be done for 50*l.*, and that he would bestow a bit of land not exceeding 5*l.* a year, to repair it for ever, which I would have ordered to be entered in our records in the most solemn manner. This he promised me.[1] I believe the dean and chapter are worth in preferments and real estates above ten thousand pounds a year, they being twenty-five and the dean, and he cannot imagine they would cheat his posterity to get about 3*s.* 6*d.* a man. Pray tell him this in the severest manner, and charge it all upon me, and so let the monument perish.

So they have taken away your lodgings. This is a sample of Walpole's magnanimity.[2] When princes have a private quarrel with their subjects, they have always the worst of the fray. You have sent us over such a cargo of violent colds, that the well are not sufficient to tend the sick, nor have we

[1] The alleged promise to give the land appears to have been one of the dean's errors of memory, for he acknowledges in a letter to Lord Carteret that Lord Burlington made the answer which is combatted in the text. His objection was reasonable. Experience showed that, without intentional dishonesty, such casual endowments were diverted from their purpose, and the risk was great in a case where there would be no personal claimants, and the expenditure in repairs could only be needed at long and uncertain intervals.

[2] Where was the magnanimity of Gay in desiring to retain apartments which he owed to the man whom he was exhibiting on the stage in the character of a highwayman? And was Swift so generous to assailants that he was entitled to sneer at the magnanimity of Walpole? When he had entered into the service of the Harley administration, and was accusing Marlborough of cowardice, Lord Cowper of bigamy, and the Duchess of Somerset of abetting the murder of her first husband, he thought it a prime offence in any whig to retaliate, and says in his Journal, Oct. 16, 1711, "One Bowyer, a French dog, has abused me in a pamphlet, and I have got him up in a messenger's hands; the secretary promises me to swinge him. I must make that rogue an example for a warning to others." A few days earlier his avenging friend, the secretary, had a newspaper writer apprehended merely for saying that "an ambitious tantivy, missing his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, had come over to vent his spleen on the late ministry," and Swift exclaims exultingly, "he shall have a squeeze extraordinary." The services of the secretary would assuredly have been invoked to eject from a lodging belonging to the crown any dramatist who had produced a popular play portraying Swift as a common thief; and "the rogue, for a warning to others," would probably have been transferred to a public lodging of a different description, and been "swinged" and "squeezed."

servants left to deliver our orders. I apprehend myself to be this moment seized, for I have coughed more these three minutes past, than I have done in as many years.

I wish for her own sake that I had known the Duchess of Queensberry, because I should be a more impartial judge than you; but it was her own fault, because she never made me any advances. However, as to you, I think the obligation lies on her side, by giving her an opportunity of acting so generous and honourable a part, and so well becoming her dignity and spirit. Pray tell her grace that the fault was in Mr. Pope's poetical forks, and not in my want of manners; and that I will rob Neptune of his trident rather than commit such solecism in good breeding again: and that when I return to England I will see her at the tenth message, which is one fewer than what I had from another of her sex.[1] With my humble respects to her grace, I beg she will be your guardian, take care to have your money well put out, and not suffer you to run in debt or encroach on the principal. And so God continue to you the felicity of thriving by the displeasure of courts and ministries; and to your goddess, many disgraces that may equally redound to her honour with the last.[2] My most humble service to my Lord Peterborough, Lord Oxford, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Masham, Lord Bathurst, Mr. Pulteney, the Doctor,

[1] The Queen, when Princess of Wales.

[2] The Duke of Queensberry, Gay states in a letter to Swift, thought he had received "ill-usage from the ministers." His duchess seized the opportunity of the suppression of Polly to display her dissatisfaction by soliciting subscriptions for the printed play in the drawing-room at St. James's, and she "made," says Lord Hervey, "even the king's servants contribute to the printing of a thing which the king had forbid being acted." The king asked her what she was doing, and she answered, "what must be agreeable, she was sure, to anybody so humane as his majesty; for it was an act of charity, and a charity to which she did not despair of bringing his majesty to contribute." Her attempt to form a party against the king and queen in their own house, and in their actual presence, was an abuse of her privilege to be guest in the royal circle, and the vice-chamberlain was sent next day to desire that she would keep away. Upon this she wrote a note in which she said, that she was "well pleased the king had given her so agreeable a command as forbidding her the court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a very great civility on the king and queen." Her language and conduct have often been called "spirited;" the juster term would be "insolent."

Mr. Pope, and Mr. Lewis. Alas! poor Alderman Barber! I doubt he has left me nothing.[1]

62. POPE TO SWIFT.

Nov. 28, 1729.

THIS letter, like all mine, will be a rhapsody; it is many years ago since I wrote as a wit.[2] How many occurrences or informations must one omit, if one determined to say nothing that one could not say prettily! I lately received from the widow of one dead correspondent, and the father of another,[3] several of my own letters, of about fifteen and twenty years old; and it was not unentertaining to myself to observe how, and by what degrees, I ceased to be a witty writer, as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correspondents on the other. Now as I love you better than most I have ever met with in the world, and esteem you too the more the longer I have compared you with the rest of the world, so inevitably I write to you more negligently, that is, more openly, and what all but such as love one another will call writing worse. I smile to think how Curll would be bit, were our epistles to fall into his hands, and how gloriously they would fall short of every ingenious reader's expectations!

You cannot imagine what a vanity it is to me, to have something to rebuke you for in the way of economy. I love the man that builds a house *subito ingenio*, and makes a wall for a horse; then cries, "We wise men must think of nothing but getting ready money!" I am glad you approve my annuity. All we have in this world is no more than an annuity, as to our own enjoyment; but I will increase your regard for my wisdom, and tell you, that this annuity includes also the life of another[4] whose concern ought to be as near to

[1] Swift appears to have heard some unfounded rumour of Alderman Barber's death. He survived till Jan. 2, 1741, and, contrary to Swift's prognostication, left him 200*l.*

[2] He used to value himself upon this particular.—WARBURTON.

[3] The first correspondent was Edward Blount of Blagdon, the second was the Hon. Robert Digby.

[4] His mother's.—WARBURTON.

me as my own, and with whom my whole prospects ought to finish. I throw my javelin of hope no further. *Cur brevi jortes jaculamur ævo*, &c.

The second, as it is called, but indeed the eighth edition of the Dunciad, with some additional notes and epigrams, shall be sent you, if I know any opportunity. If they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that octavo edition. The Drapier's Letters are again printed here, very laudably as to paper, print, &c., for you know I disapprove Irish politics, as my commentator tells you, being a strong and jealous subject of England. The lady you mention, you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your present, she having lately received a much richer present from Mr. Knight of the South Sea; and you are sensible she cannot ever return it to one in the condition of an outlaw.[1] It is certain, as he can never expect any favour,[2] his motive must be wholly disinterested. Will not this reflection make you blush? Your continual deplorings of Ireland make me wish you were here long enough to forget those scenes that so afflict you. I am only in fear if you were, you would grow such a patriot here too, as not to be quite at ease, for your love of old England. It is very possible your journey, in the time I compute, might exactly tally with my intended one to you; and if you must soon again go back, you would not be unattended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put

[1] He had been treasurer to the South Sea Company, and the chief agent in their frauds and bribery. He absconded on January 22, 1721, to escape the punishment of his roguery. I suspect that the lady who had lately received a present from Knight, and who had not acknowledged the present of Swift, was no less a personage than the queen. Her greed for money was notorious. Dr. William King relates that he was once at a dinner, where everybody had a story on the subject. "Sir Luke Schaub," he goes on, "who was a pensioned courtier, thought himself obliged to defend the queen's honour, and said to me, who sat next him, 'There is not more than one of these scandalous tales in an hundred is true.' 'Then, Sir Luke,' I replied, 'you acknowledge that one in a hundred is true.'" The Duchess of Marlborough, who hated the queen, and is a suspicious witness, asserts that "she took money wherever she could get it, and particularly of the East India Company."

[2] He was mistaken in this. Knight was pardoned, and came home in the year 1742.—WARBURTON.

Rather it is Warburton who was mistaken in interpreting literally an ironical remark. Pope meant that the gift was bestowed for the purpose.

an end to a very long and a very irreproachable life. My constant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and lessen extremely my desires of long life, since I see the best that can come of it is a miserable benediction 'at most, so that'[1] I look upon myself to be many years older in two years since you saw me. The natural imbecility of my body, joined now to this acquired old age of the mind, makes me at least as old as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together. I only desire I may be able to keep pace with you. My first friendship at sixteen was contracted with a man of seventy, and I found him not grave enough or consistent enough for me, though we lived well to his death. I speak of old Mr. Wycherley, some letters of whom, by the bye, and of mine, the booksellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours.[2] I do not much approve of it, though there is nothing for me to be ashamed of, because I will not be ashamed of anything I do not do myself, or of anything that is not immoral, but merely dull; as for instance, if they printed this letter I am now writing, which they easily may, if the underlings at the post-office please to take a copy of it.[3] I admire, on this consideration, your sending your last to me quite open, without a seal, wafer, or any closure whatever, manifesting the utter openness of the writer. I would do the same by this, but fear it would look like affectation to send two letters so together.

I will fully represent to our friend, and, I doubt not, it will touch his heart, what you so feelingly set forth as to the badness of your burgundy, &c.[4] He is an extreme honest man, and indeed ought to be so, considering how very indiscreet and unreserved he is; but I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idlenesses in the way of wit. You know my maxim to keep as clear of all

[1] From the Dublin edition.

[2] Lord Oxford; but we now know that the statement was false.

[3] His own importance, as it has been observed, is always uppermost. The underlings of the post-office were otherwise employed, and most probably cared as little about the letters of Alexander Pope, Esq., as of any other person.—BOWLES.

[4] It was hermitage and not burgundy. The friend was Arbuthnot, and the wine had been supplied by his brother Robert, the commercial agent at Rouen and Paris.

offence, as I am clear of all interest in either party. I was once displeased before at you, for complaining to Mr. [Doddington] of my not having a pension,[1] and am so again at your naming it to a certain lord.[2] I have given 'some' proofs,[3] in the course of my whole life (from the time when I was in the friendship of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs, even to this, when I am civilly treated by Sir R. Walpole), that I never thought myself so warm in any party's cause as to deserve their money; and, therefore, would never have accepted it; but give me leave to tell you, that of all mankind the two persons I would least have accepted any favour from are those very two, to whom you have unluckily spoken of it.[4] I desire you to take off any impressions which that dialogue may have left on his lordship's mind, as if I ever had any thought of being beholden to him, or any other, in that way. And yet you know I am no enemy to the present constitution—I believe as sincere a well-wisher to it, nay, even to the church established, as any minister in or

[1] George Bubb, the son of an apothecary at Carlisle, inherited the name and estate of his mother's brother, Mr. Doddington. With a large fortune, a brilliant wit, a talent for business, and no mean powers of speech, he was universally despised for his political tergiversations, his mean intrigues, his extravagant conceit, and the vulgar ostentation of his furniture, dress, and style of living. He had no pension in his own gift, but as he affected to be a patron of literature, and was allied with Walpole at the period of Swift's visits to England, he might be presumed to possess both the power and the will to advance the interests of a distinguished genius like Pope.

[2] Lord Carteret. The substance of Swift's conversation with him on the subject, was doubtless related in the letter of October 31, 1729, where Lord Carteret is said "to have talked of Pope in the manner he ought." Many of the replies betray that the printed correspondence is very imperfect.

[3] It is thus in the Dublin edition. The quarto reads "given proof."

[4] Lord Carteret was hardly a more desirable patron than Doddington, and Pope's aversion to be under an obligation to him was reasonable. His abilities, scholarship, social charm, and good humour, were counterbalanced by his gluttony, drunkenness, love of money, callousness, insincerity, and, as many thought, want of truth. "His heart," says Horace Walpole, and those who were most favourable to him confirm the statement, "was without gall or friendship, for he never tried to be revenged on his enemies or to serve his friends." With this indifference he abounded in professions,—"his tongue," said the Bishop of Killala, "lavish of promises, and his hand full of squeezes." Ambition and conviviality had the largest share in him, and indulgent from apathy and indolence, he allowed his servants to be disorderly and impertinent while he feasted with his guests or dreamed of governing empires.

out of employment whatever, or any bishop of England or Ireland. Yet am I of the religion of Erasmus, a catholic.[1] So I live, so I shall die; and hope one day to meet you, Bishop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr. Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr. Hutchenson,[2] in that place, to which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and everybody!

Lord B[olingbroke]'s answer to your letter I have just received, and join it to this packet. The work he speaks of with such abundant partiality is a system of ethics in the Horatian way.[3]

63. BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT.

Nov. 19, [27,][4] 1729.

I FIND that you have laid aside your project of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this island *cum zephyris, et hirundine primâ.* I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age; sure I am that the force of friendship does. I loved you almost twenty years ago; I thought of you as well as I do now; better was beyond the power of conception, or, to avoid an equivoque, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving

[1] "Catholic," is an ambiguous word, and as Pope was certainly not a "roman catholic," and as he takes for his standard Erasmus, whose real opinions were doubtful, and who was not a romanist either, he probably attached to the term the esoteric meaning that he was a universalist, or, in the language of his Essay on Man, a person who set no store by "modes of faith." In consequence of this creed he goes on to express a hope that he shall meet friends of all persuasions—christians and unbelievers—in the kingdom of God.

[2] John Hutchinson, the Hebraist, philosopher, and theologian, of whom Pope said to Spence, "He is a very odd man, and a very bad writer; but he has struck out very great lights, and made very considerable discoveries by the way, as I have heard from people who know ten times more of those matters than I do."

[3] The Moral Essays.

[4] This is clearly the answer of Bolingbroke to which Pope refers in the concluding paragraph of the last letter, and unless Bolingbroke kept it by him for nine days after it was written, the date of one of the letters must be wrong. There are reasons for concluding that the letter of Pope is not post-dated, and the probability is that the date of Bolingbroke's letter is erroneous.

you as well after loving you so many years, I shall not determine. What I would say is this: whilst my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels less need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftener, they busy me, they warm me more. Is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another state, (for *vera amicitia non nisi inter bonos,*) begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society? There is no one thought which soothes my mind like this. I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty of the intellect comes boisterously in, and wakes me from so pleasing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on economics than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will say, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500*l.* a year as well as with 5000*l.*; the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the estate.

I do assure you, that I have never quitted the design of collecting, revising, improving, and extending several materials which are still in my power; and I hope that the time of setting myself about this last work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curiosity and importance are lost, and some of them in a manner which would surprise and anger you. However, I shall be able to convey several great truths to posterity, so clearly and so authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, since Pope is to write to you. No matter, for, upon recollection, the rules of proportion are not broken: he will say as much to you in one page, as I have said in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earnest. It is a fine one; and will be, in his hands, an original. His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy in the execution. This flatters his laziness. It flatters my judgment, who always thought that, universal as his talents are, this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead; I do not except Horace. Adieu.

64.[1] SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *Feb.* 6, 1729-30.

THERE are three citizens' wives in this town; one of them, whose name is Grierson, a Scotch bookseller's wife. She is a very good Latin and Greek scholar, and has lately published a fine edition of Tacitus, with a Latin dedication to the lord-lieutenant; and she writes *carmina Anglicana non contemnenda.*[2] The second is one Mrs. Barber, wife to a woollen draper, who is our chief poetess, and, upon the whole, has no ill genius. I fancy I have mentioned her to you formerly. The last is the bearer hereof, and the wife of a surly, rich husband, who checks her vein; whereas Mrs. Grierson is only well to pass, and Mrs. Barber, as it becomes the chief poetess, is but poor. The bearer's name is Sykins. She has a very good taste of poetry, has read much, and, as I hear, has writ one or two things with applause, which I never saw, except about six lines she sent me unknown, with a piece of sturgeon, some years ago, on my birthday. Can you show such a triumfeminate in London? They are all three great friends and favourites of Dr. Delany, and at his desire, as well as from my own inclination, I give her this passport to have the honour and happiness of seeing you, because she has already seen the estrich, which is the only rarity at present in this town, and her ambition is to boast of having been well received by you upon her return; and I do not see how you can well refuse to gratify her; for if a christian will be an estrich, and the only estrich in a kingdom, he must suffer himself to be seen, and what is worse, without money.

[1] From the transcript in the Oxford MSS.

[2] Mrs. Grierson afterwards published an edition of Terence, which she dedicated to Lord Carteret's son. Mrs. Barber affirms that she was not merely a Greek and Latin scholar, but was well read in history, divinity, philosophy, and mathematics. Mrs. Pilkington endows her with fresh accomplishments, and declares that she was a proficient in Hebrew, French, and midwifery. To complete the wonder she was the daughter of poor, illiterate peasants, who kept her close at needlework as long as she remained at home. The whole of her reported acquisitions had been made before she was twenty-seven, at which age she died in 1733.

I writ this day to Mr. Lewis, to settle that scrub affair with M[otte]. It is now at an end, and I have all the money or receipts for it, except 20*l.*, which is in Mr. Lewis's hands, so that I have come off better than you.[1]

I am enquiring an opportunity to send your four bottles of usquebaugh. Pray God bless Mrs. Pope. I despair of seeing her in this world; and I believe the most pious person alive would be glad to share with her in the next.

You will see eighteen lines relating to yourself, in the most whimsical paper that ever was writ, and which was never intended for the public.[2]

[1] Motte purchased the copyright of Gulliver and the Miscellanies. He had been backward in his payments, and had now come to a final settlement. Swift got the full sum agreed upon for Gulliver, and therefore says he had "come off better" than Pope, who had to give up 25*l.* of the price he was to have received for the Miscellanies, which had been less successful than was anticipated.

[2] The lines are in the poem entitled A Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret.

Hail happy Pope! whose generous mind
Detesting all the statesman kind,
Contemning courts, at courts unseen,
Refused the visits of a queen.
A soul with every virtue fraught,
By sages, priests, or poets taught;
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells;
A genius for all stations fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit:
His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a rascal statesman's spittle;
Appealing to the nation's taste,
Above the reach of want is placed;
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive,
And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
Despising slaves that cringe for bread.

"It was said," remarks Dr. Johnson in allusion to the fourth line, "that when the court was at Richmond, Queen Caroline had declared her intention to visit him. This may have been only a careless effusion, hought on no more. The report of such notice, however, was soon in many mouths; and if I do not forget or misapprehend Savage's account, Pope, pretending to decline what was not yet offered, left his house for a time; not, I suppose, for any other reason than lest he should be thought to stay at home in expectation of an honour which would not be conferred. He was therefore angry at Swift, who represents him as 'refusing the visits of a queen,' because he knew tha what had never been offered had never been refused." The dean caught at the rumour that he might revenge the queen's neglect of himself by asserting that she was repulsed by the poet. A few months after the date of Swift's letter, Pope went to Windsor, and Mrs. Howard wrote to Gay, August 22, 1730; "Mr. Pope has been to see me; Lord Burlington brought him. He dined and supped with my lady all the time he stayed. He was heartily tired, and I not much pleased, though I thought myself exceedingly obliged to him for the visit." "My lady," was Lady Burlington, who was one of the ladies of the bed-chamber, and from Pope's tone on the occasion to Gay it would seem that he was rather annoyed at not being admitted to the queen. "I shall certainly," he said, "make as little court to others as they do to me, and that will be none at all."

I do not call this a letter, for I know I long owe you one. I protest you must allow for the climate, and for my disposition from the sad prospect of affairs here, and the prostitute slavery of the representers of this wretched country.

I have not been deaf these ten months, but my head is an ill second to my feet in the night.

65.[1] SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *Feb.* 26, 1729-30.

MY memory is so bad that I cannot tell whether I answered a letter from you, and another from Lord Bolingbroke that I received in January[2] last. I have read them so often that I should think I answered them, and yet I cannot recal one particular of what I said to either of you. I find you have been a writer of letters almost from your infancy; and, by your own confession, had schemes even then of epistolary fame. Montaigne says, that if he could have excelled in any kind of writing, it would have been in letters; but I doubt they would not have been natural, for it is plain that all Pliny's letters were written with a view of publishing, and I accuse Voiture himself of the same crime, although he be an author I am fond of. They cease to be letters when they become a *jeu d'esprit.*

I am innocent of half your reproaches on the subject of economy. It is true I did some years ago, at a great expense, build a wall to enclose a field for horses, being tired with the knavery of grooms, who foundered all my horses and hindered me from the only remedy against increasing ill health. But the house is no more than a plan, and shall never be more for *sublata causa tollitur effectus.* I wish these were the worst parts of my management; for I am in danger of losing every groat I have in the world by having put my whole fortune, no less than 1600*l.*, into ill hands, upon the advice of a lawyer and a friend.

[1] From the transcript in the Oxford MS.

[2] This letter is an answer to the Pope and Bolingbroke letter of November, and Swift seems to have written "January" by mistake.

I have absolutely got clear of M[otte], and have all the money in my hands or paid to Mr. Lewis. I believe he is poor, or too great an undertaker, and rich only in the worst kind of stock. I have not seen the new octavo Dunciad, nor do I believe they will reprint it here. The kingdom cannot afford it. I think you have had some correspondence with my Lady Allen. Her lord has shown an odd instance of his madness. He has for some years professed a particular friendship for me; but a penny paper having been lately printed, called a Libel on D.D. and a certain great lord, meaning, as is supposed, Dr. Delany and the lord lieutenant, this same Allen, about a fortnight ago, at the privy council, the lord mayor being sent for, accused me for the author, and reproached the city for their resolution of giving me my freedom in a gold box, calling me a jacobite, libeller,[1] &c., and has now brought the same affair into the House of Lords, that the printer, &c., may be prosecuted. And there is a circumstance in this affair, that when it is over, may be worth your hearing. There is not much in the paper, and they say it was printed in London before we had it.

I have done with court ladies and their mistress. Yet I think to write a moral letter to our half-discarded friend.[2] I suppose it was purposely intended as a slur, what was in some of the prints, that she was to be preferred to the place of

[1] "My lord," said Allen to the mayor at the privy council, "you and your city can squander away the public money in giving a gold box to a fellow who has libelled the government!" A few hours after he had indulged in this sally, Allen sent a mutual acquaintance, Robert Leslie, "to renew his profession of friendship to the dean, but concealing the oratory." Leslie apologised for the treachery by touching his forehead, and saying, "You know, sir, our poor friend is a little disordered here at times." The fact was admitted by Swift, but it had no effect in moving his compassion, or moderating his printed invectives.

[2] Mrs. Howard. She had declined in favour with the king, and was beginning to talk of withdrawing from court. In allusion to her altered position, Lady Hervey wrote to her on July 7, 1729, "I very much applaud your discretion in retiring whenever you behold the clouds gather, but I own I suspect you of bragging, when you tell me of avoiding the sunshine. To my certain knowledge that is a precaution that has long been unnecessary. No, indeed, my dear madam, the sun has not darted one beam on you a great while. You may freeze in the dog-days for all the warmth you will find from our *Sol*."

maid of honour.[1] I allow the great disinterestedness of the other,[2] which is fully acknowledged by the most loyal whigs among us.

I have some usquebaugh ready to be sent to you on the first opportunity. These happen so seldom that I am out of patience. There are but four quart bottles, for the lightness of carriage from Chester; but since they were packed up, I am advised to send them by long sea, and directed to Lord Bathurst, because a lord's name will give them a sanction. But this I have mentioned to his lordship, and so may you, that he may not be at a loss. My coming to England depends on two things: the settlement of my health, and of my little affairs. The times are so miserable, I can get in no money; and among us clergy here, all go to wreck in absence; for although tithes be of divine institution, they are of diabolical execution; and God knows how long my law-suit may last for my 1600*l.* As much as I love you, to establish your health I would load you, not from myself, with half-a-score years, yet on condition not to abate one grain of your genius. For, a mischief on it, I find neither prose nor rhyme will come to me as it used; but that is not the worst, for I am daily harder to please, and less care taken whether I am pleased or not. I dine alone, or only with my housekeeper. I go to my closet immediately after dinner, there sit till eleven, and then to bed. The best company here grows hardly tolerable, and those who were formerly tolerable are now insupportable. This is my life five nights in seven. Yet my eyes are hurt with reading by candle-light, so that I am forced to write and burn whatever comes into my head. If I sent my last letter without a seal, it was an honest, pure blunder, of which I make fifty every day, and what increases them is my fear of increasing them. I will hold a crown that in revising this letter I shall be forced to make thirty verbal corrections. Yet I hope to mend a little,

[1] Pope mentions, in his reply, that the announcement that Mrs. Howard was to be appointed a maid of honour was a sarcasm upon one of the holders of that office. He alluded to Miss Vane, who had recently become the mistress of the prince of Wales.

[2] The queen; but it was Knight that Pope had ironically represented as disinterested. Equally ironical is Swift's language respecting the queen. He meant that her very supporters admitted the reverse.

being cured of Irish politics by despair, and I have ordered in my will that my body shall be buried at Holyhead, with an epitaph whereof this is a part.[1]

As to my hermitage misfortune, it is a very afflicting trifle, whereof your abstemiousship is no judge; but I am very serious in telling you, that I expect the doctor will this very summer make his brother give me ample satisfaction. I suppose he is rich, else it would not be contemptible if he got the custom of several persons here, who liked my first hermitage so well, which was sent by Robin Arbuthnot, that they resolved to send for cargoes if I succeeded in my second; and I tell you that good wine is ninety per cent. in living, in Ireland. But in you I sing to the deaf. I will refer it to our friend Gay, who has writ to me lately, and you must promise my answer. I have not writ to Lord Burlington, but will soon with a vengeance, unless you prevent it. Sure, I answered your last before, about what you say of Doddington, &c. I would not be so nice about poking in a sore eye as in doing anything wrong in so tender a point, neither am I guilty in the least; but the lieutenant knows himself, and has often known from me your spirit in this matter. I hope your ethic system is towards the umbilicum. I will write to Lord Bolingbroke. My most humble service to him and Lord Masham, Lord Oxford, Mr. Pulteney, the Doctor, Mr. Lewis. I will write to Lord Bathurst, from whom I received a very kind letter.

66.[2] GAY TO SWIFT.

LONDON, *March* 3, 1729-30.

DEAR SIR,—I find you are determined not to write to me according to our old stipulation. Had I not been every post for some time in expectation to have heard from you, I should have writ to you before to have let you know the present

[1] The epitaph is not given, but was probably in substance the same with the Latin epitaph of his own composition on the tablet in St. Patrick's cathedral, which "records," says Walter Scott, "his exertions for liberty, and his detestation of oppression."

[2] Published by Hawkesworth, and Swift's answer was published by Pope.

state of your affairs, for I would not have you think me capable of neglecting yours, whatever you think of me as to my own. I have received 21*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* interest from Lord Bathurst, for your 200*l.*, from October, 1727, to Christmas, 1729, being two years and two months at 5 per cent. Lord Bathurst gave me a note for your 200*l.* again, and to allow interest for the same, dated January 15, 1729-30. If you would have me dispose of your money any other way I shall obey your orders. Let me know what I shall do with the interest money I have received. What I have done for you I did for myself, which will be always the way of my transacting anything for you. My old vamped play got me no money, for it had no success.

I am going very soon into Wiltshire with the Duke of Queensberry, with an intention to stay there till the winter. Since I had that severe fit of sickness, I find my health requires it; for I cannot bear the town as I could formerly.[1] I hope another summer's air and exercise will reinstate me. I continue to drink nothing but water, so that you cannot require any poetry from me. I have been very seldom abroad since I came to town, and not once at court. This is no restraint upon me, for I am grown old enough to wish for retirement. I saw Mr. Pope a day or two ago in good spirits, and with good wishes for you; for we always talk of you. The doctor does the same. I have left off all great folks but our own family; perhaps you will think all great folks little enough to leave off us in our present situation. I do not hate the world, but I laugh at it; for none but fools can be in earnest about a trifle. I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately.

Direct for me at the Duchess of Queensberry's in Burlington Gardens.

[1] His constitution was undermined by this illness, which was believed to have been produced by the vexations he had endured. "It is supposed," says Dr. Johnson, "that the discountenance of the court sank deep into his heart, and gave him more discontent than the applauses or tenderness of his friends could overpower."

67. POPE TO SWIFT.

[*March* 4, 1730.][1]

THIS is a letter extraordinary, to do and say nothing but recommend to you, as a clergyman, and a charitable one, a pious and a good work, and for a good and an honest man. Moreover, he is above seventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word honest. I shall think it a kindness done myself if you can propagate Mr. Wesley's subscription for his Commentary on Job,[2] among your divines,—bishops excepted, of whom there is no hope—and among such as are believers or readers of Scripture. Even the curious may find something to please them, if they scorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life. I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his prose more than you formerly could his poetry.[3] Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows

[1] In the quarto of 1741 this letter is dated April 14, 1730, and has appended to it a long postscript by Bolingbroke. In the Oxford MSS. the postscript of Bolingbroke is attached to the letter of April 9, and, as the context shows, correctly. The date of the present letter is determined by a letter of Lord Oxford written at the same time on the same subject.

[2] He was rector of Epworth in Lincolnshire, and father of the founder of methodism. Untoward circumstances had involved him in debt, which he hoped to discharge by the subscriptions to his book. His living, as Lord Oxford told Swift, was small, his family large, and he had twice been at the expense of rebuilding his parsonage, which had twice been burnt to the ground. The first fire took place about 1709, and was the act of dissolute parishioners, who were offended at his ministerial reproofs. The second fire consumed, along with the house, the materials he had collected for his Dissertationes in Librum Jobi,—the work which Pope was now recommending to the patronage of Swift. The commentator was endowed with the patience of his author. He had collated all the Hebrew copies he could procure, together with the Greek, Latin, and English versions, and when the fruits of his prolonged labour perished in the flames he was bowed down with age, and gout, and palsy. He determined nevertheless, to rebuild his book as well as his house. He continued to plod at his scheme till his death in 1735, and the latest earthly desires he expressed were that he might be permitted to finish his Job, and pay his debts. His erudite Dissertationes, fifty-three in number, were published by his eldest son, Samuel, in 1736.

[3] The elder Wesley was the author of several volumes of poems, and among others of the "History of the Old and New Testament attempted

you to do your best to serve an old tory, and a sufferer for the church of England,[1] though you are a whig, as I am.[2]

We have here some verses in your name, which I am angry at.[3] Sure you would not use me so ill as to flatter me? I therefore think it is some other weak Irishman.

68.[4] SWIFT TO GAY.

DUBLIN, *March* 19, 1729-[30.]

I DENY it. I do write to you according to the old stipulation, for, when you kept your old company, when I writ to one I writ to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain since you are got into a new world, and will answer all your letters. You are first to present my most humble respects to the Duchess of Queensberry, and let her know that I never dine without thinking of her, although it be with some difficulty that I can obey her

in verse." "He usually," said his relation, John Dunton, "writ too fast to write well. Two hundred couplets a day are too many by two-thirds to be well furnished with all the beauties and the graces of the poetic art." Swift, in the battle between the ancient and modern books, describes him as slain by a kick from Homer's horse, and Pope himself had mentioned him contemptuously, in the first edition of the Dunciad. His name is removed from the text in the annotated edition, and it is stated in a note that the new was the primitive reading, and that the former reading was surreptitious. The change was probably made out of deference to Samuel Wesley the younger, then an usher at Westminster School, and the friend of Lord Oxford and the exiled Bishop Atterbury.

[1] The father of the commentator on Job was a noted nonconformist, and the dissenters, says Southey, "hated Mr. Wesley cordially, because they looked upon him as one who, having been born in their service, had cast off his allegiance." They intrigued successfully to stop some preferment which was designed for him in the reign of Queen Anne, "and brought several other very severe sufferings on him and his family."

[2] Pope usually denied that he was either whig or tory. Swift claimed to have been a whig at every period of his life. "I know," he wrote to Lady Betty Germain, Jan. 8, 1733, "you have been always a zealous whig, and so am I to this day. I am of the old whig principles, without the modern articles and refinements."

[3] The Libel on Dr. Delany.

[4] This is the first letter printed in the quarto of 1741, under the heading, "Letters of Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay, from the year 1729 to 1732." Attached is a note, which does not appear in the Dublin edition; "Found among Mr. Gay's papers, and returned to Dr. Swift by the Duke of Queensberry and Mr. Pope." There is a fuller transcript of the present letter among the Oxford MSS.

when I 'happen to' dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the sauce is not very consistent. 'And I desire she will order Lady Charlotte Hyde[1] to read before me, when I go next to my Lord Clarendon's, for when I saw her last she behaved herself like a young sempstress, or a country-parson's daughter.' You must likewise tell her grace that she is a general toast among all honest folks here, and particularly at the deanery, even in the face of my whig subjects. I will leave my money in Lord Bathurst's hands, and the management of it, for want of better, in yours: 'but I hope you have paid yourself the five guineas,' and pray keep the interest-money in a bag wrapped up and sealed by itself, for fear of your own fingers under your carelessness 'and necessities. I pay an annuity of 15*l.* per ann. in Surrey, and shall soon send you a direction for part of it; and besides, my lord-lieutenant has forced me against my will to pay nine guineas for the new edition of Thuanus, which I know to be a job for Buckley, and I shall put the payment on you or Mr. Lewis, who likewise has some money of mine in his hands. And now I have learnt a way of making my friends write. It is but letting them keep my money, for till then I never had a line from Mr. Lewis nor hardly from you.' Mr. Pope talks of you as a perfect stranger; but the different pursuits and manners and interests of life, as fortune has pleased to dispose them, will never suffer those to live together, who by their inclinations ought never to part. I hope, when you are rich enough, you will have some little economy of your own 'either' in town or country, and be able to give your friend a pint of port 'and a bit of mutton'; for the domestic season of life will come on. 'We are taught to hope here that events may happen in no long time which may give the court another face with regard to you, as well as all well-wishers to their country:[2] but I hope you will be wise enough after you have got your bit to go decently off.'

[1] She was a younger sister of the Duchess of Queensberry.

[2] The opposition imagined that they had hit upon a measure which would either deprive Sir Robert Walpole of many of his supporters in the House of Commons, or alienate the people out of doors. On February 16, 1730, Mr. Sandys brought in a bill, which found great favour with the country, to disable all persons from sitting in parliament who en-

I had never much hopes of your vamped play, although Mr. Pope seemed to have, and although it were ever so good; but you should have done like the parsons, and changed your text, —I mean the title, and the names of the persons. After all, it was an effect of idleness, for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wish you had 100*l.* a year more for horses. I ride and walk whenever good weather invites 'me,' and am reputed the best walker in this town, and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr. Pope. I wish you had a little villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.

'I complain to you as I did to Mr. Pope of the doctor's Rouen brother, who sent me 150 bottles of hermitage, that by the time they got into my cellar cost me 27*l.*, and in less than a year all turned sour, though what I had formerly from his brother Robin was not fit to drink till two years, and grew better at seven, as a few left yet show. For this I expect satisfaction. The disappointment is five times more than the loss. But what care you for this, who have left off drinking wine, and would not now think it hard if Mr. Pope should tell us towards the bottom of a pint, "Gentlemen, I will leave you to your wine."[1] And by the way, this is an ill

joyed a pension from the crown. Walpole allowed his followers to humour their constituents by voting for the disqualification, in the assurance that the lords, who had no electors to please, would reject the proposal. This they did on March 21. Swift had hardly despatched his letter to Gay when he heard of the tactics which had defeated the manœuvre of the opposition, and it is evident from the next letter, that he was angry that Walpole had proved more sagacious than his enemies.

[1] "I have often," says Dr. Delany, "heard both Swift and another person mention the manner of living at Mr. Pope's. There never was more than one pint of wine called for at night, among four of them, of which Mr. Pope having drank one or two little glasses got up, and going to bed, called to them, 'Well, gentlemen, I wish you a good night, I leave you to your wine.' Swift's meat was but little, yet much more than Mr. Pope's, and his wine out of all proportion more, and excellent in its kind." Dr. Delany was replying to Lord Orrery, who gives a different description of Pope's hospitality. "His manners were delicate, easy, and engaging; and he treated his friends with a politeness that charmed, and a generosity that was much to his honour. Every guest was made happy within his doors. Pleasure dwelt under his roof, and elegance presided at his table."

encouragement for me to come among you, if my health and business would permit. Mr. Pope's usquebaugh is I hope at sea and directed to my Lord Bathurst. Tell his lordship I will write to him soon, with one enclosed to my Lord Bolingbroke, whose address I do not well know, and wish you would tell me. My humble service to the doctor. What other acquaintances of mine you see I know not, except Mr. Pulteney, whose humble servant I shall ever be in all fortunes, and he is another of our stock healths. I know not your duke, but love him for his spirit. In my conscience, I forget whether your duchess be daughter of my mistress Rochester or no.[1] Pray venture on horseback when you are in Wiltshire. There is very cold riding if you are near Salisbury. Adieu, and God preserve you.'

69. SWIFT TO BOLINGBROKE.

DUBLIN, *March* 21, 1729—[30].

You tell me you have not quitted the design of collecting, writing, &c. This is the answer of every sinner who defers his repentance. I wish Mr. Pope were as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to see truth, under your hands, laying all detraction in the dust. I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslaved people among whom I live. I knew an old lord in Leicestershire, who amused himself with mending pitchforks and spades for his tenants *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune, would gladly cross the channel and stand by, while my betters were driving the boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of such an endeavour. When I was of your age I often thought of death, but now, after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind,

[1] She was the daughter of the Lady Rochester mentioned in Swift's journal to Stella.

and terrifies me less. I conclude that providence has ordered our fears to decrease with our spirits; and yet I love *la bagatelle*[1] better than ever; for, finding it troublesome to read at night, and the company here growing tasteless, I am always writing bad prose, or worse verses, either of rage or raillery, whereof some few escape to give offence, or mirth, and the rest are burnt. They print some Irish trash in London and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends, for all are spurious except one paper,[2] for which Mr. Pope very lately chid me.

I remember your lordship used to say, that a few good speakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority, by calling to the question, would never hold long when reason was on the other side. Whether politics do not change like gaming, by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant; but I believe in your time you would never, as a minister, have suffered an act to pass through the House of Commons, only because you were sure of a majority in the House of Lords to throw it out, because it would be unpopular, and consequently a loss of reputation. Yet this, we are told, has been the case in the qualification bill relating to pensioners. It should seem to me that corruption, like avarice, has no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your ministry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compared it with these last sixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe, and we running seven millions in debt. I am forced to play at small game, to set the beasts here a madding,

[1] *Vive la bagatelle* was his favourite maxim. Dr. Delany calls it a "detestable maxim," and thinks it hastened the decay of Swift's intellect. "The mind," he says, "once habituated to trifles becomes gradually debased to insignificant ideas, and sinks step by step till it ceases to all appearance in a blank." Dr. Johnson reversed the process, and thought that Swift's mental malady was the cause of his spending his time on trifles. "It seems impossible to him to be idle, and his disorders made it difficult or dangerous to be long seriously studious, or laboriously diligent." This was doubtless the case latterly, as his physical disease increased. In the first instance he acknowledges that he had sought diversion in slight pursuits, because study was drudgery to him after the excitement of politics.

[2] Entitled A Libel on Dr. Delany and a certain great Lord.—POPE, 1741.

merely for want of better game. *Tentanda via est qua me quoque possim*, &c. The d—— take those politics, where a dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in person to England if I am provoked, and send for the dictator from the plough. I disdain to say *Oh mihi præteritos*, but *cruda deo viridisque senectus*.

Pray, my lord, how are the gardens? Have you taken down the mount, and removed the yew hedges? Have you not bad weather for the spring corn? Has Mr. Pope gone farther in his ethic poems? and is the headland sown with wheat? and what says Polybius? and how does my Lord St. John? which last question is very material to me, because I love Burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley.

I built a wall five years ago, and when the masons played the knaves, nothing delighted me so much as to stand by, while my servants threw down what was amiss.[1] I have likewise seen a monkey overthrow all the dishes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleasure of seeing them tumble, and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wish you would invite me to such another entertainment;[2] but you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole. I wonder you are not ashamed to let me pine away in this kingdom while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *mélange* above-written, and declare it to be a true copy of my present disposition, which must needs please you, since nothing was ever more displeasing

[1] What a strange perversion of sense and humanity.—BOWLES.

Swift did himself an injustice when he compared his conduct to the mischievous and wanton tricks of a monkey. His real motive was rational and sagacious. "When the masons," he said to Mrs. Pilkington, "were building the wall, as most tradesmen are rogues, I watched them very closely, and as often as they could they put in a rotten stone, of which, however, I took no notice till they had built three or four perches beyond it, and then my way with them was to have the wall thrown down to the place where I observed the rotten stone. By doing so five or six times the workmen were at last convinced it was their interest to be honest."

[2] The similar entertainment to which he wished to be invited by Bolingbroke was the overthrow of the ministry.

to myself. I desire you to present my most humble respects to my lady.

70.[1] POPE AND BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT.

April 9, 1730.

POPE.

DEAR SIR,—I have received two or three letters of one kind or other from you, and answered them either jointly or separately as I could. I also saw a letter of one Mrs. Sykins, but missed the sight of the lady by an accident. She came from London one night, sent yours to my house about seven, it raining very hard. I sent word I would be at home all the next day at her service. The next morning it raining still, I sent my servant by nine, to ask at what hour I should send a chariot for her, and she was gone two hours before, back to London. So she has seen no greater monster yet than the estrich. I do not wonder if people from all parts should flock to see me, after the picture lately drawn of me by a very peculiar painter in Ireland,[2] who has made the finest show-board of me in the world. I forgive that painter, though there may be others who do not, and though he flatters my virtue, which is a greater sin sure than to flatter one's vanity. I am pleased to see however your partiality, and it is for that reason I have kept some of your letters, and some of those of my other friends. These, if I put together in a volume, for my own secret satisfaction, in reviewing a life passed in innocent amusements and studies, not without the good will of worthy and ingenious men, do not therefore say I aim at epistolary fame. I never had any fame less in my head; but the fame I most covet indeed is that which must be derived to me from my friendships.

I am truly and heartily concerned at the prospect of so great a loss as you mention, in your fortune, which I wish you had

[1] There is a copy of the whole of this letter in the Oxford MSS. Pope's portion of it has never been published, and Bolingbroke's portion appeared in the quarto of 1741, as the postscript to the letter dated April 14, 1730.

[2] He refers to the poetical portrait which Swift had drawn of him in the Libel on Dr. Delany.

not told me, since I cannot contribute to help it by any remedy. For God's sake acquaint me if you come off well. I shall be thoroughly uneasy till I know the event. If there be any virtue in England I would try to stir it up in your behalf, but it dwells not with power. It is got into so narrow a circle that it is hard, very hard, to know where to look for it. Among your friends I have been seeking it, and have hopes some occasion may arise, which will not be neglected, to invite you to us once again. I do not dislike your writing a moral letter to a courtier, provided you inclose it to me;[1] but the slur you mention in the news was not levelled at her, but at a poor maid of honour. As to your writing to Lord Burlington, I would by no means have you. It will tend to no good, and only anger, not amend. You are both of you positive men. I showed Arbuthnot the passage in two of your letters about the bad wines. His answer I doubt not will be fully satisfactory to you. He owned the wines were execrable; for, said he, so were all the wines my brother had at that time. And to make you amends he thinks highly reasonable, which, said he, my brother will surely do as soon as he returns from China, whither he set out some three weeks since. In the meantime, if the dean will step and see my brother at his house in China, I am sure he will make him welcome to the best wine the country affords. What can a man desire more? You make me smile at appealing to Gay rather than to me, for pitying any distress in a friend; but particularly this of your bad wine. Do not you know that he has wholly abstained from wine almost these two years, and I drink nothing else. I am really heartily vexed at this piece of ill luck, and wish you would come and revenge it upon our good wines here rather than follow the Doctor's direction to China. If your law suit—*Quod deus bene vertat*—can be finished, why not? You will see here more of what you like, or less of what you hate at least. I am in hope your health is tolerable, and cannot be worse in a better clime, for so I believe ours is in respect to deafness, as the air is rather clearer.

[1] Pope desired the letter might be sent through him that he might keep the dean from indulging in resentful remarks which would be offensive to Mrs. Howard.

Dr. Whaley has given me his cases again, upon a rehearing, and you may be confident I will do him whatever service I can.[1] I lately saw your cousin, Lancelot, who is a man extremely affectionated to you and to me.[2] Every man here asks of you. Lord Oxford lately wrote to you in behalf of a very valuable clergyman's father's book.[3] I wish you could promote it, but expect little from poor Ireland by your accounts of it. The best thing it affords is what you have sent me,—its usquebaugh, but we hear nothing yet of it, nor by what ship it comes.

BOLINGBROKE.

I DID not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I protest to you. But since he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I seek no epistolary fame, but am a good deal pleased to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the most friendly intimacy together. Pliny writ his letters for the public, so did Seneca, so did Balzac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not, and therefore these give us more pleasure than any which have come down to us from antiquity.

[1] Either from the goodness of his cause, or the exertions of his friends, Dr. Whaley prevailed, and Lord Oxford wrote to Swift on July 15, 1730, "I suppose Master Whaley is, by this time, got safe to his living, and enjoying the fruits of his victory—peace and quietness."

[2] He was only a cousin through his wife. Mrs. Lancelot first married one Rolt, whom Swift calls "a rogue of a husband." She was in humble circumstances, and Swift wrote to Stella in 1711, "She has but eighteen pounds a year, and her life passes with boarding in some country town as cheap as she can. Sometimes they raise the price, and sometimes they starve her, and then she is forced to shift," which he used in the sense of remove. Her second marriage did not improve her condition, for Lancelot was simply a servant to Lord Sussex. Swift was much attached to his poor relation. "She has been," he said, "my favourite from her youth, and as deserving as it is possible for one of her level."

[3] The "valuable clergyman" was Samuel Wesley the usher at Westminster school, and eldest brother of the celebrated John. Samuel afterwards became head-master of Tiverton school, and died there in 1739, aged 49. He was a man of sense, and piety, and an admirable son to his infirm, impoverished father. In his ecclesiastical principles he was a high churchman, and in politics a strong tory, and he often vented his feelings in satirical verses, which rendered him obnoxious to the party in power, and kept him down in the world. He published a volume of poems in 1736.

When we read them, we pry into a secret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleasure. We see Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, such as they really were, and not such as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as historians and poets have represented them to ours. That is another pleasure. I remember to have seen a procession at *Aix la Chapelle*, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the shoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial saint. Follow him into the vestry, you see the bearer slip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary size, and is set by among other lumber.

I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public spirit would be less grieved, or oftener comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a visit at least. It will not be the fault of several persons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great goodwill, and little power, produce such slow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to heaven alone, and heavenly men. I know you will be angry with me if I say nothing to you of a poor woman[1] who is still on the other side of the water in a most languishing state of health. If she regains strength enough to come over (and she is better within these[2] few weeks), I shall nurse her in this farm with all the care and tenderness possible. If she does not, I must pay her the last duties[3] of friendship wherever she is, though I break through the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu. I am most faithfully and affectionately yours.

71.[4] SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *May* 2, 1730.

I HAVE yours, mentioning one Mrs. Sykins, whom, at her earnest request, I ventured to recommend, that she might come

[1] Lady Bolingbroke.
[2] The quarto "a."
[3] "Duty" in the quarto.
[4] From the transcript in the Oxford MSS.

back full of vanity with the honour of seeing you. It is to be understood that the only women of taste here are three shopkeepers' wives. Of the other two, one is both a scholar and poet,[1] the other a poet only, and Mrs. Sykins but a good reader and a judge. Mrs. Barber, who is a poet only, but not a scholar, is going to England; but I shall give her no letter of recommendation, and you will pardon me for what I did to Mrs. Sykins. I must tell you that the mortal sin of your painter was praising a papist; for we have no other zeal or merit than what arises from the utter detestation of your religion.[2] Ludlow, in his Memoirs, mentions one Lord Fitzwilliam with this character,—that he was a civil person, though a papist.

The lawyers say I have absolutely recovered my fortune, for my creditor has done what you understand not,—he has levied a fine and suffered a recovery to sell his estate; and my money, with costs and interest, will be paid me at Michaelmas, and I hope I shall never complain again upon my own affairs, like friend Gay, except I am compelled by sickness. But the noise will not be loud enough for you to hear it. As to virtue, you have more charity than I, who never attempt to seek it,[3] and if I had lost all my money I would disdain to seek relief from power. The loss would have been more to some wanting friends and to the public than myself. Besides, I find that the longer I live I shall be less expensive. It is growing with me as with Sir John Mennis, who, when he grew old, boasted of his happiness to a friend that a groat would make him as drunk as half-a-crown did formerly;[4] and so with me, half-a-pint of wine will go as far as a pint did some years ago, and

[1] Mrs. Grierson.

[2] He is speaking of Ireland, where the hostility of protestants to roman catholicism was the fury of passion.

[3] When Swift confesses that he had not sufficient charity to seek for virtue in the world, he could only mean that he did not believe there was any virtue to be found there, which was too much his creed. He wrote to Dr. Sheridan, Sept. 1 1725 "You should think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him so, or flying from him, or valuing him less. This is an old true lesson."

[4] Sir John Mennis, or Mince, was a naval and military commander, born 1598, died 1671. He was one of the authors of Deliciæ Musarum, and is mentioned among burlesque poets in Sir W. Temple's Essay on Poetry.

probably I shall soon make up an abstemious triumvirate with you and Mr. Gay. Your usquebaugh is set out by long sea a fortnight ago. I wish I may be once lucky in my commissions from hence.[1] Some rascal in London has packeted me as far as two shillings with a paper writ in favour of Wood the copperman, on a project of his to make iron with pit-coal.

I shall not, upon third thoughts, trouble your female courtier with a letter any more than Lord Burlington. As to the wine, I give it up; for, positively, I will not go to China till I receive my law money. Nothing could keep me from seeing you but the dread of my deafness returning; although I must tell you that almost three years in my share of life to come make a difference as much as an inch in a man's nose. Yet I hitherto walk as much and ride oftener than formerly. I intend to make no distant journey this summer even here, nor be above two nights out of the power of returning to my home. I certainly expect that neither tithes nor lands, let to the full value, will in a year or two yield any money at all. All my comfort is, that I have 250*l.* a year, which I receive from lands of above three times the value, and that will support me in some sort while there is any remnant of trade or money left among us. And so much for my scurvy domestic.

It is current here that the Duke of Dorset will be lieutenant.[2] I have known him from his youth. But see the misfortune. There is one Lady Allen whom you employed in a commission. Her lord and she have been some years caressing me in the most friendly manner, when the lord on a sudden, without the least provocation, railed at me in the privy council and House of Lords as a jacobite and libeller of the government, &c. He has been worried by some well-wisher of mine in a paper called a Vindication of Lord Carteret, &c., and all this is laid on me.[3] The libel is that paper of verses where you are men-

[1] "I have received," Lord Bathurst wrote to Swift, June 30, 1730, "four bottles of usquebaugh, and sent three of them to Mr. Pope, so that I have detained only one for myself."

[2] The Duke of Dorset received the appointment of lord-lieutenant on May 15.

[3] Swift was his own well-wisher, and the Allens rightly ascribed the Vindication to him. In the course of a scurrilous attack upon Lord Allen, Swift has acknowledged the remorseless ferocity which characterised his own personalities. "I am afraid," he says,

tioned; the other thing is prose. Now this lady has been an old favourite of the Duke of Dorset, and consequently will use all means to put me on a worse foot than my station requires me to be with a chief governor; and who can help it, for I shall not so much as desire Lady Betty Germain to mend the matter,[1] but rather when the parliament sits here a year and a half hence, I will, if my health permits, pass that winter between you and London.

I writ to my Lord Oxford the other day, and told him sincerely that I had not credit to get one subscriber for Mr. Wesley except myself. I am not acquainted with one lord, either temporal or spiritual, nor with three squires. Half-a dozen middling clergymen are all the cronies I have, who never will be worth a guinea beforehand. I will say nothing to my Lord Bolingbroke here, but write to him inclosed, as this is, to my debtor.[2] It is the safest way to his lordship and you, though it may reach you later.

There is a knot of little fellows here, either in the university or among the younger clergy, who deal in verse, and sometimes shrewdly enough. These have been pestering Dr. Delany for several months past, but how they have been provoked I know not, unless by envy at seeing him so very domestic with the lord-lieutenant. The doctor, as a man of much strictness in his life, was terribly mortified with two or three of the first squibs, but now his gall is broke.[3] He has a country house,

"lest such a practitioner, with a body so open, so foul, and so full of sores, may fall under the resentment of an incensed political surgeon, who is not in much renown for his mercy upon great provocations; who, without waiting for his death, will flay and dissect him alive, and to the view of mankind lay open all the disordered cells of his brain, the venom of his tongue, the corruption of his heart, and spots and flatuses of his spleen; and all this for threepence." That is, in a threepenny pamphlet.

[1] He wrote and asked her to interfere notwithstanding. She answered on September 19, 1730, "that she had not seen the duke a long while, but that she would speak to him when she met him. "As you are commonly esteemed," she added, "by those who pretend to know you to have a tolerable share of honesty and brains, I do not question your doing what is right by him, nor his paying you all the civility and kindness you can desire. Nor will I hope their influence ever can make him do otherwise." Her interposition was successful. In November, Arbuthnot, after talking with Lady Betty, says to Swift, "Your lord-lieutenant has a mind to be well with you."

[2] Lord Bathurst.

[3] Swift, in the lines he addressed to Dr. Delany on the libels written

very agreeable, within a mile of this town, fit to lodge you, in a fine country, much more retired than Twickenham. But the deanery is your habitation. He is a man of the easiest and best conversation I ever met with in this island,—a very good listener, a right reasoner, neither too silent nor talkative, and never positive, but has too many acquaintance. I am now told I may drag on five years more without my money. My most humble service to Lord Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Masham, Mr. Pulteney, the Doctor, Mr. Lewis, and friend Gay. None to Lord Bolingbroke, for I will write to him; and my particular service to Mrs. Pope, and love to Patty Blount, and to Mrs. Howard, if you please, when you see her; and Mrs. Howard, if she has a mind, may present my duty to the queen. And, by the way, is her majesty angry at the line where your painter has named her with relation to you,[1] or has she by chance heard of it? Pray God bless you and restore and preserve your health.

72.[2] POPE TO SWIFT.

[*June*, 1730.]

My lord has spoken justly of his lady: why not I of my mother? Yesterday was her birthday, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age, her memory much diminished, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good. She sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers. This is all she does. I have reason to thank God for continuing

against him, consoled him by the assurance that authors quickly grew callous to abuse when they found that it did them no harm. So he wrote to Sheridan, who was attacked in 1725 for an alleged political text to a sermon, "You think all the world has now nothing to do but to pull Mr. Sheridan down, whereas it is nothing but a slap in your turn, and away."

[1] The line in which he said Pope had refused the visits of a queen.

[2] In the quarto of 1741 this letter appears as a postscript to a letter of Bolingbroke, which is dated March 29, and is placed among the letters of the year 1731. The letter of Bolingbroke has an entirely different postscript in the copy among the Oxford MSS. When Pope determined to omit the original postscript, he no doubt transferred the present postscript from a letter of a different date, for he states that the previous day was his mother's birthday, and she was born in June, and not in March.

s ng to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me ercise for some years those cares which are now as necessary er, as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily re one's eyes very much softens the mind, but perhaps y hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is en to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made ne strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend: perhaps were wiser never to attempt it, but live extempore, and ok upon the world only as a place to pass through, just pay our hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet am I just now writing, or rather planning, a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure,[1] and put morality in good humour. And just now too I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the courtesy of England. *Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.* While we do live we must make the best of life,

Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet) eamus,

as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am yours.

73.[2] GAY TO SWIFT.

AMESBURY, *July* 4, 1730.

DEAR SIR,—You tell me that I have put myself out of the way of all my old acquaintance, so that unless I hear from you I can know nothing of you. Is it not barbarous then to leave me so long without writing one word to me? If you will not write to me for my sake, methinks you might write for your own. How do you know what is become of your money? If you had drawn upon me when I expected it you might have had your money, for I was then in town; but I am now at Amesbury, near Salisbury, in Wiltshire,

[1] He means his Essay on Man; and alludes to the arguments he uses to make men satisfied even with their *present* state, without looking to another.—WARTON.

[2] Published by Hawkesworth. The answer was published by Pope.

at the Duke of Queensberry's. The duchess sends you her services. I wish you were here. I fancy you would like her and the place. You might fancy yourself at home; for we have a cathedral near us, where you might find a bishop of the same name.[1] You might ride upon the downs and write conjectures upon Stonehenge. We are but five-and-twenty miles from the Bath; and I was told this very evening by General Dormer, who is here, that he heard somewhere or other that you had some intentions of coming there the latter season. I wish anything would bring us together but your want of health.

I have left off wine and writing; for I really think that man must be a bold writer who trusts to wit without it. I took your advice, and some time ago took to love, and made some advances to the lady you sent me to in Soho, but met no return, so I have given up all thoughts of it, and have now no pursuit or amusement. A state of indolence is what I do not like; it is what I would not choose. I am not thinking of a court or preferment, for I think the lady I live with is my friend, so that I am at the height of my ambition. You have often told me there is a time of life that every one wishes for some settlement of his own. I have frequently that feeling about me, but I fancy it will hardly ever be my lot, so that I will endeavour to pass away life as agreeably as I can, in the way I am. I often wish to be with you, or you with me; and I believe you think I say true. I am determined to write to you, though those dirty fellows of the post-office do read my letters; for since I saw you I am grown of that consequence to be obnoxious to the men I despise, so that it is very probable in their hearts they think me an honest man. I have heard from Mr. Pope but once since I left London. I was sorry I saw him so seldom, but I had business that kept me from him. I often wish we were together again. If you will not write, come. I am, my dear sir, yours most sincerely and affectionately.

[1] Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, Bishop of Salisbury, whose brother, Dr. John Hoadly, succeeded Archbishop King in the see of Dublin, January 19, 1730.—DR. BIRCH.

74.[1] GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO SWIFT.

GAY.

AMESBURY, near SALISBURY, in WILTSHIRE, *Nov.* 8, 1730.

DEAR SIR,—So you are determined never to write to me again; but, for all that, you shall not make me hold my tongue. You shall hear from me, the post-office willing, whether you will or not. I see none of the folks you correspond with, so that I am forced to pick up intelligence concerning you as I can, which has been so very little, that I am resolved to make my complaints to you as a friend, who I know loves to relieve the distressed: and in the circumstances I am in, where should I apply, but to my best friend? Mr. Pope, indeed, upon my frequent inquiries, has told me that the letters that are directed to him concern me as much as himself; but what you say of yourself, or of me, or to me, I know nothing at all. Lord Carteret was here yesterday, in his return from the Isle of Wight, where he had been a shooting, and left seven pheasants with us. He went this morning to the Bath, to Lady Carteret, who is perfectly recovered. He talked of you for three hours last night, and told me that you talk of me. I mean, that you are prodigiously in his favour, as he says; and I believe that I am in yours; for I know you to be a just and equitable person, and it is but my due. He seemed to take to me, which I take to proceed from your recommendation, though, indeed, there is another reason for it, for he is now out of employment, and my friends have generally been of that sort: for, I take to them, as being naturally inclined to those who can do no mischief. Pray, do you come to England this year? He thinks you do. I wish you would; and so does the Duchess of Queensberry. What would you have more to induce you? Your money cries, Come, spend me: and your friends cry, Come, see me. I have been treated barbarously by you. If you knew how

[1] Gay's letter was published by Hawkesworth, and Swift's answer by Pope.

often I talk of you, how often I think of you, you would now and then direct a letter to me, and I would allow Mr. Pope to have his share in it. In short, I do not care to keep any man's money, that serves me so. Love or money I must have; and if you will not let me have the comfort of the one, I think I must endeavour to get a little comfort by spending some of the other. I must beg that you would call at Amesbury, in your way to London; for I have many things to say to you; and I can assure you, you will be welcome to a three-pronged fork. I remember your prescription, and I do ride upon the downs; and at present I have no asthma. I have killed five brace of partridges, and four brace and a half of quails; and I do not envy either Sir Robert, or Stephen Duck,[1] who is the favourite poet of the court. I hear sometimes from Pope, and from scarce anybody else. Were I to live here never so long, I believe I should never think of London, but I cannot help thinking of you. Were you here, I could talk to you, but I would not; for you shall have all your share of talk, which was never allowed you at Twickenham. You know this was a grievance you often complained of;[2] and so, in revenge, you make me write all, and answer nothing. I beg my compliments to Dr. Delany. I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately.

I ended the letter as above, to go to the duchess, and she told me I might go down, and come a quarter of an hour hence. I had a design to have asked her to have signed the invitation that I have made you. As I do not know how much she may have to say to you, I think it will be prudent to leave off, that she may not be stinted for want of room. So much I will say, that whether she signs it or not, both the duke and

[1] Stephen Duck was a poor thresher, who having written some verses, they were showed to Queen Caroline, who made him her library keeper at Richmond. He afterwards took orders, and was preferred to a living, but, growing melancholy, he at last drowned himself.—HAWKESWORTH.

[2] It appears from some of the letters, that Swift complained of two faults in Gay which were a hindrance to conversation,—one that he had a habit of breaking in with an answer before his companion had finished, the other that he brooded over his own pecuniary circumstances, and obtruded them inopportunely.

duchess would be very glad you would come to Amesbury; and you must be persuaded that I say this without the least private view; for what is it to me whether you come or not? For I can write to you, you know.

THE DUCHESS.

I WOULD fain have you come. I cannot say you will be welcome: for I do not know you, and perhaps I shall not like you; but if I do not, unless you are a very vain person, you shall know my thoughts as soon as I do myself.

75.[1] SWIFT TO GAY.

DUBLIN, *Nov.* 10, 1730.

WHEN my Lord Peterborough, in the queen's time, went abroad upon his embassies, the ministry told me that he was such a vagrant, they were forced to write at him by guess, because they knew not where to write to him. This is my case with you—sometimes in Scotland, sometimes at Ham walks, sometimes God knows where. You are a man of business, and not at leisure for insignificant correspondence. It was I got you the employment of being my lord duke's *premier ministre:* for his grace having heard how good a manager you were of my 'Bathurst' revenue, thought you fit to be intrusted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a strong inclination to spend a summer near Salisbury downs, having rode over them more than once, and with a young parson of Salisbury reckoned twice the stones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety-three. 'I thank you for offering me the neighbourhood of another Hoadley. I have enough of one. He lives within twenty yards of me. Our gardens join, but I never see him except on business.' I desire to present my most humble acknowledgments to my lady duchess in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that she is *matre*

[1] This letter first appeared in the quarto of 1741. The additions are from the copy in the Oxford MSS.

pulchrâ filia pulchrior. I never saw her since she was a girl, and would be angry she should excel her mother, who was long my principal goddess. I desire you will tell her grace that the ill management of forks is not to be helped when they are only bidental, which happens in all poor houses, especially those of poets, upon which account a knife was absolutely necessary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impossible with a bidental fork to convey a morsel of beef, with the incumbrance of mustard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her grace has cost me thirty pounds to provide tridents, for fear of offending her, which sum I desire she will please to return me.

I am sick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my disorder. 'You remember me giddy sometimes, and very violently. I am now constantly so, but not to so high a degree. I ride often every week, and walk much, but am not better. I thank God the pain is not great, nor does it spoil my sleep. But I grow listless, and good for nothing.' I have a strong mind to spend my 200*l.* next summer in France. I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that sum left in this kingdom. 'I have left off writing, but not wine, though I have lost six hogsheads that grew muddy in the bottles, and I have not one family upon whom I can spunge.' You want no settlement—I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a settlement—till you increase your fortune to what will support you with ease and plenty, a good house and a garden. The want of this I much dread in you: for I have often known a she-cousin of a good family and small fortune passing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till she grew an old maid, and everybody weary of her. Mr. Pope complains of seldom seeing you; but the evil is unavoidable, for different circumstances of life have always separated those whom friendship would join. God has taken care of this to prevent any progress towards real happiness here, which would make life more desirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneasy as it did yourself,—I mean the removal of that solicitude about your own affairs,

which perpetually filled your thoughts and disturbed your conversation. For if it be true what Mr. Pope seriously tells me, 'that you are principal manager of the duke's affairs,' you will have opportunity of saving every groat of the interest you receive; and so by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to pass the rest of your wineless life in ease and plenty, 'with as good a house and gardens as Mr. Pope, and' with the additional triumphal comfort of never having received a penny from a tasteless ungrateful court from which you deserved so much, and which deserves no better geniuses than those by whom it is celebrated.[1] 'So let the post rascals open this letter, and let Walpole read it.'

'Mr. Ford is with us upon the death of his mother, who has left him money enough to supply the not receiving of rents for two years in London. He tells me that he heard I was out of favour with the [queen]. The loss is not great. I made a present, or rather it was begged from me,[2] of about 35*l.* The trifle promised me, worth about 15*l.*, was never remembered, and after I had made my present, shame would

[1] The court is not specified in the quarto, where the passage stands thus: "Those tasteless ungrateful people from whom you deserved so much, and who deserve no better geniuses than those by whom they are celebrated."

[2] The printed correspondence is a proof that this assertion is a perversion of the facts. The first piece of plaid was an offering to Mrs. Howard, and when Swift announced the gift, on September 1, 1726, he added, "I must tell you, to prevent your pride, my intention is to use you very scurvily; for my real design is that when the princess asks you where you got that fine night-gown, you are to say, that it is an Irish plaid, sent you by the Dean of St. Patrick's, who, with his most humble duty to her royal highness, is ready to make her such another present, at the terrible expence of eight shillings and threepence per yard, if she will descend to honour Ireland with receiving and wearing it. And in recompence I, who govern the vulgar, will take care to have her royal highness's health drunk by five hundred weavers, as an encourager of the Irish manufactory." The princess accordingly ordered plaids for herself, and her daughters, and when Mrs. Howard conveyed the directions to Swift, in November, 1726, she added, "I shall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and to return it the way you judge safest." But Swift would not permit it to be a mercantile transaction, and said he was "highly offended at the base proposal." The begging was on his side, and it was discreditable to him when he had asked the princess to accept the plaid as a favour to the Irish weavers, and had taken credit with the weavers for procuring them the countenance of the English court, that he should afterwards pretend that the gift had been meanly solicited by the princess for her private advantage.

not suffer me to remind them of theirs.' If you see Mr. Cæsar,[1] present my humble service to him, and let him know that the scrub libel printed against me here,[2] and reprinted in London, for which he showed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myself, and sent to a whig printer. It was in the style and genius of such scoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this town[3] against a friend of mine whom you know. But my paper is ended.

'My most humble service to Lord Peterborough, Bolingbroke, Masham, Bathurst, Lord Oxford, Mr. Pulteney, the Doctor, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Pope, &c. Ever yours.

'Lord Burlington never remembers the request made him in a solemn manner about his ancestors' tomb. However, he owed, in civility, an answer to a letter from so considerable a body. He that would not sacrifice twenty acres out of two hundred thousand to the honour of his family, may live to see them not return him two hundred thousand pence, towards which I believe he feels enough already.'

76.[4] SWIFT TO GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

TO GAY.

DUBLIN, *Nov.* 19, 1730.

I WRIT to you a long letter about a fortnight past, concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated, nor did I imagine you were gone back to Amesbury so late in the year, at which season I take the

[1] Charles Cæsar, Esq., member for the borough of Hertford, who was committed to the Tower of London, December 19, 1705, for some reflections in the House of Commons on the Earl of Godolphin, then Lord High Treasurer, and in 1711 was appointed Treasurer of the Navy.—NICHOLS.

Lord Townshend, speaking of him in 1716, says he was a creature of Lord Oxford's, and in this relation Swift was necessarily acquainted with him during the latter part of Queen Anne's reign.

[2] There is no piece which answers to this description in any edition of Swift's works.

[3] "Strain" in the quarto.

[4] This letter appeared in the quarto of 1741. There is a transcript in the Oxford MSS.

country to be only a scene for those who have been ill-used by a court on account of their virtues; which is a state of happiness the more valuable, because it is not accompanied by envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a dukedom to lose favour in the manner their graces have done. I believe my Lord Carteret, since he is no longer lieutenant, may not wish me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as lieutenant. I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors, and I confess at the same time, that he had, six times, a regard to my recommendation, by preferring so many of my friends in the church, and the two last acts of his power[1] were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the last of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pulteney's hands. I told you in my last that a continuance of giddiness, though not in a violent degree, prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case a domestic life is necessary, where I can with the centurion say to my servants, "Go, and he goeth, and Do this, and he doth it." I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and consequently a duchess is at this time the hatefullest lady in the world to me, one only excepted; and I beg her grace's pardon for that exception; for, in the way I mean, her grace is ten thousand times more hateful.[2]

I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I hope you never less wanted it; and if you go on with success for two years longer, I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The doctor has ill-informed me, who says that Mr. Pope is at present the chief poetical favourite;[3] yet Mr. Pope himself talks like a philosopher, and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honest folks here is, that

[1] "Favour" in the quarto.

[2] He meant that he could ten thousand times sooner aspire to command the queen than such a paragon as the duchess. Yet he tells Mrs. Howard, two days later, that he has a greater esteem for herself than for any other private person of her sex, and that when he excepts the queen, it is not an exception of form, because he has really a great veneration for her great qualities.

[3] Arbuthnot had said in a letter, which Swift received November 13, "Pope is now the great reigning poetical favourite." He meant at court where, according to Gay, the reigning favourite was Duck.

Duck is absolutely to succeed Eusden in the laurel,[1] the contention being between Concanen or Theobald, or some other hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking,[2] but the dubious state of your affairs in those days was too much the subject, and I wish the duchess had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease as the turn of affairs after the queen's death, by which all my hopes being cut off I could have no ambition left, unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I therefore sat down quietly at my morsel,[3] adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding measures and ministries, by way of sauce to relish my meat: and I confess one point of conduct in my lady duchess's life has added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off, that you may give my lady duchess room to write, and so you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom, though I would have remitted you my 200*l.* to have left place for as many more.

TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM,—My beginning thus low[4] is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your grace at the bottom of the stairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it has been a known and established rule above twenty years in England, that the first advances have been constantly made me by all ladies who aspired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakness, I have condescended graciously to dispense with you upon

[1] Eusden died at his rectory of Coningsby, in Lincolnshire, on September 27, 1730. He had been appointed poet-laureate by the Duke of Newcastle, on the death of Rowe in 1718.

[2] Gay said that Swift often complained he was "not allowed his share of talk," and Swift, from his reply, seems to have understood this to mean that he had complained of a dearth of conversation in consequence of Gay's taciturnity.

[3] The dean had a short memory. His own language attests that for some years he was a martyr to his disappointment.

[4] The letter to Gay ends at the top of a page, and the letter to the duchess is begun at the bottom with a large blank space between.

this important article, though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameless person sent me eleven messages before I would yield to a visit,[1]—I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my lord duke and your grace. At the same time, I cannot forbear telling you, madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say, perhaps you shall not like me. I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate; for I have certain intelligence that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings yours have not for some time past gone together.[2] However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless. For Diogenes himself would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your grace.[3] 'I am, with the greatest respect, your grace's, &c.'

77[4] GAY AND THE DUCHESS QUEENSBERRY TO SWIFT.

AMESBURY, *Dec.* 6, 1730.

GAY.

DEAR SIR,—Both your letters, to my great satisfaction, I have received. You were mistaken as to my being in town; for I have been here ever since the beginning of May. But the best way is to direct your letters always to the duke's house in

[1] He did not confine these mistaken airs to ladies. "I am so proud," he writes to Stella, "that I make all the lords come up to me." In another place he tells her, "I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turn from a lord to the meanest of my acquaintance." His admission that it was an affectation shows that he was acting a part which belied his real feelings.

[2] Swift says in his previous letter to Gay, "Mr. Ford tells me that he heard that I was out of favour with the queen."

[3] Swift's vanity was wounded by any slight from people of rank, and his flattery of them was proportionate when they happened to be gracious to him. "With affected pretensions," says Bowles, "to the character of commonly despising those whose stations were more exalted than his own, no man, conscious of great abilities and many virtues, ever exhibited such degrading obsequience."

[4] Published by Hawkesworth. Pope published Swift's answer.

London, and they are sent hither by his porter. We shall stay here till after the holidays. You say we deserve envy. I think we do; for I envy no man either in town or out of it. We have had some few visitors, and every one of them such as one would desire to visit. The duchess is a more severe check upon my finances than ever you were, and I submit, as I did to you, to comply to my own good. I was a long time before I could prevail with her to let me allow myself a pair of shoes with two heels, for I had lost one, and the shoes were so decayed that they were not worth mending. You see by this that those who are the most generous of their own, can be the most covetous for others. I hope you will be so good to me as to use your interest with her (for whatever she says you seem to have some) to indulge me with the extravagance suitable to my fortune.

The lady you mention that dislikes you[1] has no discernment. I really think you may safely venture to Amesbury, though indeed the lady here likes to have her own way as well as you, which may sometimes occasion disputes; and I tell you beforehand that I cannot take your part. I think her so often in the right that you will have great difficulty to persuade me she is in the wrong. Then there is another thing that I ought to tell you, to deter you from this place, which is, that the lady of the house is not given to show civility to those she does not like. She speaks her mind, and loves truth. For the uncommonness of the thing, I fancy your curiosity will prevail over your fear, and you will like to see such a woman. But I say no more till I know whether her grace will fill up the rest of the paper.

THE DUCHESS.

WRITE I must, particularly now, as I have an opportunity to indulge my predominant passion—contradiction. I do, in the first place, contradict most things Mr. Gay says of me to deter you from coming here, which, if you ever do, I hereby assure you that, unless I like my own way better, you shall have yours, and in all disputes you shall convince me, if you

[1] The queen.

can. But, by what I see of you, this is not a misfortune that will always happen, for I find you are a great mistaker. For example, you take prudence for imperiousness; it is from this first that I determined not to like one who is too giddy-headed for me to be certain whether or not I shall ever be acquainted with [him]. I have known people take great delight in building castles in the air; but I should choose to build friends upon a more solid foundation. I would fain know you, for I often hear more good likeable things [of you] than it is possible any one can deserve. Pray come that I may find out something wrong, for I, and I believe most women, have an inconceivable pleasure to find out any faults except their own. Mr. Cibber is made poet laureate. I am, sir, as much your humble servant as I can be to any person I do not know.

Mr. Gay is peevish that I spell and write ill; but I do not care, for neither the pen nor I can do better. Besides, I think you have flattered me, and such people ought to be put to trouble!

GAY.

Now I hope you are pleased, and that you will allow for so small a sum as two hundred pounds[1] you have a lumping pennyworth.

78.[2] SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *Jan.* 15, 1730-31.

I HAVE just finished a letter to my Lord Bolingbroke. It is one of my many evenings when I have nothing to do, and can do nothing. Read at night I dare not for my eyes, and to write anything but letters, and those to any but a few friends, I find all inclination is gone. I awake so indifferent to everything which may pass either in the world, or my own little domestic, that I hardly think it worth my time to rise, and

[1] Swift had said to Gay, in his letter of Nov. 19, that he would have given 200*l.* for three more lines from the duchess.

[2] From the transcript in the Oxford MSS. The letter of Pope to which Swift replies is not extant.

would certainly lie all day a-bed if decency and dread of sickness did not drive me thence. This I owe not so much to years, at least I would hope so, as to the scene I am in. I dine *tête-à-tête* five days a week with my old presbyterian housekeeper whom I call Sir Robert, and so do all my friends and neighbours. I am in my chamber at five, there sit alone till eleven, and then to bed. I write pamphlets and follies merely for amusement, and when they are finished, or I grow weary in the middle, I cast them into the fire, partly out of dislike, and chiefly because I know they will signify nothing. I walk much every day, and ride once or twice a week, and so you have the whole state of my life.

What you dislike in the letter you saw to a lady, I ought also to dislike, and shall do so, although my conscience be clear. For I meant only a reproach in a matter long since at an end; for I did ill explain myself, if it was not understood that I talked of schemes long since at an end;[1] for sure if I had any the least hopes left, I would not have writ in a manner to render them desperate, as I think I did, and as I am sure I intended, both in what related to her, and her mistress;[2] and therefore I intreat when you see her next, to let her know that from the moment I saw her last to the moment I writ to her last, and from that moment to this moment, I never had one single imagination that the least regard would ever be shown for me.

You reproach me very unjustly for my apology in giving you an account of myself and my little affairs; and yet in your letter there is not a syllable that concerns your health, which I know is always so precarious, and so seldom as it should be. I can walk eight or ten miles a day and ride thirty Irish ones. You cannot ride a mile nor walk two. Will you

[1] The dean on Nov. 21, 1730, addressed a letter to Mrs. Howard in which he reverted to his expectation that the crown at the commencement of the new reign would have enabled him to exchange his Irish deanery for English preferment. This was thought by Pope to be the undignified revival of a project which was certain to be scouted.

[2] The dean's letter was partly reproachful and partly panegyrical, but the panegyric exceeded the reproach, for he commended the queen and Mrs. Howard as the two most perfect persons of their sex, and the chief complaint he made against them was their conduct to himself and Gay.

dare to think that this does not hang on my spirits? I am unhappy in sickly friends. There are my Lord and Lady Bolingbroke, the doctor, you, and Mr. Gay, are not able to contribute amongst you to make up one sturdy, healthy person. If I were to begin the world, I would never make an acquaintance with a poor, or sickly man, with whom there might be any danger of contracting a friendship;[1] for I do not yet find that years have begun to harden me. Therefore I argue that avarice and hardness of heart are the two happiest qualities a man can acquire who is late in his life, because by living long we must lessen our friends, and may increase our fortunes.[2]

I have inquired for Mr. Brandreth, but cannot hear he is yet landed. I shall be very glad of such an acquaintance, if he be but one half of what he is described to you; but I shall probably have more need of his countenance than he of mine. Yet, with all his merits, the Duke of Dorset, if I had been his counsellor, would have waited till himself came over,—at least, it would have been more popular to have bestowed those middling preferments[3] at first to persons of this kingdom, as well as the first great one; and yet he has already acted otherwise in both,[4] though he has time enough before him.

Lord T., in what you write of him, acts directly suitable to his character. He has treated twenty persons in the like

[1] Let all the healthy and prosperous act upon the principle which Swift would have adopted to save himself uneasiness, and the poor and sickly could only have poor and sickly friends.

[2] This is to say, in effect, that an unfeeling covetous heart is the ultimate perfection to which man should aspire,—the surest defence against the evils of age, and the best preparation for a blessed immortality.

[3] The Rev. John Brandreth had been tutor to the Earl of Middlesex, the eldest son of the Duke of Dorset. He was one of the chaplains of the duke, and had been already presented by him to two pieces of Irish preferment,—the rectory of Kilmore, and the deanery of Emly. After an interview with Mr. Brandreth, on his arrival at Dublin, Archbishop Boulter wrote to the duke, that "he seemed a sensible gentleman, and very well behaved;" and Lady Betty Germain assured Swift that "he was as worthy, honest, sensible a man as any she knew."

[4] The great preferment which the new lord lieutenant had bestowed upon an Englishman, instead of upon a native of Ireland, was the bishopric of Ossory. It fell vacant on Aug. 6, and was given to Dr. Edward Tenison on Sept. 17.

manner. Pray tell me whether your Colonel Cleland be a tall Scots gentleman, walking perpetually in the Mall, and fastening upon everybody he meets, as he has often done upon me? As to his letter before the Dunciad I know not the secret, but should not suspect him for it.[1] I must tell you how affairs pass between Lord Chesterfield and me. By your encouragement I writ to him, but named you not.[2] He sent me a long and gracious answer. As to the point it was that he had five dependents, and as many prior engagements, after which he would provide for Mr. Lancelot.[3] This I took as a jest, but my answer was thankful, and serious,—that I hoped his lordship would not continue in any post where he could be only an ornament to the court so long till a dozen vacancies should fall, and God forbid there should be ever such a mortality in any one branch of the king's family, that a dozen people in low offices should die in less than a dozen years.[4] So

[1] The true rank of Pope's Cleland was that of major. He was a Scotchman, and may have been the same person that was known to Swift, and of whom he speaks in his Journal to Stella, March 30, 1713: "At night I dined in the city with Lord Dupplin, and some others. We were treated by one Colonel Cleland, who has a mind to be governor of Barbadoes, and is laying these long traps for me, and others, to engage our interest for him. He is a true Scotchman." He failed to obtain the governorship, but succeeded in getting the post of commissioner of customs in Scotland, and was afterwards appointed a commissioner of the land and house-tax in England. The secret of the "letter to the publisher," in the Dunciad, was that the poet, as we learn from Warburton, was the author of it, and persuaded Cleland to father it. The object of the device, which deceived nobody, was to induce the world to accept the attacks on Pope's enemies, and the commendations on himself, as the independent judgment of a bystander.

[2] The post of lord steward, which was vacated by the appointment of the Duke of Dorset to the lord lieutenancy of Ireland, was conferred on Lord Chesterfield, and the dean requested him to bestow some small place in his department on Mr. Lancelot. In a second letter to Lord Chesterfield, Swift, without mentioning Pope, describes him as "a friend whom I exceedingly love and esteem, whom I dare not name, and who is as bad a courtier by nature, as I am grown by want of practice."

[3] "Some old servants," said Lord Chesterfield, "that have served me long and faithfully, have obtained the promises of the first four or five vacancies, and the early solicitations of some of my particular friends have tied me down for about as many more. But, after having satisfied those engagements, I do assure you Mr. Lancelot shall be my first care."

[4] Swift said more than this. He treated Lord Chesterfield's answer as a rebuke to him for asking the favour, and affected to apologise for the mis-

I suppose he finds that we understand each other, and there is an end of the matter. I have writ to Mr. Pulteney to congratulate with him on his son. I wait but an opportunity to supply Sir C. Cotterell's refusal, and when you receive them it will be left entirely to you, provided you will be as severe a judge as becomes so good and dear a friend.[1] My humble service—I must still name them—to my Lord Bathurst, Oxford, Peterborough (how is his health?), Mr. Pulteney, the Doctor, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Gay; and particularly Mrs. Pope. And pray tell Patty Blount, that I am her constant lover and admirer.

I had a letter lately from Mr. Budgell, the direction a feigned hand and inclosed to Mr. Tickell. He desires I would write to some of my great friends in England to get him into the House of Commons there, where he will do wonders. What shall I do? I dare not answer him, and fear he will be angry. Can nobody tell him that I have no great friends in England, and dare not write to him?[2]

79. BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT.

Jan. [17], 1730-31.

I BEGIN my letter by telling you that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health,

conduct and weakness which had drawn upon him the repulse. This was a way of telling Lord Chesterfield that he did not believe in his prior engagements. Yet Lord Chesterfield, according to his chaplain, Mr. Chenevix, "complied with the recommendation, but jocularly desired that Swift should not mention his name in any of his writings." There is no indication in the dean's correspondence of this conclusion to the incident, and it seems improbable that Lord Chesterfield, who ceased to be lord steward in April, 1732, should have made the appointment in the interval, and thereby countenanced the insinuation of Swift, that the allegation of ten previous pledges was an untruth.

[1] Sir C. Cotterell was master of the ceremonies, and lived near Pope. The sentence seems to refer to various pieces of Swift, which Pope was desirous of collecting for another volume of Miscellanies.

[2] Budgell was in vehement opposition to the government, and a contributor to the Craftsman. He was afraid to correspond openly with Swift, from the belief that his secrets would be discovered at the post-office, and Swift, for the same reason, was afraid to reply.

a feeble and precarious, is better than it has been these ears.[1] She is much your servant, and as she has been wn physician with some success, imagines she could be yours with the same. Would to God you were within her reach! She would, I believe, prescribe a great deal of the *medicina animi*, without having recourse to the books of Trismegistus.[2] Pope and I should be her principal apothecaries in the course of the cure; and though our best botanists complain, that few of the herbs and simples which go to the composition of these remedies are to be found at present in our soil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland. Besides, by the help of a little chemistry, the most noxious juices may become salubrious, and rank poison a specific. Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the present and to future ages, whilst I begin this letter which he is to finish to you.[3] What good he will do to mankind I know not. This comfort he may be sure of, he cannot do less than you have done before him.[4] I have sometimes thought, that if preachers, hangmen, and moral-writers keep vice at a stand, or so much as retard the progress of it, they do as much as human nature admits. A real reformation is not to be brought about by ordinary means. It requires those extraordinary means which become punishments as well as lessons. National corruption must be purged by national calamities.[5] Let us hear from you. We deserve this attention because we desire it, and because we believe that you desire to hear from us.

[1] Bolingbroke's constant attachment to this amiable and interesting lady is a very captivating trait in his character. In proportion as he stood, from increasing years and disappointment, forlorn in the world, he felt the more strongly her kindness, her attachment, and tender fidelity. She certainly looked up to him as the first of human beings.—BOWLES.

She was a woman of much observation, of a very beautiful person, and very agreeable manners.—WARTON.

[2] Without recourse, that is, to works of profound philosophy. The "herbs" which went to the "composition of the remedy" were the Arbuthnots, Pulteneys, etc., who would dispel Swift's gloom by their invigorating society.

[3] Pope did not print his share of the letter.

[4] By Gulliver and other satires on the vileness of men.

[5] From his language Bolingbroke might be taken for a Law or a Wesley, if we did not know that the national corruption he mourned was the general disregard of his patriotic efforts to pull down Walpole and set up himself.

80.[1] SWIFT TO GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DUBLIN, *March* 13, 1730-31.

To GAY.

'BEFORE I go to answer your letter I must tell you that I am perpetually battling against my disorders by riding and walking, whether the weather favours or no. I have not for almost two years been rid of a kind of giddiness, which, though not violent as formerly, keeps me low in spirits and humour, and makes me a bad walker whenever it grows towards night. This and some small returns of deafness have hindered me from acknowledging yours of above two months old; but that I matter not. What is worse, I have wanted courage to return my humblest thanks to her grace the Duchess of Queensberry, which I shall leave till I come to her grace's part.

'Mr. Pope in all his letters complains he has no acquaintance with you, and is utterly ignorant of your affairs.' Your situation is an odd one. The duchess is your treasurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the duke's; and I had gone a good way in some verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do so and so, &c., like other treasurers; how to deal with servants, tenants, or neighbouring squires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance, and so the parallel goes on, but grew[2] too long to please me. 'I will copy some lines:

> Let some reward to merit be allowed,
> Nor with your kindred half the palace crowd;
> Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,
> By telling noses with a party strong.
> Be rich, but of your wealth make no parade,
> At least before your master's debts are paid;
> Nor in a palace, built with charge immense,
> Presume to treat him at his own expense.[3]

Then' I prove that poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue and contempt

[1] This letter appeared in the quarto of 1741, but with the omission of some passages which are now printed from the Oxford MSS.

[2] The quarto, "grows."

[3] The Epistle to Gay, in which these lines occur, was subsequently published by Swift, with this state-

to expect that you will be so just to number me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage, and generosity; after which you must conclude that I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, madam, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant.

To GAY.

I HAVE just got yours of February 25,[1] with a postscript by Mr. Pope.[2] I am in great concern for him; 'for I did not know that the rheumatism was in the number of his disorders.'[3] I owe him for a letter some time ago that I had from Mr. Brandreth, who is gone to his preferments that are about 300*l.* per annum, if any money is to be got by lands or tithes in this most miserable country. God knows I have inducements enough to be with you, besides the uneasiness of beggary and desolation in every scene and person round me. But that lawsuit of mine, wherein almost my whole fortune depends, is still on foot; for land is to be sold to pay me, and that is still delayed, but I am told will be done in May. I hope from drinking wine by advice you will arrive to drink it by inclination, else I shall be a bad companion: for I do it indeed only by advice, for I love ale better.' I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the first part 'of what he would say,' and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his hand-writing. How much does his philosophy exceed mine! I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon. 'I received lately a very friendly letter from Mr. Pulteney.'[4] Adieu. Pray God preserve you both. Dr. Delany keeps much at his villa about two miles from this town. He will be

[1] The quarto, "remember."

[2] The quarto, "24."

[3] This letter has not been preserved.

[4] "About a fortnight since," says Gay to Swift, March 20, 1731, "I wrote to you from Twickenham for Mr. Pope and myself. He was then disabled from writing by a severe rheumatic pain in his arm; but is pretty well again, and at present in town."

[5] In answer to Swift's congratulations on the birth of his son. "Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bathurst, Pope, myself, and others of your friends," says Pulteney in his letter, Feb. 9, 1731, "are got together in a country neighbourhood, which would be much enlivened, if you would come and live among us."

very happy with Mr. Pope's kind remembrance of him. I am not perfectly master how to direct to the duke's house. Pray tell me.'

81.[1] BOLINGBROKE AND POPE TO SWIFT.

BOLINGBROKE.

March 20, 1730-31.

I HAVE delayed several posts answering your letter of January last,[2] in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project[3] which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be set a going, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear dean, and have been some years going down the hill. Let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose.[4] But we may, nay, (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates,) we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay and stupidity not succeed.[5] Passions, says our divine, Pope, as you will see one time or other, are the gales of life.[6] Let us

[1] In the quarto of 1741 this letter is published with the date of the month, March 29, and without the date of the year. In the transcript, among the Oxford MSS., the date is March 20, 1730-31. Pope's portion of the letter, as printed in the quarto, has already been given under the date of June, 1730.

[2] This letter was not published.

[3] For settling Swift in England.

[4] To grow stupid.

[5] Which Swift had been obliged to confess in his letter of Oct. 31, 1729, where he says, "The d— take stupidity, that it will not come to supply the want of philosophy."

[6] Essay on Man, Epist. ii. ver. 108.

not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning. I recall the time, and am glad it is over, when about this hour I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business; my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past, and even the present, affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me?[1] Passions, in their force, would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for himself, but I must tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She says she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you were here, and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak. The slow fever works under, and mines the constitution. We keep it off sometimes, but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life. Death is not to her the king of terrors: she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain: when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself.

You shall not stay for my next as long as you have for this letter; and in every one Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old philosophers, which were the presents, *munuscula*, that stoical fop Seneca used to send in every epistle to his friend Lucilius.[2]

[1] Bolingbroke was deceived. Years and ill-health had worn out his physical passions, but left untouched the passions of vanity and ambition. arassed him to the end, and ation of discontent was as pro- in age as his ostentatious de- r in earlier days. Bowles mentions that the first William Pitt, when a young man, called on the veteran philosopher at Battersea, and found him pedantic, fretful, angry with his wife, &c.

[2] And which Bolingbroke sends in every epistle to his friend Swift.

POPE.

'My lord has promised too much for me. I can write nothing, not even so much as good scraps; for I am become but a scrap of myself, and quite exhausted by a long pain and confinement. The doctor puts me into asses' milk, and I must neither use study nor exercise; I am too weak. I am to do nothing but sleep and eat, if I can. Were my life my own, even without health, I would come and show you the last of me in Ireland. My spirits continue good, and fear is a stranger to me.

'Mrs. Barber desires I would correct her verses.[1] Truly I should do it very ill; for I can give no attention to anything. Whatever service I can render her, by speaking well, &c., I will. Whatever friends I can get to subscribe to her, I will. But you know my circle is vastly contracted, as I seldom have been out of the country these two years.[2] All your friends she will have without me, and all their friends. But I will do all I can. I must in return press you to speak well, as you justly may, of an abridgement of the Roman History, a subscription for which is going on in Ireland, and the profit of which the gentleman, who is a very valuable man and my particular friend, gives to the repairing of St. Mary's Hall in Oxford.[3]

[1] Mrs. Barber, the wife of the Dublin woollen-draper, was in England soliciting subscriptions for a quarto volume of poems, which appeared in 1734. Swift had a good opinion of her prosaic verses. "I have read most of her poems," he wrote to Lord Orrery, Aug. 20, 1733, "and believe your lordship will observe, that they generally contain something new and useful, tending to the reproof of some vice or folly, or recommending some virtue. She never writes on a subject with general unconnected topics, but always with a scheme and method, driving to some particular end, wherein many writers in verse, and of some distinction, are so often known to fail. In short, she seems to have a true poetical genius, better cultivated than could well be expected, either from her sex, or the scene she has acted in as the wife of a citizen; yet, I am assured, that no woman was ever more useful to her husband in the way of business. Poetry has only been her favourite amusement."

[2] He called Twickenham the country.

[3] This may have been Walter Harte, who combined the conditions of being a scholar, a member of St. Mary's Hall, and a particular friend of Pope. The same designation of "a very valuable young man" had a little before been applied to him by the poet in a letter to Caryll, Feb. 6, 1731. In December another of Pope's friends, Hooke, was soliciting subscriptions to a Roman History, abridged from a larger French work by the jesuits. Hooke was a roman catholic, who neither gave, nor could ever have intended to give, the profits to St. Mary's Hall, and he probably adopted the scheme which Harte had abandoned. He dedicated his work to Pope.

Pray also desire Mr. Brandreth from me to promote it what he can.

'My hearty services to Dr. Delany. I writ to you the first time I was able, with Mr. Gay, about two weeks since. My mother is yours, and at this present better than I. I hope your law-suit is well ended. How is your health? Adieu.'

82.[1] SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *April* 20, 1731.

FROM your own letters, as well as one I just had from Mr. Gay, I have by no means a good account of your health. The common saying of life being a farce is true in every sense but the most important one, for it is a ridiculous tragedy, which is the worst kind of composition.[2] I know but one temporal felicity that has fallen to your share, which is, that you never were a struggler for bread. As to the rest, I mean the esteem of friends, and enemies of your own and other countries, your patience and fortitude, and a long *et cetera*, they are all spiritual blessings. The misfortune I most lament is your not being able, by exercise, to battle with your disorders, as I do by riding and walking, at which, however, I repine, and would not do it merely to lengthen life, because it would be ill husbandry, for I should save time by sitting still,[3] though I should die seven years sooner; but the dread of pain and torture makes me toil to preserve health from hand to mouth as much as a labourer to support life. I am glad you are got into asses' milk. It is a remedy I have a great opinion of, and wish you had taken it sooner. And I wish, too, you were rich enough to keep a coach, and use it every day you are able; and this you might do if your private charities were less extensive, or at least suspended, till you were able *nare sine cortice*. I

[1] From the transcript in the Oxford MSS.

[2] Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, makes much the same remark: "This world is a comedy to those who think; a tragedy to those who feel."

[3] Save time, that is, with respect to mental employments, his days at present being spent in bodily exercise.

believe you have as good reason as any christian man to be a stranger to fear. But I cannot endure the thought that you should live in pain, and I believe when Horace said *Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color,* he understood that pain was to be excepted.

Mrs. Barber acted weakly in desiring you to correct her verses. I desired her friends here to warn her against every thing of that kind. I believe there was a great combat between her modesty and her ambition. I can learn nothing of this Roman history. You did not tell me the gentleman's name, and I know not where to inquire. Mr. Brandreth is gone to his livings, and will stay there till the Duke of Dorset's arrival hither, or at least till towards the end of summer. Perhaps you may hear that I and my chapter are erecting a stone over the body of the old Duke of Schomberg, killed at the Boyne.[1] We had applied often to the Countess of Holderness, now Lady Fitzwalter, for a monument over her grandfather, and could receive no answer.[2] The Latin inscription has been printed by the news-writers here, and has, I suppose, reached England, and I hear the relations are angry.[3] Let them take it for their pains. I have ordered the stone to be fixed up.

I long to know the success of your asses' milk. If it hinders

[1] Schomberg was by birth a German. He was a marshal of France at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and being a calvinist, he left his adopted country with the other protestant refugees. At the Revolution of 1688 he entered the service of William III., was appointed in 1689 to the command of the English army in Ireland, saved, by his defensive skill, his ill-equipped, untrained forces from extermination, and fell the next year in a gallant charge at the battle of the Boyne. He was 72.

[2] Swift imputed her silence to the avarice of her husband. She may have had a juster reason for not returning an answer,—irritation at receiving a request in the nature of a mandate, on a subject in which the chapter had no right to interfere. They were responsible for the proper condition of the cathedral, and might reasonably ask that existing memorials should be repaired, but it was no more within their functions to desire relations to put up monuments, than to regulate any other portion of people's family affairs.

[3] The inscription is an attack upon the duke's granddaughter. Swift omitted some of the bitterest reflections by the advice of his chapter. The epitaph is still in execrable taste, and was less intended to do honour to the duke than to disgrace his surviving descendants. A dean and chapter should have had a loftier idea of the memorial which befitted a sacred edifice.

you from study, the world will be the chief sufferer. Descend, in the name of God, to some other amusements, as common mortals do. Learn to play at cards, or tables, or bowls; get talking females, who will go on or stop at your commands; contrive new tramgams in your garden, or in Mrs. Howard's, or my Lord Bolingbroke's; or, when you are able, go down to Amesbury, and forget yourself for a fortnight with our friend Gay and the duchess. Sweeten your milk with mirth and motion. For my own part, I think when a man is sick or sickly, great lords and ladies, let them be ever so civil, so familiar, and so friendly, are not half so commodious as middling folks, whom one may govern as one pleases, and who will think it an honour and happiness to attend us, to talk or be silent, to laugh or look grave, just as they are directed. The old Lord Sunderland was never without one or more of these. Lord Somers had a humdrum parson, with whom he was used to forget himself for threepence at backgammon; and our friend Addison had a young fellow, now of figure in your court, whom he made to dangle after him, to go where, and to do whatever, he was bid.[1] I often thought you wanted two or three of either sex in such an employment, when you were weary, or sick, or solitary; and you have my *probatum est*, if that be of any value. My old presbyterian housekeeper tells me, that if you could bring your stomach to woman's milk, it would be far better than asses'. I would have you contrive to get as much of summer air as it is possible, of which we have yet had nothing here, but a long run of north-east winds, that have almost ruined my fruit; for I suffer peach, and nectarine, and pearweeds to grow in my famous garden of Naboth's vineyard,[2] that you have heard me boast of. I protest to you that nothing so much discourages me from an English journey as the prospect of domestic ailments when I am from home,

[1] Budgell, we learn from Pope, lived in the house with Addison, and it is to him that Swift appears to refer. By Pope's court he may have meant the little circle of his friends who had recently been mentioned by Pulteney as living in the neighbourhood of the poet — Pulteney himself, Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Bathurst,—and Budgell may be described as of figure among them, because he was at present associated with Pulteney and Bolingbroke in writing the Craftsman.

[2] It was situated in Dublin, and Swift had expended on it 600*l*.

and at a distance of such a kind that I cannot come back but by the pleasure of waves and winds. However, if my health and law will permit me, I shall venture once more to see you. For, as to my law, the land of my creditor is not sold, but after a dozen hopes, I have the thirteenth, that it will be done in a month. Yet then I know not what to do with the money; for Mr. Gay tells me I can hardly expect even 4 per cent., besides the trouble of returning it,[1] and safely putting it out; and here I hope to have 6 per cent. on good security of land, if land continues to yield anything at all, for, without a miracle, we are just at our last gasp, beyond the imagination of any one who does not live in this kingdom. And most of my sorry revenues being of the tithe kind, I am forced to watch my agents and farmers constantly, to get anything. This, and years, and uncertain health, have sunk my spirits, and I often wish myself a vicar in Wales. I ride constantly here, but cannot afford to support a couple of horses in England. Pardon this particular impertinence of relating my difficulties so contrary to my desires. I was just reading one of your letters, three months old,[2] wherein you are hard on me for saying you were a poet in favour at court. I profess it was writ to me either by Lord Bolingbroke or the doctor. You know favour is got by two very contrary qualities,—one is by fear, the other by ill taste. As to Cibber, if I had any inclination to excuse the court, I would allege that the laureat's place is entirely in the lord chamberlain's gift; but who makes lord chamberlains is another question. I believe, if the court had interceded with the Duke of Grafton for a fitter man, it might have prevailed. I am at the end of my paper. You are in my constant prayers for your health. I hope you will present my humble service to my list,—Lord Peterborough, Lord Oxford, Lord Bolingbroke and lady, Lord Bathurst, Lord Masham, Mr. Pulteney, the Doctor, Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Pope, and Patty, very heartily. Nothing to Mrs. Howard; you drew me in to write to her, and see how she has served me,[3] for which she is a ——.

[1] The trouble, that is, of sending the interest from England to Ireland.

[2] Not published.

[3] By not replying to his letter.

83.[1] GAY TO SWIFT.

AMESBURY, *April* 27, 1731.

DEAR SIR,—Yours without a date[2] I received two days after my return to this place from London, where I stayed only four days. I saw Mr. Pope, who was much better. I dined with him at Lord Oxford's, who never fails drinking your health, and is always very inquisitive after everything that concerns you. Mr. Pulteney had received your letter, and seemed very much pleased with it, and I thought you very much too in the good graces of the lady. Sir William Wyndham, who you will by this time have heard has buried Lady Catherine,[3] was at Dawley in great affliction. Dr. Arbuthnot I found in good health and spirits. His neighbour, Mr. Lewis, was gone to Bath. Mrs. Patty Blount I saw two or three times, who will be very much pleased when she knows you so kindly remember her. I am afraid Mrs. Howard will not be so well satisfied with the compliments you send her. I breakfasted with her twice at Mrs. Blount's, and she told me that her indisposition had prevented her answering your letter. This she desired me to tell you, that she would write to you soon; and she desires you will accept of her compliments in the meantime by me. You should consider circumstances before you censure. It will be too long for a letter to make her apology; but when I see you, I believe I shall convince you that you mistake her.

This day, before I left London, I gave orders for buying two South Sea or India bonds for you, which carry 4 per cent. and are as easily turned into ready money as bank bills, which by this time, I suppose, is done. I shall go to London again for a few days in about a fortnight or three weeks, and then I will take care of the twelve pound affair with Mrs. Lancelot, as you direct; or, if I hear of Mr. Pope's being in town, I will do it sooner by a letter to him.

When I was in town, after a bashful fit for having writ

[1] Published by Hawkesworth. The answer was published by Pope.

[2] Never published.

[3] His wife. She was a daughter of the Duke of Somerset.

something like a love-letter, and in two years making one visit, I writ to Mrs. Drelincourt to apologise for my behaviour, and received a civil answer, but had not time to see her. They are naturally very civil,—so that I am not so sanguine to interpret this as any encouragement. I find by Mrs. Barber that she very much interests herself in her affair; and indeed, from everybody who knows her, she answers the character you first gave me.

Whenever you come to England, if you will put that confidence in me to give me notice, I will meet you at your landing-place, and conduct you hither. You have experience of me as a traveller, and I promise you I will not drop you on the road for any visit whatever. You tell me of thanks that I have not given. I do not know what to say to people who will be perpetually laying one under obligations. My behaviour to you shall convince you that I am very sensible of them, though I never once mention them. I look upon you as my best friend and counsellor. I long for the time when we shall meet and converse together. I will draw you into no great company, besides those I live with. In short, if you insist upon it, I will give up all great company for yours. These are conditions that I can hardly think you will insist upon after your declarations to the duchess, who is more and more impatient to see you; and all my fear is that you will give up me for her, which after my ungallant declaration would be very ungenerous. But we will settle this matter together when you come to Amesbury. After all, I find I have been saying nothing; for, speaking of her, I am talking as if I were in my own power. You used to blame me for over-solicitude about myself. I am now grown so rich, that I do not think myself worth thinking on,—so that I will promise you never to mention myself or my own affairs; but you owed it all to the inquisitiveness of your friendship, and ten to one but every now and then you will draw me in to talk of myself again. I sent you a gross state of my fortune already. I have not room to draw it out in particulars. When you come over, the duchess will state it you. I have left no room for her to write, so that I will say nothing till my letter is gone; but she would not forgive me if I did not send her compliments.

84.[1] SWIFT TO GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

To GAY.

DUBLIN, *June* 29, 1731.

'DEAR FRIEND,'—Ever since I received your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Bristol, to pass a month at Amesbury, as the duchess has given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered. First I thought I had done with my lawsuit, and so did all my lawyers; but my adversary, after being in appearance a protestant these twenty years, has declared he was always a papist, and consequently, by the law here, cannot buy nor, I think, sell. So that I am at sea again for almost all I am worth. But I have still a worse evil; for the giddiness I was subject to, instead of coming seldom and violently, now constantly attends me more or less, though in a more peaceable manner, yet such as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy; and the duchess, in all her youth, spirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurse, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians must live where they can command and scold. I must have horses to ride, I must go to bed and rise when I please, and live where all mortals are subservient to me. I must talk nonsense when I please, and all who are present must commend it. I must ride thrice a week, and walk three or four miles besides every day.

I always told you Mrs. 'Howard'[2] was good for nothing but to be a rank courtier. I care not whether she ever writes to me or no. 'She has cheated us all, and may go hang herself, and so may her' [mistress;] and[3] you may tell this to the

[1] This letter was published in the quarto, 1741, but is now printed with additional passages from the transcript in the Oxford MSS.

[2] In the quarto the name is left blank, and "Mr." is substituted for "Mrs." and "he" for "she."

[3] For "and" the quarto reads "He and you," which involves the supposition that the "rank courtier" was to read the letter, and then communicate the abuse of himself to the duchess.

duchess, and I hate to see you so charitable, and such a cully, and yet I love you for it, because I am one myself. 'A p— on her for hindering me from going to France, where I might have recovered my health,[1] and she did it in a most treacherous manner, when I laid it on her honour.'

You are the silliest lover in Christendom. If you like Mrs. [Drelincourt], why do you not command her to take you? If she does not, she is not worth pursuing. You do her too much honour; she has neither sense nor taste, if she dares to refuse you, though she had ten thousand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I understand your meaning, and I am sure I had never the least thoughts of any myself. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of self-love, and I do sometimes reproach you for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.[2]

[1] "You well know," says Swift, in a letter to Mrs. Howard, July 27, 1731, "that when I had an intention to go to France about the time that the late king died, I desired your opinion, not as you were a courtier, whether I should go or no, and that you absolutely forbid me, as a thing that would look disaffected, and for other reasons, wherein I confess I was your dupe, as well as somebody's else, and for want of that journey I fell sick, and was forced to return hither to my unenvied home." Mrs. Howard replied, Sept. 25, 1731, "If I cannot justify the advice that I gave you from the success of it, I gave you my reasons for it, and it was your business to have judged of my capacity by the solidity of my arguments. If the principle was false, you ought not to have acted upon it. So you have been only the dupe of your own ill judgment, and not my falsehood." Swift, in his answer, had not a comment to offer upon this assertion, which is therefore decisive. Nor was there any force in his pretence that his stay in England had prevented the recovery of his health. His illness was the deafness and giddiness which had afflicted him all his life, and he could any year or day have gone to the continent if he believed that the climate would effect a permanent cure.

[2] To be commemorated by his brother authors was a species of homage which had always been coveted by the dean. "When you write any more poetry," he said, in a letter to Ambrose Philips, as long back as October 30, 1709, "do me honour; mention me in it. It is the common request of Tully and Pliny to the great authors of their age, and I will contrive it so that Prince Posterity shall know I was favoured by the men of wit in my time." He was annoyed, we have seen, in 1728, at the suppression for a time of his praises in the Dunciad, "because," he said, "it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point;" and we shall see, in 1735, that he had "the ambition, very earnest, as well as in haste," to be eulogised in one of the Moral Epistles of Pope.

I see very well how matters go with the duchess in regard to me. I heard her say,[1] "'Prithee,' Mr. Gay, fill your letter to the dean, that there may be no room for me; the frolic is gone far enough; I have writ thrice, I will do no more. If the man has a mind to come, let him come. What a clutter is here! positively I will not write a syllable more; 'the jest is grown stale.'"[2] She is an ungrateful duchess, considering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thousands she had before.

I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000*l.*,[3] which will bring you 300*l. per annum*, and this will maintain you, with the perquisite of spunging, while you are young, and when you are old will afford you a pint of port at night, two servants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink—provided you live in the country. 'You never mentioned whether you were seriously a manager for my lord duke in his estate, which the doctor and Mr. Pope absolutely affirm. And pray, what will you do with my 200*l.*? Will it yield nothing in the funds?' And what are you doing towards increasing your fame and your fortune?' Have you no scheme either in verse or prose? The duchess should keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and so I have done with you.

TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM,—Since I began to grow old, I have found all

[1] There is exquisite humour and pleasantry in the affected bluntness of this letter, and the elegant compliments paid under the appearance of rudeness. Voiture has nothing more delicate. Waller's to Sacharissa on her marriage is in the same strain, and is a masterpiece of panegyric under the appearance of satire. —WARTON.

My opinion is totally different. The reader must determine if he can bear to read the letter through.—BOWLES.

Swift's letters are in general simple and natural, but the correspondence with the duchess is empty, laboured, and childish on both sides.

[2] He imagines the duchess to have uttered this speech, because she had not contributed to Gay's last letter.

[3] Swift is writing in answer to Gay's announcement, April 21, 1731: "The fortune of the person you interest yourself in amounts to at present, all debts paid, about three thousand, four hundred pounds, so that, whatever other people think, I look upon him, as to fortune, to be a happy, that is to say, an independent creature."

[4] The 200*l.* was money lent to

ladies become inconstant, without any reproach from their consciences. If I wait on you, I declare that one of your women (whichever it is that had designs upon a chaplain[1]) must be my nurse, if I happen to be sick or peevish at your house, and in that case you must suspend your domineering claim till I recover. Your omitting the usual appendix to Mr. Gay's letters has done me infinite mischief here; for, while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that I have descended so low as to write to your grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for, if they but suspected it, I should lose them all. One of them, who had an inkling of the matter, —your grace will hardly believe it—refused to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk. Pray consider this, and do your duty, or dread the consequences. I promise you shall have your will six minutes 'in' every hour at Amesbury, and seven in London, while I am in health; but if I happen to be sick I must govern to a second. Yet, properly speaking, there is no man alive, with so much truth and respect, your grace's most obedient and devoted servant, 'the dean.'

To GAY.

'Pray tell her grace that Mr. Ford, whose affairs keep him here against his heart, toasts her every day, which is a great matter, for he has thrown off all except her grace and Harrietta Pitt.'[2]

Lord Bathurst, as a species of mortgage, and Gay had informed Swift on March 20, 1731, that the principal had been repaid.

[1] "If you are handsome," said Swift in his Directions to the Waiting-maid in a nobleman's family, "you will have the choice of three lovers,—the chaplain, the steward, and my lord's gentleman." The chaplain was expected to make himself generally useful in the family. He had come to be little better than a menial, and the post was only accepted by an inferior grade of clergy who had not too much religion, education, or self-respect for their servile and secular functions.

[2] Either the mother or the sister of the great Lord Chatham. Harriett, the sister, married in 1733, Robert Needham, Esq., M.P. for Newry, in Ireland.

85.[1] THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY AND GAY TO SWIFT.

THE DUCHESS.

July 18, 1731.

You are my dear friend, I am sure, for you are hard to be found. That you are so is certainly owing to some evil genius; for, if you say true, this is the very properest place you can repair to. There is not a head upon any of our shoulders that is not at some times worse than yours can possibly be at the worst, and not one to compare with yours when at best, except your friends are your sworn liars; so, in one respect at least, you will find things just as they could be wished. It is further necessary to assure you that the duchess is neither young or healthy. She lives in all the spirits that she can, and with as little grandeur as she can possibly. She too, as well as you, can scold and command; but she can be silent and obey, if she pleases; and then, for a good nurse, it is out of dispute that she must prove an excellent one, who has been so experienced in the infirmities of others, and in her own. As for talking nonsense, provided you do it on purpose, she has no objection. There is some sense in nonsense when it does not come by chance. In short, I am very sure that she has set her heart upon seeing you at this place. Here are women enough to attend you, if you should happen not to approve of her. She has not one fine lady belonging to her, or her house. She is impatient to be governed, and is cheerfully determined that you shall quietly enjoy your own will and pleasure as long as ever you please.

GAY.

You shall ride, you shall walk, and she will be glad to follow your example; and this will be doing good at the same time to her and yourself. I had not heard from you so long that I was in fears about you, and in the utmost impatience for a letter.

[1] This letter was published by Hawkesworth. The answer had been printed by Pope.

I had flattered myself your lawsuit was at an end, and that your own money was in your own pocket; and about a month ago I was every day expecting a summons to Bristol.[1] Your money is either getting or losing something, for I have placed it in the funds; for I am grown so much a man of business, that is to say, so covetous, that I cannot bear to let a sum of money lie idle.

Your friend Mrs. Howard is now Countess of Suffolk.[2] I am still so much a dupe that I think you mistake her. Come to Amesbury, and you and I will dispute this matter, and the duchess shall be judge. But I fancy you will object against her; for I will be so fair to you as to own that I think she is of my side;[3] but, in short, you shall choose any impartial referee you please. I have heard from her;[4] Mr. Pope has seen her. I beg that you would suspend your judgment till we talk over this affair together; for, I fancy by your letter, you have neither heard from her, or seen her; so that you cannot at present be as good a judge as we are. I will be a dupe for you at any time. Therefore I beg it of you that you would let me be a dupe in quiet.

As you have had several attacks of the giddiness you at present complain of, and that it has formerly left you, I will hope that at this instant you are perfectly well, though my fears were so very great before I received your letter that I may probably flatter myself, and think you better than you are.

[1] To meet Swift on his arrival in England.

[2] On June 22, died without issue, Edward, eighth Earl of Suffolk, when his brother Charles—Mrs. Howard's husband—succeeded to the title.—CROKER.

The title was a boon to Mrs. Howard. She was woman of the bed-chamber, and her rank of countess not permitting her to hold this subordinate office, the queen promoted her to the post of mistress of the robes, which the Duchess of Dorset resigned to make way for her. The salary was of greater importance to her than the dignity, and she told Gay that she could now visit Marble Hill without the dread of being driven to sell it to raise the money she had agreed to pay her husband as the price of her liberty.

[3] The duchess was intimate with Mrs. Howard, and carried on a friendly correspondence with her. Some of the letters are joint productions of the duchess and Gay, after the fashion of the compound letters to Swift.

[4] She wrote to Gay on June 29, and in his answer, on July 8, he said, "If ever you thought well of me, if ever you believed I wished you well, and wished to be of service to you, think the same of me, for I *am* the same, and shall alway be so."

As to my being a manager for the duke, you have been misinformed. Upon the discharge of an unjust steward, he took the administration into his own hands. I own I was called in to his assistance when the state of affairs was in the greatest confusion. Like an ancient Roman I came, put my helping hand to set affairs right, and as soon as it was done I am retired again as a private man.

THE DUCHESS.

What you imagined you heard her say was a good deal in her style. It was a thousand to one she had said so; but I must do her the justice to say that she did not, either in thought or word. I am sure she wants to be better acquainted with you; for which she has found out ten thousand reasons that we will tell you, if you will come.

GAY.

By your letter I cannot guess whether we are likely to see you or not. Why might not the Amesbury downs make you better?

THE DUCHESS.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Gay tells me I must write upon his line, for fear of taking up too much room. It was his fault that I omitted my duty in his last letter; for he never told me one word of writing to you till he had sent away his letter. However, as a mark of my great humility, I shall be ready and glad to ask your pardon upon my knees as soon as ever you come, though not in fault. I own this is a little mean-spirited, which I hope will not make a bad impression, considering you are the occasion. I submit to all your conditions, so pray come; for I have not only promised myself, but Mr. Gay also, the satisfaction to hear you talk as much nonsense as you can possibly utter.

GAY.

You will read in the Gazette of a friend of yours who has lately had the dignity of being disgraced;[1] for he and every-

[1] William Pulteney, who, on July 1, was, by order of the king, deprived of his rank of privy councillor, and of his commissions of justice of the peace.

body, except five or six, look upon it in the same light. I know, were you here, you would congratulate him upon it.

I paid the twelve pounds to Mrs. Lancelot for the uses you directed. I have no scheme at present either to raise my fame or fortune. I daily reproach myself for my idleness. You know one cannot write when one will. I think and, reject; one day or other, perhaps, I may think on something that may engage me to write. You and I are alike in one particular—I wish to be so in many—I mean that we hate to write upon other folks' hints. I love to have my own scheme, and to treat it in my own way. This, perhaps, may be taking too much upon myself, and I may make a bad choice; but I can always enter into a scheme of my own with more ease and pleasure than into that of any other body. I long to see you; I long to hear from you; I wish you health; I wish you happiness; and I should be very happy myself to be witness that you enjoyed my wishes.

86.[1] SWIFT TO POPE.

July 20, 1731.

DEAR SIR,—I writ you a long letter not many days ago,[2] which, therefore, did not arrive until after your last that I received yesterday, with the enclosed from me to the queen.[3]

When the reconciliation was effected, in 1721, between the Prince of Wales and George I., Walpole related the particulars of the compact to Pulteney, who was then acting in concert with him. Pulteney, being now in furious opposition, had recently published a pamphlet, in which he reported a part of the confidential conversation of 1721. The gist of the passage was that Walpole had spoken sneeringly of George II., when Prince of Wales, as a person who could be pacified with the outward pageantry of royalty, and who did not deserve even the concessions he had obtained. By this revelation Pulteney hoped to exasperate the king against his minister. The indignation, on the contrary, was directed against the pamphleteer, and he was dismissed from every office of trust, to mark the opinion of his sovereign that a betrayer of secrets could not be trusted.

[1] Published by D. Swift.

[2] Not published.

[3] Swift has endorsed it, "Counterfeit letter from me to the queen, sent to me by Mr. Pope; dated June 22, 1731; received July 19, 1731; given by the Countess of Suffolk." The letter was posted at Dublin, and was subscribed with the name of Swift, but neither name, nor any other part of

You hinted something of this in a former letter. I will tell you sincerely how the affair stands. I never was at Mrs. Barber's house in my life, except once that I chanced to pass by her shop, was desired to walk in, and went no further, nor staid three minutes. Dr. Delany has been long her protector; and he being many years my acquaintance, desired my good offices for her, and brought her several times to the deanery. I knew she was poetically given, and, for a woman, had a sort of genius that way. She appeared very modest and pious, and I believe was sincere, and wholly turned to poetry. I did conceive her journey to England was on the score of her trade, being a woollen-draper, until Dr. Delany said she had a design of printing her poems by subscription,[1] and desired I would befriend her, which I did, chiefly by your means—the doctor still urging me on, upon whose request I writ to her two or three times, because she thought that my countenancing of her might be of use. Lord Carteret very much befriended her, and she seems to have made her way not ill. As for those three letters you mention,[2] supposed all to be written by me to

the letter, was in his handwriting. The whole purport of the epistle was to solicit her majesty's patronage for Mrs. Barber, who is pronounced "the best female poet of this or perhaps of any age,—a woman whose genius is honoured by every man of genius in this kingdom, and either honoured or envied by every man of genius in England."

[1] She was mindful of both. Whether or not it was part of the original design of the journey to England, she and her husband soon resolved to settle at Bath, and combine the callings of woollen-draper and lodging-house keeper. They never prospered. He was too exacting to succeed in trade, and she was too confiding. Lady Betty Germain persuaded the Duke of Dorset to order his liveries, when lord-lieutenant, of Mr. Barber, who showed his sense of the obligation by charging a higher price than anyone else, while Mrs. Barber, according to Mrs. Pendarves, was a person to be cheated by everybody.

[2] There were only two letters according to Mrs. Barber's patron, Dr. Delany, who thus speaks of them to Mrs. Clayton: "Mrs. Barber has wrote, it is said, two letters to the queen,—one in abuse of you, without a name, and another in praise of herself, with the name of Dr. Swift. By the last she has, to my knowledge, entirely lost his friendship, and by the former all hope of yours. As to Dr. Swift, I shall content myself to tell you I know her innocent, but as to you, I shall not attempt to acquit her; let the imputation rest upon her with all its weight." The dean must shortly have been satisfied that he had wrongly suspected her of forging the letter which bore his name, for he renewed his recommendations with greater earnestness than ever. Mr. D. Swift, a cousin of the dean, pretended that

the queen, on Mrs. Barber's account, especially the letter which bears my name, I can only say that the apprehensions one may be apt to have of a friend doing a foolish thing is an effect of kindness; and God knows who is free from playing the fool some time or other. But in such a degree as to write to the queen, who has used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have so much zeal for one almost a stranger, and to make such a description of a woman as to prefer her before all mankind, and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of Ireland, that her majesty has not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen-draper's wife declined in the world, because she has a knack at versifying,[1] was to suppose, or fear, a folly so transcendent, that no man could be guilty of, who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent enclosed is not my hand; and why I should disguise, and yet sign my name, should seem unaccountable, especially when I am taught, and have reason to believe, that I am under the queen's displeasure on many accounts, and one very late, for having fixed up a stone over the burying-place of the Duke of Schomberg, in my cathedral, which, however, I was assured by a worthy person, who solicited that affair last summer with some relations of the duke, that her majesty, on hearing the matter, said they ought to erect a monument. Yet I am told assuredly, that the king, not long ago, on the representation and complaint of the Prussian envoy, with a hard name, who has married a grand-daughter of the duke, said publicly in the drawing-room, that I had put up that stone out of malice,

Dr. Delany had the excellent reason for knowing Mrs. Barber to be innocent, that he knew himself to be guilty. But as Mr. D. Swift was passionate in his judgments, and hated Delany, some better testimony is required to convict an estimable man of an unprincipled action. No light was thrown upon the mystery, and it is uncertain whether the counterfeit letter to the queen was intended to benefit Mrs. Barber, or to injure Swift.

[1] She was an insipid poet, but must have possessed uncommon merits, or refined and educated people would not have found a permanent charm in the society of a gouty, impoverished tradeswoman of fifty. When Mrs. Pendarves was at Bath in 1736, she informed Swift that she had more pleasure from the conversation of Mrs. Barber than from anything else in the place.

to raise a quarrel between his majesty and the King of Prussia. This perhaps may be false, because it is absurd: for I thought it was a whiggish action to honour Duke Schomberg who was so instrumental in the revolution, and was stadtholder of Prussia, and otherwise in the service of that electorate which is now a kingdom.[1] You will observe the letter sent me concluded, "Your majesty's loyal subject," which is absolutely absurd; for we are only subjects to the king, and so is her majesty herself. I have had the happiness to be known to you above twenty years, and I appeal, whether you have known me to exceed the common indiscretions of mankind: or that, when I conceived myself to have been so very ill used by her majesty, whom I never attended but on her own commands, I should turn solicitor to her for Mrs. Barber? If the queen had not an inclination to think ill of me, she knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I should be such a coxcomb. I am pushed on by that unjust suspicion to give up so much of my discretion as to write next post to my Lady Suffolk on this occasion, and to desire she will show what I write to the queen, although I have as much reason to complain of her, as of her majesty, upon the score of her pride and negligence, which make her fitter to be an Irish lady[2] than an English one. You told me, she complained that I did not write to her. When I did, upon your advice, and a letter that required an answer, she wanted the civility to acquit herself. I shall not be less in the favour of God, or the esteem of my friends, for either of their majesties' hard thoughts, which they only take up from misrepresentations. The first time I saw the queen, I took occasion,

[1] These were the very grounds of the offence. It was because the Duke of Schomberg was both a stadtholder of Prussia, and instrumental in the revolution of 1688, that the Prussian envoy believed that the monument had been put up to annoy his master; for so little was the revolution approved at the Prussian court, that the queen, though the daughter of George I., lived and died, as Horace Walpole relates, an avowed jacobite. The point was not likely to have occurred to Swift, and the charge against him was frivolous. His error was to have desecrated the walls of his cathedral with an epitaph which was a pitiful record of resentment.

[2] Swift elsewhere speaks of the pride of the Irish nobility, which was partly defensive. They were considered to be an inferior species of aristocracy, and hence they were jealous of their dignity.

upon the subject of Mr. Gay, to complain of that very treatment which innocent persons often receive from princes and great ministers, that they too easily receive bad impressions, and although they are demonstrably convinced that those impressions had no grounds, yet they will never shake them off. This I said upon Sir Robert Walpole's treatment of Mr. Gay about a libel; and the queen fell entirely in with me, yet now falls into the same error. As the letter * * * * * * * * * * * * of accidents, and out of perfect commiseration,[1] &c.

87.[2] BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT.

EXTRACT.

Aug. 2, 1731.

I AM indebted to you, my reverend dean, for a letter of a very old date. The expectation of seeing you from week to week, which our friend Gay made me entertain, hindered me from writing to you a good while; and I have since deferred it by waiting an opportunity of sending my letter by a safe hand. That opportunity presents itself at last, and Mr. Echlin[3] will put this letter into your hands. You will hear from him, and from others, of the general state of things in this country, into which I returned, and where I am confined for my sins. If I entertained the notion, which by the way I believe to be much older than popery, or even than christianity, of making up an account with heaven, and demanding the balance in bliss, or paying it by good works and sufferings of my own, and by the merits and sufferings of others, I should imagine that I had expiated all the faults of my life, one way or other, since my return into England. One of the circumstances of my situation, which has afflicted me most, and which afflicts me

[1] Here the paper is accidentally torn. There seem to be wanting eight small quarto lines, and concludes with those few words on the back of the page, which follow the asteriska.—D. SWIFT.

[2] Published by Hawkesworth.

[3] He was an Irish clergyman, and was recommended by Swift to Lord Carteret for promotion among the persons "who were generally understood by their brethren to be the most distinguished for their learning and piety."

still so, is the absolute inutility I am of to those whom I should be the best pleased to serve. Success in serving my friends would make me amends for the want of it in disserving my enemies. It is intolerable to want it in both, and yet both go together generally.

I have had two or three projects on foot for making such an establishment here as might tempt you to quit Ireland. One of them would have succeeded, and would have been agreeable in every respect, if engagements to my lady's kinsman, who did not, I suppose, deserve to be your clerk, had not prevented it. Another of them cannot take place without the consent of those who would rather have you a dean in Ireland, than a parish priest in England; and who are glad to keep you where your sincere friend,[1] my late Lord Oxford, sent you. A third was wholly in my power; but when I inquired exactly into the value, I found it less than I had believed; the distance from these parts was great; and beside all this, an unexpected and groundless dispute about the right of presentation—but still such a dispute as the law must determine—had arisen. You will please to believe, that I mention these things for no other reason than to show you how much those friends deserve you should make them a visit at least, who are so desirous to settle you among them. I hope their endeavours will not be always unsuccessful.

I know very well the project you mean, and about which you say, that Pope and you have often teased me. I could convince you, as he is convinced, that a publication of anything of that kind would have been wrong on many accounts, and would be so even now. Besides, call it pride if you will, I shall never

[1] The phrase is ironical. Bolingbroke insisted that Lord Oxford was hypocritical in his professions to Swift, and that, not caring to promote him in England, he falsely pleaded the prejudices of the queen. She herself informed Bolingbroke, as he assured Dr. King, that she had never heard anything to Swift's disadvantage. "If Lord Bolingbroke," says King, "had hated the Earl of Oxford less I should have been readily inclined to believe him." King was right to be suspicious, for Bolingbroke only two days before the queen died acknowledged the existence of the prejudice he afterwards denied. "He told me last Friday," wrote Barber to Swift, Aug. 3, 1714, "that he would reconcile you to Lady Somerset, and then it would be easy to set you right with the queen, and that you should be made easy here, and not go over."

make, either to the present age or to posterity, any apology for the part I acted in the late queen's reign. But I will apply myself very seriously to the composition of just and true relations of the events of those times, in which both I, and my friends, and my enemies, must take the merit or the blame, which an authentic and impartial deduction of facts will assign to us. I will endeavour to write so as no man could write who had not been a party in those transactions, and as few men would write who had been concerned in them. I believe I shall go back, in considering the political interests of the principal powers of Europe, as far as the Pyrenean treaty, but I shall not begin a thread of history till the death of Charles the second of Spain, and the accession of Queen Anne to the throne of England. Nay, even from that time downward, I shall render my relations more full, or *più magra* (the word is Father Paul's) just as I have, or have not, a stock of authentic materials. These shall regulate my work, and I will neither indulge my own vanity, nor other men's curiosity, in going one step farther than they carry me. You see, my dear Swift, that I open a large field to myself. With what success I shall expatiate in it, I know as little as I know whether I shall live to go through so great a work; but I will begin immediately, and will make it one principal business of the rest of my life. This advantage, at least, I shall reap from it, and a great advantage it will be—my attention will be diverted from the present scene. I shall grieve less at those things which I cannot mend; I shall dignify my retreat; and shall wind up the labours of my life in serving the cause of truth.

You say that you could easily show, by comparing my letters for twenty years past, how the whole system of philosophy changes by the several gradations of life. I doubt it. As far as I am able to recollect, my way of thinking has been uniform enough for more than twenty years. True it is, to my shame, that my way of acting has not been al conformable to my way of thinking. My own passions, an passions and interests of other men still more, have led me I launched into the deep before I had loaded ballast e If the ship did not sink, the cargo was thrown ov

The storm itself threw me into port.[1] My own opinion, my own desires, would have kept me there: the opinion, the desires of others, sent me to sea again. I did, and blamed myself for doing, what others, and you among the rest, would have blamed me if I had not done. I have paid more than I owed to party, and as much, at least, as was due to friendship. If I go off the stage of public life without paying all I owe to my enemies, and to the enemies of my country, I do assure you the bankruptcy is not fraudulent. I conceal none of my effects.[2]

Does Pope talk to you of the noble work, which, at my instigation, he has begun in such a manner, that he must be convinced by this time, I judged better of his talents than he did? The first epistle, which considers man, and the habitation of man, relatively to the whole system of universal being: the second, which considers him in his own habitation, in himself, and relatively to his particular system: and the third, which shows how

> a universal cause
> Works to one end, but works by various laws;

how man, and beast, and vegetable, are linked in a mutual dependency, parts necessary to each other, and necessary to the whole: how human societies were formed; from what spring true religion and true policy are derived; how God has made our greatest interest and our plainest duty indivisibly the same —these three epistles, I say, are finished. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble subject. He pleads the cause of God (I use Seneca's expression) against that famous charge which atheists in all ages have brought—the supposed unequal dispensations of Providence—a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting. You admit it indeed for an extreme good purpose, and you build on this admission the necessity of a future state of rewards and punishments. But

[1] The "storm" was his impeachment; the "cargo thrown overboard" was the loss of his office, peerage, and estate; the "port" was his exile and exclusion from political turmoil.

[2] The metaphors of Bolingbroke obscure instead of illustrating his ideas. He seems to mean that his failure to overthrow Walpole and the whigs would not proceed from want of frankness. He had spoken his mind freely.

what if you should find, that this future state will not account, in opposition to the atheist, for God's justice in the present state, which you give up?[1] Would it not have been better to defend God's justice in this world, against these daring men, by irrefragable reasons, and to have rested the proof of the other point on revelation?[2] I do not like concessions made against demonstration, repair or supply them how you will. The epistles I have mentioned will compose a first book; the plan of the second is settled. You will not understand by what I have said, that Pope will go so deep into the argument, or carry it so far as I have hinted.[3]

You inquire so kindly after my wife, that I must tell you something of her. She has fallen upon a remedy invented by a surgeon abroad, and which has had great success in cases similar to hers. This remedy has visibly attacked the original cause of all her complaints, and has abated, in some degree, by one gentle and uniform effect, all the grievous and various symptoms. I hope, and surely with reason, that she will receive still greater benefit from this method of cure, which she will resume as soon as the great heat is over. If she recovers, I shall not, for her sake, abstract myself from the world more than I do at present in this place. But if she should be taken from me, I should most certainly yield to that strong desire, which I have long had, of secluding myself

[1] Some atheists contended that there could be no God because men on earth were not rewarded according to merit. Divines answered that God's government would be found to have been just when the scheme commenced in this world was completed in the next. The argument which atheists used to discredit a superintending Providence was employed by divines to support the doctrine of a future state, and Bolingbroke tried to evade its force by the pretence that the divines gave up God's present justice. Unless, said they, there is a kingdom to come the present government of the world would be unjust, and Bolingbroke fathered upon them the distinct proposition that the present government was unjust notwithstanding the kingdom. The assertion that surgical operations would be cruel unless there was a prospect of benefit to the patient would, on Bolingbroke's principle, be an admission that they were cruel anyhow.

[2] The recommendation was disingenuous. Bolingbroke rejected revelation, and believed that it would be to rest the proof of a future state upon falsehoods.

[3] Pope stopped with maintaining that the bliss of every one in this life was proportioned to his deserts, and did not proceed to attack the arguments of divines for a world to come.

cally from the company and affairs of mankind; of leaving the management, even of my private affairs, to others; and of securing, by these means, for the rest of my life, an uninterrupted tenor of philosophical quiet.

I suppose you have seen some of those volumes of scurrility, which have been thrown into the world against Mr. Pulteney and myself, and the Craftsman, which gave occasion to them. I think, and it is the sense of all my friends, that the person who published the Final Answer took a right turn in a very nice and very provoking circumstance. To answer all the falsities, misrepresentations, and blunders, which a club of such scoundrels as Arnall, Concanen, and other pensioners of the minister crowd together, would have been equally tedious and ridiculous; and must have forced several things to be said, neither prudent nor decent, nor perhaps strictly honourable to be said. To have explained some points, and to have stopped at others, would have given strength to that impertinent suggestion, "guilt alone is silent in the day of inquiry."[1] It was therefore right to open no part of the scene of the late queen's reign, nor submit the passages of her administration, and the conduct of any of her ministers, to the examination of so vile a tribunal. This was still the more right, because, upon such points as relate to subsequent transactions, and, as affect me singly, what the Craftsman had said was justified unanswerably; and what the remarker had advanced was proved to be infamously false. The effect of this paper has answered the design of it; and, which is not common, all sides agree that the things said ought to have been said, and that more ought not to have been said. The public writers seem to be getting back from these personal altercations to national affairs, much against the grain of the minister's faction. What the effect of all this writing will be, I know not, but this I know, that when all the information

[1] This taunt was directed against Bolingbroke in the Remarks on the Vindication of the Craftsman, to which his Final Answer was a reply. The Craftsman abounded in abuse of Walpole's life, character, and government. He instructed his penmen to retaliate, and unfold the particulars of Bolingbroke's political career. As Bolingbroke was unable to repel the charges, he pleaded that he could not defend himself without implicating Lord Oxford.

which can be given is given, when all the spirit which can be raised is raised, it is to no purpose to write any more. Even you men of this world have nothing else to do but to let the ship drive till she is cast away, or till the storm is over. For my own part, I am neither an owner, an officer, nor a foremast-man. I am but a passenger,[1] said my Lord Carberry.

It is well for you I am got to the end of my paper; for you might else have a letter as long again from me. If you answer me by the post, remember, while you are writing, that you write by the post. Adieu, my reverend friend.

88.[2] SWIFT TO GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

TO GAY.

'THE COUNTRY,' *Aug.* 28, 1731.

YOU and the duchess use me very ill, for I profess I cannot distinguish the style or the hand-writing of either. I think her grace writes more like you than herself, and that you write more like her grace than yourself. I would swear the beginning of your letter 'was' writ by the duchess, though it is to pass for yours, because there is a cursed lie in it, that she is neither young nor healthy, and, besides, it perfectly resembles the part she owns. I will likewise swear, that what I must suppose is written by the duchess is your hand; and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you, but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis to a country parson's, to whom I lately gave a city living, such as an English chaplain would leap at.

[1] Bolingbroke had been a very turbulent passenger, who vociferated that the captain was shamefully ignorant of navigation; that the ship was out of its course; that it had struck upon a rock; that it was rapidly going to pieces, and must shortly sink. Throughout the voyage he exhorted every human being who would listen to him to depose the crew, deplored the general apathy which prevailed on the brink of destruction, and intimated that if the vessel was in his hands he could not only save it by his pre-eminent skill, but would calm the elements and control the winds.

[2] This letter first appeared in the quarto, 1741. The additions are from the transcript among the Oxford MSS.

I retired hither for the public good, having two great works in hand,—one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system, for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour.[1] The other is of almost equal importance. I may call it the Whole Duty of Servants, in about twenty several stations, from the steward and waiting-woman down to the scullion and pantry-boy.[2]

I believe no mortal had ever such fair invitations as 'I' to be happy in the best company of England; I wish I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, 'called Conolly,' who from a shoe-boy grew to be several times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common sense.[3] A lord lieutenant told the first King George, that 'Conolly'[4] was the greatest subject he had in both kingdoms; and truly his character was gotten and preserved by 'Conolly's'[5] never appearing in England, which was the only wise thing he ever did, except purchasing sixteen thousand pounds a year.[6]

[1] This work appeared in his lifetime under the title of A complete Collection of genteel and ingenious Conversation, according to the most polite Mode and Method now used at Court, and in the best Companies of England. In three Dialogues. By Simon Wagstaff, Esq. The Dialogues are in a strain of affected smartness, and mostly consist of cant phrases, such as are current in every generation among the classes who aim to be sprightly without wit, and are destitute of solid ideas.

[2] An imperfect thing of this kind called Directions to Servants in general has been published since his death.—WARBURTON.

The general directions are followed by separate chapters containing the special directions for each class of servants,—the butler, the cook, the footman, the coachman, the groom, the chamber-maid, the waiting-maid, etc.

[3] This language was too strong for the Irish public, and the sentence is thus softened in the Dublin edition: "There was a person in Ireland called ——, who from a very low birth grew to be several times one of the chief governors, very illiterate, and with no great share of sense."

[4] "He" in the quarto.

[5] The quarto "his."

[6] William Conolly was speaker of the Irish House of Commons, a commissioner of revenue, and long one of the three lord justices in the absence of the lord-lieutenant. His influence was immense, and no measure could be carried without his support. During the illness, which terminated his life on Oct. 30, 1729, there was a difficulty in conducting the business of the legislature from the want of his wonted authority over the members, and Archbishop Boulter wrote word to the English government that it would "require time to bring the several clans which united in Conolly to center in another." He was a whig

Why, you need not stare; it is easily applied: I must be absent, in order to preserve my credit with her grace. 'One thing I like well enough,—that you and the duchess absolutely govern the family, for I have not heard one squabble of my lord duke, who I take for granted submits to all your decrees. I writ some time ago to your new Lady Suffolk, and old friend, but have received no answer. She will probably be more civil when she comes to be a duchess. But I do not think her sincerity worth disputing, nor will disturb you in your dupery, because it is of no consequence. Besides, my quarrel with her is partly good manners, and she is a good servant, who does the office of a shrew.'[1] Lo, here comes in the duchess again (I know her by her dd's; but 'I' am a fool for discovering my art) to defend herself against my conjecture of what she said.

TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM,—I will imitate your grace, and write to you upon the same line. I own it is a base, unromantic spirit in me to suspend the honour of waiting at your grace's feet till I can finish a paltry lawsuit. It concerns, indeed, almost all my whole fortune. It is equal to half Mr. Pope's, and two-thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about six weeks' rent of your grace's. This cursed accident has drilled away the whole summer. But, madam, understand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal sense, and whenever I have the honour to attend you, shall expect them to be literally performed, though perhaps I shall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a court of justice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miserably has your grace been mistaken in thinking to avoid envy by running into exile,

who was ejected from his office during the rule of Lord Oxford, and who had been steady to the interests of the succeeding ministries, which sufficiently explains Swift's prejudice against him. Archbishop Boulter says that his income was reputed to be £17,000, and Swift calculates in the Drapier letters that he must have 250 horses to bring up half-a-year's rent in Wood's coinage, and two or three great cellars to hold it.

[1] He meant that Lady Suffolk did the office of a shrew in frowning upon him on behalf of her royal mistress, and that his good manners induced him to accuse the queen through the charges he brought against Lady Suffolk instead of openly attacking her majesty by name.

where it haunts you more than ever it did even at court. *Non te civitas non regia domus in exilium miserunt, sed tu utrasque.* So says Cicero, as your grace knows, or so he might have said.

To GAY.

'SIR,—I profess it was in my thoughts to have writ that congratulatory letter you mention.[1] I never saw the paper which occasioned the disgrace. It was not suffered to be visible here; but I am told there was something wrong in it that looked like betraying private conversation. Two ministers may talk with freedom of their master's wrong notions, &c., and it would hardly agree with honour to communicate what was spoken to any third person, much less to the public. This I say at a venture, for all things are here misrepresented, and I wish myself better informed.'

I am told that the Craftsman in one of his papers is offended with the publishers of, I suppose, the last edition of the Dunciad; and I was asked whether you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new disgraced person[2] as formerly? This I know[3] nothing of, but suppose it the consequence of some 'Irish' mistake. As to writing, I look on you just in the prime of life for it,—the very season when judgment and invention draw together. But schemes are perfectly accidental. Some will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful, and others the contrary. And what you say is past doubt, that every one can best find hints for himself, though it is possible that sometimes a friend may give you a lucky one, just suited to your own imagination. But all this is almost passed with me. My invention and judgment are perpetually at fistycuffs, till they have quite disabled each other; and the merest trifles I ever wrote are serious philosophical lucubrations, in comparison to what I now busy myself about; as, to speak in the author's phrase, the world may one day see.[4]

[1] To Pulteney.

[2] Pulteney.

[3] The quarto, "knew," and for "it" has "it was."

[4] His ludicrous prediction was since his death, and very much to his dishonour, seriously fulfilled.—WARBURTON.

Bishop Horne, after reading some of these posthumous trivialities, well remarked that the gift of great talents was not more rare than the wisdom to use them rightly.

'I must desire you, raillery apart, to let my lady duchess know that no man is or can be more sensible than myself of her grace's undeserved civility, favour, and condescension, with my thanks for all which I could fill this paper, and twenty more, to the bottom; but an opportunity just happening to send this letter,—for I am out of post roads,—I must here conclude.'

89.[1] GAY AND THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY TO SWIFT.

Endorsed "Received *Nov.* 8, 1731."

GAY.

FOR about this month or six weeks past I have been rambling from home or have been at what I may not improperly call other homes, at Dawley and at Twickenham; and I really think at every one of my homes you have as good a pretension as myself; for I find them all exceedingly disappointed by the lawsuit that has kept you this summer from us. Mr. Pope told me that affair was now over, that you have the estate that was your security. I wish you had your own money; for I wish you free from every engagement that keeps us one from another. I think you deciphered the last letter we sent you very judiciously. You may make your own conditions at Amesbury, where I am at present. You may do the same at Dawley; and Twickenham you know is your own. But if you rather choose to live with me—that is to say, if you will give up your right and title—I will purchase the house you and I used to dispute about over against Ham Walks, on purpose to entertain you. Name your day, and it shall be done. I have lived with you, and I wish to do so again in any place and upon any terms. The duchess does not know of my writing; but I promised to acquaint the duke the next time I wrote to you, and for aught I know he may tell the duchess, and she may tell Sir William Wyndham who

[1] Published by Hawkesworth. Pope published the answer.

is now here; and for fear they should all have something to say to you I leave the rest of the paper till I see the duke.

THE DUKE.

MR. GAY tells me you seem to doubt what authority my wife and he have to invite a person hither who, by agreement, is to have the government of the place during his stay, when at the same time it does not appear that the present master of the demesnes has been consulted in it. The truth of the matter is this: I did not know whether you might not have suspected me for a sort of a pert coxcomb, had I put in my word in the late correspondence between you and my wife. Ladies by the courtesy of the world enjoy privileges not allowed to men, and in many cases the same thing is called a favour from a lady which might perhaps be looked upon as impertinence from a man. Upon this reflection I have hitherto refrained from writing to you, having never had the pleasure of conversing with you otherwise, and as that is a thing I most sincerely wish, I would not venture to meddle in a negotiation that seemed to be in so fair a way of producing that desirable end. But our friend John has not done me justice if he has never mentioned to you how much I wish for the pleasure of seeing you here, and though I have not till now avowedly taken any steps towards bringing it about, what has passed conducive to it has been all along with my privity and consent, and I do now formally ratify all the preliminary articles and conditions agreed to on the part of my wife, and will undertake for the due observance of them. I depend upon my friend John to answer for my sincerity. I was not long at court,[1] and have been a country gentleman for some time.

Poll manus sub linus darque dds.
Sive hig fig gnipite gnaros.[2]

[1] Not long enough, that is, to learn insincerity.

[2] This is in another hand; possibly Sir W. Wyndham's.—NICHOLS.

Swift says in his reply that the lines are in the handwriting of the duchess. They appear to be without any meaning whatever, facetious or serious.

90.[1] SWIFT TO GAY AND THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dec. 1, 1731.

TO GAY.

IF your ramble was on horseback, I am glad of it on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage coaches and friends' coaches: for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside, 'and' one clean shirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage; and as for a night-gown, it is clear from Homer that Agamemnon rose without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, besides two or three under-ones, that may add another thousand pounds to your stock; and then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelvepenny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole thousand pounds brings you but half-a-crown a day. I find a greater longing than ever to come amongst you, and reason good, when I am teased with dukes and duchesses for a visit, all my demands complied with, and all excuses cut off. You remember, "O happy Don Quixote! queens held his horse, and duchesses pulled off his armour," or something to that purpose. He was a mean-spirited fellow; I can say ten times more. O happy, &c., such a duchess was designed to attend him, and such a duke invited him to command his palace.

Nam istos reges cæteros
Memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula.

Go read your Plautus and observe Strobilus vapouring after he had found the pot of gold.

I will have nothing to do with[2] 'the house over against Ham

[1] This letter was published in the quarto of 1741, where it is dated Sept. 10. The transcript in the Oxford MSS. bears the date of Dec. 1, and this is correct, since it is in answer to the previous letter, which Swift endorsed as received Nov. 8.

[2] In place of the remainder of the sentence the quarto reads "that lady."

Walks, or with the owner of it.' I have long hated her on your account, and the more, because you are so forgiving as not to hate her. 'I writ her a long letter lately in answer to her last, and let her know I would write to her no more,' although[1] she has good qualities enough to make her esteemed;[2] but not one grain of 'truth or honour.'[3] I only wish she were a fool 'as she is a knave.'

I have been several months writing near five hundred lines on a pleasant subject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will say on me after I am dead.[4] I shall finish it soon, for I add two lines every week, and blot out four and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors.

It is a great comfort to see how corruption and ill conduct are instrumental in uniting virtuous persons and lovers of their country of all denominations. 'Lord B[olingbroke] with W[illiam] P[ulteney], S[ir] W[illiam] W[yndham] with the Amesbury'—whig and tory, high and low church, as soon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion.[5] If this be disaffection, pray God send me always among the disaffected; and I heartily wish you joy of your scurvy treatment at court, which has given you leisure to cultivate both public

[1] "However" in the quarto.

[2] So Swift says in a letter he wrote to Lady Suffolk, Oct. 26, 1731, "I never knew a lady who had so many qualities to beget esteem." He must have rated moral qualities very low when he could entertain such vast esteem for a woman whom he believed to be without "one grain of truth or honour." And what is extraordinary, he never seems to have thought it the slightest blemish to her reputation, nor any obstacle to paying her homage, that she lived, and had been living for years, in open adultery.

[3] For "truth or honour" the quarto reads "feeling."

[4] The poem on his own death, formed upon a maxim of Rochefoucauld. It is one of the best of his performances, but very characteristic. —WARBURTON.

[5] The Duke of Queensberry was in opposition "on account of ill-usage from the ministers," Bolingbroke because he had not been restored to his seat in the House of Lords, and Pulteney because he set a higher price upon his services than Walpole chose to pay. Sir William Wyndham was the only one of the clique whom we do not know to have been actuated by selfish motives, and Wyndham was the puppet of Bolingbroke. "I must complain," said Swift, "that the cards are ill shuffled till I have a good hand," and this was the principle which governed these "lovers of their country" in their opposition to Walpole.

and private virtue, neither of them likely to be soon met with within the walls of St. James's or Westminster. But I must here dismiss you that I may pay my acknowledgments to the duke for the great honour he has done me.

TO THE DUKE.

MY LORD,—I could have sworn that my pride would be always able to preserve me from vanity, of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for some months past, first by the conduct of my lady duchess, and now by that of your grace, which had like to finish the work. And I should have certainly gone about showing my letters under the charge of secrecy to every blab of my acquaintance, if I could have the least hope of prevailing on any of them to believe that a man in so obscure a corner, quite thrown out of the present world, and within a few steps of the next, should receive such condescending invitations from two such persons, to whom he is an utter stranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial representations of a friend. But in the meantime, I must desire your grace not to flatter yourself, that I waited for your consent to accept the invitation. I must be ignorant indeed not to know, that the duchess, ever since you met, has been most politicly employed in increasing those forces, and sharpening those arms, with which she subdued you at first, and to which, the braver and the wiser you grow, you will more and more submit. Thus I know myself on the secure side, and it was a mere piece of 'my' good manners to insert that clause, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear informing your grace, that the duchess's great secret in her art of government has been to reduce both your wills into one, so I am content, in due observance to the forms of the world, to return my most humble thanks to your grace for so great a favour as you are pleased to offer me, and which nothing but impossibilities shall prevent me from receiving, since I am, with the greatest reason, truth, and respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient, &c.

TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM,—I have consulted all the learned in occult sciences

of my acquaintance, and have sate up eleven nights to discover the meaning of those two hieroglyphical lines in your grace's hand at the bottom of the last Amesbury letter, but all in vain. Only it is agreed that the language is Coptic, and a very profound Behmist assures me the style is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great person of the female sex to a strange kind of man whom she never saw; and this is all I can find, which, after so many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that respect, wherewith I am, madam, your grace's most obedient, &c.

91. GAY AND POPE TO SWIFT.

GAY.

Dec. 1, 1731.

You used to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you speak: you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you do not send to me now and then, the post-office will think me of no consequence, for I have no correspondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you please; you cannot be forgotten by those who ever knew you, and therefore please me by sometimes showing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendship to you. I seek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I spend no shillings in coaches or chairs to levees or great visits, and, as I do not want the assistance of some that I formerly conversed with, I will not so much as seem to seek to be a dependant. As to my studies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot say that I have yet perfected anything. What I have done is something in the way of those Fables I have already published.[1] All the money I get is by saving, so that by habit there may be some hopes, if I grow richer, of my becoming a miser. All misers have their excuses. The motive to my parsimony is independence. If I were to be represented by the duchess (she is such a downright niggard for me), this character might not be allowed me; but I really

[1] The second part of his Fables.—BOWLES.

think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court-end of the town, and who is as poor as myself: for I do not pretend that I am equally saving with Selkirk.[1] Mr. Lewis desired you might be told that he has five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot, for he will hardly allow that a verseman[2] can have a just knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your lawsuit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the security now in your own possession; but still your case is not so bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with costs. I have had an injunction for me against pirating booksellers, which I am sure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end drain me of some money. When I began this prosecution, I fancied there would be some end of it; but the law still goes on, and it is probable I shall some time or other see an attorney's bill as long as the book. Poor Duke Disney is dead, and has left what he had among his friends, among whom are Lord Bolingbroke, 500*l.*; Mr. Pelham, 500*l.*; Sir William Wyndham's youngest son, 500*l.*; General Hill, 500*l.*; Lord Masham's son, 500*l.*

You have the good wishes of those I converse with. They know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own sake. I am satisfied with the love and friendship of good men, and envy not the demerits of those who are most conspicuously distinguished. Therefore, as I set a just value upon your friendship, you cannot please me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me,—the only satisfaction of distant friends!

[1] "S—lk—k" in the Dublin edition; "S——k" in the quarto. Charles Hamilton, Earl of Selkirk, was a Scotch peer, and third son of one of the Dukes of Hamilton. He was lord of the bed-chamber to William III., George I., and George II., and hence Lord Hervey says of him,

Let nauseous Selkirk shake his empty head
Through six courts more, when six have wished him dead.

In a letter to Dr. Middleton, Nov. 15, 1733, Lord Hervey quoted him as an instance that a man may live for three score years without acquiring the commonest knowledge current in the world. He died in 1739.

[2] Lord Bathurst used to call Lewis his "proseman," and Prior his "verseman."

POPE.

MR. GAY'S is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worst of it is, what should be its excuse, that I write in a headache that has lasted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together, though in one point I am apt to differ from you, for you shun your friends when you are in those circumstances, and I desire them. Your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady [Suffolk] took your letter very kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no answer under a twelvemonth: but kindness perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However, she is an extraordinary woman there who will do you common justice. For God's sake why all this scruple about Lord B[olingbroke]'s keeping your horses, who has a park; or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine. John Gay shall help me to entertain you, though you come like King Lear with fifty knights. Though such prospects as I wish cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again. The old lord may die,[1] the benefice may drop; or, at worst, you may carry me into Ireland. You will see a work of Lord B[olingbroke]'s[2] and one of mine, which, with a just neglect of the present age, consult only posterity; and, with a noble scorn of politics, aspire to philosophy. I am glad you resolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and interests of parties, even of countries; for countries are but larger parties. *Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogare, nostrum sit.* I am much pleased with your design upon Rochefoucauld's maxim; pray finish it. I am happy whenever you join our names together; so would Dr. Arbuthnot be, but at this time he can be pleased with nothing: for his darling son is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.[3]

[1] Lord St. John, father of Lord Bolingbroke, at this time of great age, upon whose death a considerable accession of income would devolve to Lord Bolingbroke.—BOWLES.

[2] His Essays on Human Knowledge.

[3] Charles Arbuthnot, a clergyman. "I have had," wrote his father to Swift, Jan. 13, 1733, "but a melancholy, sorrowful life for some time past, having lost my dear child, whose life, if it had so pleased God, I would have willingly redeemed with

The paper you ask me about is of little value.[1] It might have been a seasonable satire upon the scandalous language and passion with which men of condition have stooped to treat one another. Surely they sacrifice too much to the people, when they sacrifice their own characters, families, &c. to the diversion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of most popularity, fame, &c. Even as a writer I am cool in it, and whenever you see what I am now writing, you will be convinced I would please but a few, and, if I could, make mankind less admirers, and greater reasoners.[2] I study much more to render my own portion of being easy, and to keep this peevish frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unmanned me, and it will delight you to hear they are not increased, though not diminished. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, though my mother now cannot. When I am sick, I lie down: when I am better, I rise up: I am used to the headache, &c. If greater pains arrive, such as my late rheumatism, the servants bathe and plaster me, or the surgeon scarifies me, and I bear it, because I must. This is the evil of nature, not of fortune. I am just now as well as when you were here: I pray God you were no worse. I sincerely wish my life were passed near you, and such as it is, I would not

my own. I thank God for a new lesson of submission to his will, and likewise for what he has left me." "The great loss I sustained in him," he said to Swift nearly two years later, "gave me my first shock."

[1] The allusion is to Arbuthnot's tract, A brief Account of Mr. John Ginglicutt's Treatise concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients. Pulteney, after mentioning to Swift, Feb. 9, 1731, that vituperation had risen to a greater height with politicians than had ever been known before, proceeds to say, "Upon this Dr. Arbuthnot has written a very humorous treatise, which he showed me this morning, wherein he proves from many learned instances that this sort of altercation is ancient, elegant, and classical, and that what the world falsely imagines to be polite is truly gothic and barbarous. His quotations from Homer, Demosthenes, Æschines and Tully are admirable, and the whole is very humorously conducted." The piquancy which Pulteney discovered in the tract was not perceived by the public, who thought with Pope that it was of "little value." There could hardly be a duller, less effective piece of satire.

[2] The poem he means is the Essay on Man. But this point he could never gain. His readers would admire the poetry in spite of him, and would not understand the reasoning after all his pains.—WARBURTON.

repine at it. All you mention remember you, and wish you here.

92.[1] GAY TO SWIFT.

March 13, 1731-32.

DEAR SIR,—I hope this unlucky accident of hurting your leg[2] will not prevent your coming to us this spring, though you say nothing about it. All your friends expect it, and particularly my landlord and landlady, who are my friends as much as ever, and I should not think them so if they were not as much yours. The downs of Amesbury are so smooth that neither horse nor man can hardly make a wrong step, so that you may take your exercise with us with greater security. If you can prevail with the duchess to ride and walk with you, you will do her good; but that is a motive I could never prevail with her to comply with. I wish you would try whether your oratory could get over this difficulty.

General Dormer, Sir Clement Cotterell, and I set out to-morrow morning for Rousham in Oxfordshire, to stay ten days or a fortnight. The duchess will undertake to recommend the lords of her acquaintance to attend Mr. Ryves's[3] cause, if it should come on before our return. The duke will do the same. Her grace too has undertaken to answer your letter.

I have not disposed of your South Sea bonds. There is a year's interest due at lady-day; but if I were to dispose of them at present, I should lose a great deal of the premium I paid for them. Perhaps they may fall lower, but I cannot prevail with myself to sell them. The rogueries that have been discovered in some other companies, I believe, make them all have less credit.

[1] Published by Hawkesworth. Endorsed "Received April 12, 1732, answered May 6, 1732." The answer is one of the letters printed by Pope.

[2] He slipped upon the staircase at the beginning of February, and sprained his leg so badly that he could neither walk nor ride.

[3] William Ryves was an eminent merchant in Dublin. The cause was an appeal by David Bindon, another merchant, from a decree of the court of exchequer in Ireland in favour of Mr. Ryves. The appeal was dismissed, and the decree affirmed, May 4, 1733.—NICHOLS.

I find myself dispirited for want of having some pursuit. Indolence and idleness are the most tiresome things in the world, and I begin to find a dislike to society. I think I ought to try to break myself of it, but I cannot resolve to set about it. I have left off almost all my great acquaintance, which saves me something in chair hire, though in that article the town is still very expensive. Those who were your old acquaintance are almost the only people I now visit, and, indeed, upon trying all, I like them best.

Lord Cornbury refused the pension that was offered him.[1] He is chosen to represent the university of Oxford in the room of Mr. Bromley[2] without opposition. I know him, and I think he deserves it. He is a young nobleman of learning and morals, which is so particular, that I know you will respect and value him; and, to my great comfort, he lives with us in our family. Mr. Pope is in town, and in good health. I lately passed a week with him at Twickenham. I must leave the rest to the duchess; for I must pack up my shirts to set out to-morrow, being the 14th of March, the day after I received your letter. If you would advise the duchess to confine me four hours a-day to my own room, while I am in the country, I will write, for I cannot confine myself as I ought.

93. BOLINGBROKE AND POPE TO SWIFT.

BOLINGBROKE.

[*April*, 1732.]

You may assure yourself, that if you come over this spring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of study, but

[1] Lord Cornbury was a brother of the Duchess of Queensberry. "On his return from his travels," says Pope, "his brother-in-law, the Lord Essex, told him that he had got a pension for him. It was a very handsome one, and quite equal to his rank. All Lord Cornbury's answer was, 'How could you tell, my lord, that I was to be sold; or at least how could you know my price so exactly?'" For this conduct his virtue was celebrated by Pope, but the model of uprightness was an agent of the pretender, and by consequence a perjured traitor.

[2] William Bromley died on Feb. 13. A high churchman, with jacobite sympathies, he was unanimously chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, Nov. 25, 1710, by the parliament which was elected on the

devoted to that historical task, which you have set me these many years. I am in hopes of some materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propose to myself. If they are not to be had, I must accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the meantime Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be surprised to find that I have been partly drawn by him and partly by myself, to write a pretty large volume [1] upon a very grave and very important subject; that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority, except sacred authority, and that I have ventured to start a thought, which must, if it is pushed as successfully as I think it is, render all your metaphysical theology both ridiculous and abominable.[2] There is an expression in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this subject; and yet I am persuaded that divines and freethinkers would both be clamorous against it,[3] if it was to be submitted to their censure, as I do not intend that it shall.[4] The passage I mean is that where you say you told Dr. [Delany] the grand points of christianity ought to be taken as infallible revelations,[5] &c.

formation of the Harley government, and in August, 1713, he was promoted to be one of the secretaries of state. His official career ended with the reign of Queen Anne. "He was," says Burnet, "a man of grave deportment and good morals."

[1] The Essays on Human Knowledge.

[2] Bolingbroke referred to his favourite doctrine that the moral attributes of the Deity are not in conformity with our moral conceptions. To reason upon God's moral government would be presumptuous and absurd when the nature of his moral attributes were unknown, and hence Bolingbroke boasts that the demonstration of the principle would render our "metaphysical theology both ridiculous and abominable." He talks of "having ventured to start the thought," as if the theory had originated with himself, which was a fanciful claim in his usual style.

[3] The freethinkers were mostly deists, and Bolingbroke foresaw they would repudiate the notion that the moral attributes of the Deity only presented a blank to the contemplation of man.

[4] He meant not in his life-time.

[5] Whatever Swift may have said, Bolingbroke wanted him to acknowledge that revelation was not to be reconciled to reason, or to our moral ideas. The "grand points" were "to be taken as infallible" with a blind belief, which secretly signified in Bolingbroke's mind that they wer not worthy of any belief at all. If christianity was to be accepted without intellectual insight, he inferred that Swift would be ready to admit that the moral attributes of the Deity were equally unintelligible, and could not be the groundwork of our theological speculations.

It has happened, that, whilst I was writing this to you, the doctor came to make me a visit from London, where I heard he was arrived some time ago. He was in haste to return, and is, I perceive, in great haste to print. He left with me eight dissertations,[1] a small part, as I understand, of his work, and desired me to peruse, consider, and observe upon them against Monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two first, I find myself unable to serve him. The principles he reasons upon are begged in a disputation of this sort, and the manner of reasoning is by no means close and conclusive. The sole advice I could give him in conscience would be that which he would take ill and not follow.[2] I will get rid of this task as well as I can, for I esteem the man, and should be sorry to disoblige him where I cannot serve him.

As to retirement and exercise, your notions are true. The first should not be indulged so much as to render us savage, nor the last neglected so as to impair health. But I know men, who, for fear of being savage, live with all who will live with them; and who, to preserve their health, saunter away half their time. Adieu! Pope calls for the paper.

POPE.

I HOPE what goes before will be a strong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I shall see Ireland. I shall never desire it, if you can be got hither, or kept here. Yet I think I shall be too soon a free man.[3] Your recommendations I constantly give to those you mention; though some of them I see but seldom, and am every day more retired.

[1] The work here alluded to was the first volume of Dr. Delany's Revelation examined with Candour, published 1732,—a work written in a very florid and declamatory style, and with a greater degree of learning and ingenuity than of sound reason and argument. The same may be said of this author's Life of king David. The best of his works seem to be his Reflections on Polygamy. Dr. Delany was an amiable, a benevolent and a virtuous man,—a character far superior to that of the ablest controversial writer.—WARTON.

[2] The advice to suppress the treatise. No evidences of christianity would have found favour with Bolingbroke. The stronger the arguments the more they exasperated him, as may be seen in his posthumous works.

[3] By his mother's death.—WALTER SCOTT.

am less fond of the world, and less curious about it; yet no ray out of humour, disappointed, or angry, though in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters; but I do not feel them, therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I pass almost all my time at Dawley, and at home. My lord—of which I partly take the merit to myself—is as much estranged from politics as I am. Let philosophy be ever so vain, it is less vain now than politics, and not quite so vain at present as divinity. I know nothing that moves strongly but satire, and those who are ashamed of nothing else, are so of being ridiculous. I fancy, if we three were together but for three years, some good might be done even upon this age.[1]

I know you will desire some account of my health. It is as usual, but my spirits rather worse. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either a taste or talent for politics, and the world minds nothing else. I have personal obligations, which I will ever preserve, to men of different sides, and I wish nothing so much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit, if I can take off any man from grating or satirical subjects, merely on the score of party: and it is the greatest vanity of my life that I have contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to subjects moral, useful, and more worthy his pen. Dr. [Delany's] book is what I cannot commend so much as Dean Berkeley's,[2] though it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, though he meant it *ad populum*, is, I think, purely *ad clerum*. Adieu.

94.[3] SWIFT TO GAY.

DUBLIN, *May* 4, 1732.

'DEAR SIR,'—I am now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that

[1] This sentence is not in the Dublin edition.

[2] A very lively and ingenious book called The Minute Philosopher. — WARBURTON.

[3] This letter appeared in the quarto of 1741, with the omission of some passages which are restored from the transcript in the Oxford MSS.

limb, from my lady duchess, which you promised,[1] and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true step even on Amesbury Downs, and I declare that a corporeal false step is worse than a political one; nay, worse than a thousand political ones, for which I appeal to courts and ministers, who hobble on and prosper, without the sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking is insulting me, for I can as soon fly as do either.

'I desire you will manage my South Sea estate as you would do if it were your own—I mean in every circumstance except gaming with the public; that is, buying or selling lottery tickets, as you once proposed to me from your own practice.[2] I love Mr. Lewis's device, *Piano, piano.*'

It is your pride or laziness, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expensive. No honour is lost by walking in the dark; and in the day, you may beckon a blackguard boy under a gate,[3] near your visiting place, (*experto crede*) save eleven pence, and get a half a crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digest neither for want of exercise; and, to increase my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you, for losing your great acquaintance. In such a case, philosophy teaches that we must submit, and be content with good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refusing his pension, but I demur at his being elected for Oxford, which, I conceive, is wholly changed, and entirely devoted to new principles 'directly contrary to those for which Lord Cornbury refused a pension,' and[4] it appeared to me 'a most corrupt seminary' the two last times I was there.[5]

[1] Gay had said to Swift on March 13, "Her grace too has undertaken to answer your letter," but she was called away by the illness of her son, and did not send her promised contribution.

[2] "I made you a proposal," Gay wrote to Swift, April 21, 1731, "about purchasing lottery tickets in partnership with myself, that is to say, four tickets between us."

[3] To clean his shoes. Thus Gay in his Trivia:

What though the gath'ring mire thy feet besmear,
The voice of industry is always near:
Hark! the boy calls thee to his destined stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.

[4] For "and" the quarto reads "so."

[5] When he visited England in

I find by the whole cast of your letter, that you are as giddy and volatile as ever, just the reverse of Mr. Pope, who has always loved a domestic life from his youth.[1] I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own; but I profess I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the duchess, yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting places and company, with a rooted laziness, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste; and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting, while I, who am so much later in life, can, or at least could, ride five hundred miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do, as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune. You are merciful to everything but money, your best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your absence of mind? Can you attend to trifles? Can you at Amesbury write domestic libels to divert the family and neighbouring squires for five miles round, or venture so far on horseback, without apprehending a stumble at every step? Can you set the footmen a laughing as they wait at dinner?[2] and do the duchess's women admire your wit? In what esteem are you with the vicar of the parish? Can

1726 and 1727. He thought that whiggism was prevailing at Oxford under the prolonged influence of a whig ministry.

[1] Swift was not enough in England to know the habits of Pope. Those who had lived most with him bear testimony to his restlessness and love of visiting. In July of this very year Bolingbroke speaks of him as "a man scattered in the world, according to the French phrase," and Jervas, in a letter to Swift, Nov. 24, 1734, says, "Our friend Pope is off and on, here and there, everywhere and nowhere, *a son ordinaire*, and, therefore, as well as we can hope, for a carcase so crazy." "I met our friend Pope in town," Lord Bathurst wrote to Swift at the period of the queen's death in 1737. "He is as sure to be there in a bustle, as a porpoise in a storm. He told me that he would retire to Twickenham for a fortnight, but I doubt it much."

[2] We may form some opinion of

you play with him at backgammon? Have the farmers found out that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab tree? You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country skill is in fishing for roaches, or gudgeons at the highest. I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore desire you will show this letter to the duchess, to improve her grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are like to be in the family.

'I suppose you have seen Dr. Delany, who has been long amongst you, and we hear is printing many sermons against free-thinkers, besides one or more against eating blood. I advised him against preaching on those subjects to plain believing christians, but that he might print if he pleased. This I supposed hindered him from taking me as his adviser, and he rather chooses Lord Bolingbroke. We hear he has published a poem inscribed to one of the princesses. Pray how does Dr. Berkeley's book pass amongst you. It is too speculative for me. I hope you still see Lady S[uffolk] in her grandeur, and think her as much your friend as ever, in which you do her justice. I desire to present my most humble respect to the duke and duchess.' Her grace shall have the honour of my correspondence again when she goes to Amesbury. Hear a piece of Irish news. I buried the famous General Meredith's[1] father last night in my cathedral. He was ninety-six years old: so that Mrs. Pope may live seven years longer. You saw Mr. Pope in health; pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongst you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day? My stint in com-

the taste of the day when a man of genius was expected to write nonsense "to divert the squires five miles round," and "to set the footmen a laughing."—BOWLES.

[1] Famous in connection with an incident which is thus related in Swift's Journal to Stella, Dec. 13, 1710: "You hear the havoc making in the army. Meredith, Macartney, and Colonel Honeywood are obliged to sell their commands at half value, and leave the army, for drinking destruction to the present ministry, and dressing up a hat on a stick and calling it Harley; then drinking a glass with one hand, and discharging a pistol with the other at the maukin, wishing it were Harley himself, and a hundred other such petty tricks, as inflaming their soldiers, and foreign ministers against the late changes at court." The army was devoted to Marlborough, and the officers were dismissed to stop the demonstrations in his favour.

pany is a pint at noon, and half as much at night, but I often dine alone[1] like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have society, if I could get what I like, people of middle understanding and middle rank, 'very complying, and consequently such as I can govern.'

'Lord knows where this letter will find you; but I think your will is that I should direct always to the duke's in Burlington Gardens. There is a lord[2] for you wholly out of my favour, whom I will use as I did Schomberg's heiresses. So adieu. Ever yours.'

95.[3] GAY TO SWIFT.

LONDON, *May* 16, 1732.

DEAR SIR,—To-morrow we set out for Amesbury, where I propose to follow your advice, of employing myself about some work against next winter. You seemed not to approve of my writing more fables. Those I am now writing have a prefatory discourse before each of them, by way of epistle, and the morals of most of them are of the political kind, which makes them run into a greater length than those I have already published. I have already finished about fifteen or sixteen. Four or five more would make a volume of the same size as the first. Though this is a kind of writing that appears very easy, I find it is the most difficult of any that I ever undertook. After I have invented one fable and finished it, I despair of finding out another; but I have a moral or two more, which I wish to write upon. I have also a sort of a

[1] "Alone" in the manuscript, and Dublin edition; "at home" in the quarto.

[2] The lord, that is, from whom the gardens were named. Swift had recently commissioned Gay to re-open the question of the monument with Lord Burlington, and Gay, who had been dropped by Lord Burlington, passed on the commission to Pope. "He designs to see him to-morrow," Gay wrote Jan. 18, 1732, "and if anything can be done he says you shall hear from him." Lord Burlington was immoveable, and Swift here threatens to repeat his mistake of setting up a stone in the cathedral with a resentful inscription.

[3] Published by Hawkesworth. The answer was published by Pope.

scheme to raise my finances by doing something for the stage. With this, and some reading, and a great deal of exercise, I propose to pass my summer. I am sorry it must be without you. Why cannot you come and saunter about upon the downs a-horseback, in the autumn, to mark the partridges for me to shoot for your dinner? Yesterday I received your letter, and notwithstanding your reproaches of laziness, I was four or five hours about business, and did not spend a shilling in a coach or chair.

I received a year's interest on your two bonds, which is 8*l.* I have four of my own. I have deposited all of them in the hands of Mr. Hoare, to receive the half year's interest at Michaelmas. The premium of the bonds is fallen a great deal since I bought yours. I gave very near 6*l.* on each bond, and they are now sold for about 50*s.* Everything is very precarious, and I have no opinion of any of their public securities; but I do not know what to do with our money. I believe, the parliament next year intend to examine the South Sea scheme. I do not know whether it will be prudent to trust our money there till that time.

I did what I could to assist Mr. Ryves; and I am very glad that he has found justice. Lord Bathurst spoke for him, and was very zealous on bringing on his cause. The duchess intended to write in my last letter, but she set out all on a sudden, to take care of Lord Drumlanrig,[1] who was taken ill of the small-pox at Winchester school. He is now perfectly well recovered (for he had a favourable kind) to the great joy of our family. I think she ought, as she intends, to renew her correspondence with you at Amesbury. I was at Dawley on Sunday. Lady Bolingbroke continues in a very bad state of health, but still retains her spirits. You are always remembered there with great respect and friendship. Mrs. Pope is so worn out with old age, but without any distemper, that I look upon her life as very uncertain. Mr. Pope's state of health is much in the same way as when you left him. As for myself, I am often troubled with the colic. I have as much inattention, and have, I think, lower spirits than usual, which

[1] The Duke of Queensberry's eldest son.—WALTER SCOTT.

I impute to my having no one pursuit in life. I have many compliments to make you from the Duke and Duchess, and Lords Bolingbroke, Bathurst, Sir William Wyndham, Mr. Pulteney, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Lewis, &c. Every one of them is disappointed in your not coming among us.

I have not seen Dean Berkeley, but have read his book, and like many parts of it; but in general think, with you, that it is too speculative, at least for me. Dr. Delany I have very seldom seen. He did not do me the honour to advise with me about anything he has published. I like your thoughts upon these sort of writings; and I should have advised him as you did, though I had lost his good opinion. I write in very great haste; for I have many things to do before I go out of town. Pray make me as happy as you can, and let me hear from you often. But I am still in hopes to see you, and will expect a summons one day or other to come to Bristol, in order to be your guide to Amesbury.

96. SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *June* 12, 1732.

I DOUBT habit has little power to reconcile us with sickness attended by pain. With me the lowness of spirits has a most unhappy effect; I am grown less patient with solitude, and harder to be pleased with company;[1] which I could formerly better digest, when I could be easier without it than at pre-

[1] Swift has beautifully expressed his feelings of the increasing sorrows of declining age in his letter to Mrs. Moore, Dec. 27, 1727: "God, in his wisdom, has been pleased to load our declining years with many sufferings, with diseases and decays of nature, with the death of many friends and the ingratitude of more; sometimes with the loss or diminution of our fortunes, when our infirmities most need them; often with contempt from the world, and always with neglect from it; with the death of our most hopeful or useful children; with a want of relish for all worldly enjoyments; with a general dislike of persons and things; and though all these are very natural effects of increasing years, yet they were intended by the author of our being to wean us gradually from our fondness of life, the nearer we approach towards the end of it."—BOWLES.

"This is the use you are to make," added Swift, "of all the afflictions you have undergone." He forgot the infinitely more important purpose of afflictions—the restoration of men to the righteousness which is to fit them for the kingdom.

sent. As to sending you anything that I have written since I left you, either verse or prose, I can only say, that I have ordered by my will, that all my papers of any kind shall be delivered you to dispose of as you please. I have several things that I have had schemes to finish, or to attempt, but I very foolishly put off the trouble, as sinners do their repentance: for I grow every day more averse from writing, which is very natural, and when I take a pen say to myself a thousand times, *non est tanti*. As to those papers of four or five years past, that you are pleased to require soon,[1] they consist of little accidental things writ in the country,[2]—family amusements, never intended farther than to divert ourselves and some neighbours; or some effects of anger on public grievances here, which would be insignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago, to write a weekly paper, and call it an Intelligencer. But it continued not long; for the whole volume (it was reprinted in London, and I find you have seen it,) was the work only of two,—myself and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got some ingenious young man to have been the manager, who should have published all that might be sent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the printer here could not afford such a young man one farthing for his trouble, the sale being so small, and the price one halfpenny: and so it dropped. In the volume you saw (to answer your questions) the 1, 3, 5, 7, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the verses (very incorrect, but against a fellow we all hated),[3] the 9th mine, the 10th only the verses, and of those not the four last slovenly lines. The 15th is a pamphlet of mine printed before, with Dr. Sheridan's preface, merely for laziness, not to disappoint the town: and so was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miseries of Ireland, and wholly useless and unentertaining. As to other things of mine, since I left you, there are, in prose, a View of the State of Ireland;

[1] For a new volume of Miscellanies which Pope brought out in 1732.

[2] These were published in their Miscellanies, and of many it were to be wished that they had never been known beyond the small circle they were originally written to amuse.—BOWLES.

[3] "But against," etc. is not in the Dublin edition. The "fellow was

a Project for eating Children; and a Defence of Lord Carteret: in verse, a Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret; a Letter to Dr. Delany on the libels writ against him; the Barrack (a stolen copy); the Lady's Journal; the Lady's Dressing-room (a stolen copy); the plea of the Damned (a stolen copy). All these have been printed in London. I forgot to tell you that the Tale of Sir Ralph was sent from England. Besides these there are five or six, perhaps more, papers of verses writ in the north, but perfect family things, two or three of which may be tolerable, the rest but indifferent, and the humour only local, and some that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameness, and live long enough to see you either here or there. I forget again to tell you that the Scheme of paying Debts by a Tax on Vices is not one syllable mine,[1] but of a young clergyman whom I countenance. He told me it was built upon a passage in Gulliver, where a projector has something upon the same thought. This young man is the most hopeful we have. A book of his poems was printed in London.[2] Dr. Delany is one of his patrons: he is married and has children, and makes up about 100*l.* a-year, on which he lives decently. The utmost stretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much superfluous money as will give him a sight of you, and half an hour of your presence; after which he will return home in full satisfaction, and, in proper time, die in peace.[3]

Richard Tighe, a privy councillor, and a member of the Irish parliament. He was an uncompromising whig, and they hated him for his party zeal, which was exerted to stop the promotion of tories in the church. Swift's hatred at all times distorted his perceptions, and his peculiar animosity to Tighe is reason enough for concluding that the frenzied scurrility of the verses in the Intelligencer was the extravagance of passion.

[1] All which follows to the end of the paragraph is omitted in the Dublin edition.

[2] The young clergyman was Matthew Pilkington, the son of a Dublin ale-house keeper, and his volume of poems was published in 1731. "He is a little young poetical parson," said Swift in a letter to Lord Bathurst, "and has a littler young poetical wife. And take notice that the word littler is no blunder. And the young parson aforesaid has very lately printed his own works all in verse, and some not unpleasant, in one or two of which I have the honour to be celebrated, which cost me a guinea, and two bottles of wine."

[3] The dean got him to London this year, having induced Alderman Bar-

My poetical fountain is drained, and I profess I grow gradually so dry, that a rhyme with me is almost as hard to find as a guinea, and even prose speculations tire me almost as much. Yet I have a thing in prose, begun above twenty-eight years ago, and almost finished. It will make a four-shilling volume, and is such a perfection of folly that you shall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess. Nay, I have another of the same age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same way.[1] I heard lately from Mr. [Gay] who promises to be less lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are seldom provident enough to consider that both wit and beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is past.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her, and I doubt my lord will find Dawley too solitary without her.[2] In that neither he nor you are companions young enough for me, and I believe the best part of the reason why men are said to grow children when they are old, is because they cannot entertain themselves with thinking; which is the very case of little boys and girls, who love to be noisy among their playfellows. I am

ber, who became lord mayor, Oct. 30, 1732, to take him for his chaplain. "He is some years under thirty," Swift wrote to Barber, "but has more wit, sense, and discretion than any of your London parsons ten years above his age." In a subsequent letter the dean commended his scholarship, his preaching, his virtue, and his modesty. At first Barber reported favourably of him, and said to Swift, Feb. 1733, "He gains daily upon us, and comes out a facetious, agreeable fellow"; and in August Barber said, "his behaviour is very well, and he is generally esteemed." Soon his real character displayed itself, and he turned out an unprincipled rake without "sense, discretion, virtue, or modesty." His wife was the daughter of a physician, Dr. Van Lewen, and her history was the counterpart of her husband's. "She is a bosom friend of Dean Swift's," wrote Mrs. Pendarves from Dublin Oct. 1731, and in 1738 Swift acknowledged to Barber that the husband was "the falsest rogue in either kingdom," and the wife "the most profligate harlot." Mrs. Pilkington wrote Memoirs of Herself in 3 vols., which in the main are a medley of shameless trash, but contain the most vivid picture we possess of Swift's manners and style of talk.

[1] The two works were the Directions to Servants and the Polite Conversation.

[2] When Lady Bolingbroke went to France for her health.

told Mrs. Pope is without pain, and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneasiness to herself or friends. Yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater sufferer, by having the person you most love so long before you, and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

97.[1] SWIFT TO GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

To Gay.

Dublin, *July* 10, 1732.

'Dear Sir,'—I had your letter by Mr. Ryves a long time after the date, for I suppose he stayed long in the way. I am glad you determine upon something 'that will bring you money. But you have quite misunderstood me; for' there is no writing I esteem more than fables, nor anything so difficult to succeed in, which however you have done excellently well, and I have often admired your happiness in such a kind of performance, which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you seem to hint; I found a moral first and 'then' studied for a fable, but could do nothing that pleased me, and so left off that scheme for ever. I remember one, which was to represent what scoundrels rise in armies by a long war, wherein I supposed the lion was engaged, and having lost all his animals of worth, at last Sergeant Hog came to be a brigadier, and Corporal Ass a colonel, &c. I agree with you likewise about getting something by the stage, which, when it succeeds, is the best crop for poetry in England. But, pray take some new scheme, quite different from anything you have already touched. The present humour of the players, who hardly, as I was told in London, regard any new play, and your present situation at the court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but those circumstances may have altered, at least the former, since I left you. My scheme was to pass a month at Amesbury, and then go to Twitenham, and live a winter between

[1] This letter was published in the quarto of 1741, but the transcript in the Oxford MSS. supplies some additions.

that and Dawley, and sometimes at Riskins,[1] without going to London, where I now can have no occasional lodgings: but I am not yet in any condition for such removals. 'I believe I told you that I had been about a month able to ride in gambadoes, which give my feet a support like a floor, but I can no more stand tiptoe on my left leg than I can dance the rope, nor know when I shall; for I mend slowly, and limp when I walk. For these reasons' I would fain have you get enough against you grow old, to have two or three servants about you and a convenient house. It is hard to want those *subsidia senectuti*, when a man grows hard to please, and few people care whether he be pleased or no. I have a large house, yet I should hardly prevail to find one visitor, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine,—so that, when I am not abroad on horseback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful, if a friend will pass the evening with me 'over a bottle.' I am now with the remainder of my pint before me 'that I drank with water at dinner,[2] with no creature but two servants attending while I eat about half a chicken,' and so here is your health, and the second and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my lady duchess. And I tell you that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope, a couple of philosophers, would starve me; for even of port-wine I should require half a pint a day, and as much at night: and you were growing as bad, unless your duke and duchess have mended you. 'You have not forgot "Gentlemen, I will leave you to your wine," which was but the remainder of a pint when four glasses were drunk. I tell that story to everybody in commendation of Mr. Pope's abstemiousness.

'If you please to manage my 200*l.* as your own, though I believe you are just such a manager as myself, I shall be obliged to you. Yet if it ever comes to be at par I will, against my former maxims, return it hither, where I can get 10 per cent. by the exchange, and 6 per cent. interest, or 5½ with great safety. But probably I shall have occasion to spend it, for our

[1] A seat of Lord Bathurst's in Buckinghamshire.—DR. BIRCH.

[2] Mrs. Pilkington says "he mixed water and sugar" with every glass of wine he drank.

tithes hardly yield us anything, and my land rents are not half sufficient to maintain me.

'I congratulate with my lady duchess on her son's passing so easily through the small-pox. I am heartily concerned for the lady at Dawley; I fear she is in a bad way. I owe her much gratitude for many civilities I received from her, and have a great esteem for her good sense.' Your colic is owing to intemperance of the philosophical kind. You eat without care, and if you drink less than I, you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, because I imagined the cause was removed, for I thought it lay in your forty millions of schemes by court-hopes and court-fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the same defect, and it is of all others the most mortal to conversation. Neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it:[1] all for want of my rule, *Vive la bagatelle!* But the doctor[2] is the king of inattention. What a vexatious life should I lead among you? If the duchess be a *reveuse*, I will never come to Amesbury; or, if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the steward and chaplain. 'Pray God bless you, and your landlord and landlady with the whole family. I am ever sincerely yours.'

To the Duchess.

Madam,—I mentioned something to Mr. Gay of a Tunbridge acquaintance, whom we forget of course when we return to

[1] Both Pope and Bolingbroke were prone to wander off into meditations which might promote their fame. "Lord Bolingbroke," wrote Swift, July 30, 1733, "is too much a philosopher. He dines at six in the evening, after studying all the morning until the afternoon, and when he has dined, to his studies again. Mr. Pope can neither eat nor drink, loves to be alone, and has always some poetical scheme in his head. Thus the two best companions and friends I ever had have utterly disqualified themselves for my conversation and my way of living."

[2] Arbuthnot. This trait in his character in confirmed by Lord Chesterfield. "As his imagination was always at work, he was frequently absent and inattentive in company, which made him both do and say a thousand inoffensive absurdities; but which, far from being provoking, as they commonly are, supplied new matter for conversation, and occasioned wit both in himself and others." The unsocial infirmities of his English friends were very distasteful to Swift. "He told a story admirably well," says Delany, "and the most effectual way of paying court to him was to listen with attention, although he sometimes told them too

town, and yet I am assured that if they meet again next summer, they have a better title to resume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of corresponding with your grace to be better established upon your return to Amesbury; and I shall at this time descend to forget, or at least suspend my resentments of your neglect all the time you were in London, 'though' I still keep in my heart, that Mr. Gay had no sooner turned his back, than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill; though your guilt confounded you so far, that you wanted presence of mind to blot out the last line, where that command stared you in the face. But 'I own' it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worst; and fortune is ever against me, but never so much as by pursuing me out of mere partiality to your grace, for which you are to answer. By your connivance, she has pleased, by one stumble on the stairs, to give me a lameness that six months have not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myself by continuing a month at Amesbury, and breeding confusion in your grace's family.[1] No disappointment through my whole life has been so vexatious by many 'thousand' degrees; and God knows whether I shall ever live to see the invisible lady to whom I am obliged for so many favours, and whom I never beheld since she was a brat in hanging-sleeves. I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect and gratitude, madam, your grace's most obedient and most humble, &c.

'I entreat your grace to present my most humble respects to my lord duke, and pray God of his mercy preserve you to see a court worthy of your appearing in it.'

often. One day in company with Dr. Helsham, who seemed to be somewhat absent when the dean was speaking, he stopped short, and cried out, 'I'd give fifty pounds that you were as good a listener as Dr. Delany.'"

[1] A true word, though spoken, perhaps, in jest. A little further on, April 12, 1732, he tells Gay that his practice was to domineer in a friend's house, and to chide and direct the servants. When dining with Lord Orrery, he said of the footman who waited, "That man has committed fifteen faults since we sat down to table." He paid his own servants well, but was overbearing in his manner to them, and too unmindful that benevolence consists in a regard to people's feelings as well as in promoting their physical welfare.

98.[1] GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO SWIFT.

GAY.

AMESBURY, *July* 24, 1732.

DEAR SIR,—As the circumstances of our money affairs are altered, I think myself obliged to acquaint you with them as soon as I can, which, if I had not received your letter last post, I should have done now. I left your two South Sea bonds, and four of my own, in Mr. Hoare's hands, when I came out of town, that he might receive the interest for us when due; or, if you should want your money, that you might receive it upon your order. Since I came out of town, the South Sea Company have come to a resolution to pay off 50 per cent. of their bonds, with the interest of the 50 per cent. to Michaelmas next. So that there is now half of our fortunes in Mr. Hoare's hands at present, without any interest going on. As you seem to be inclined to have your money remitted to Ireland, I will not lay out the sum that is paid into his hands in any other thing till I have your orders. I cannot tell what to do with my own. I believe I shall see Mr. Hoare in this country very soon,—for he has a house not above six miles from us,—and intend to advise with him, though in the present situation of affairs, I expect to be left to take my own way. The remaining 50 per cent., were it to be sold at present, bears a premium; but the premium on the 50 that was paid is sunk. I do not know whether I write intelligibly upon the subject. I cannot send you the particulars of your account, though I know I am in debt to you for interest, beside the principal; and you will understand so much of what I intend to inform you, that half of your money is now in Mr. Hoare's hands without any interest. So since I cannot send you the particulars of your account, I will now say no more about it.

I shall finish the work I intended this summer; but I look upon the success in every respect to be precarious. You judge

[1] Published by Hawkesworth, and the answer was published by Pope.

very rightly of my present situation, that I cannot propose to succeed by favour; and I do not think, if I could flatter myself that I had any degree of merit, much could be expected from that unfashionable pretension. I have almost done everything I proposed in the way of fables; but have not set the last hand to them. Though they will not amount to half the number, I believe they will make much such another volume as the last. I find it the most difficult task I ever undertook; but I have determined to go through with it; and after this, I believe I shall never have courage enough to think any more in this way.

Last post I had a letter from Mr. Pope, who informs me he has heard from you; and that he is preparing some scattered things of yours and his for the press. I believe I shall not see him till the winter; for, by riding and walking, I am endeavouring to lay in a stock of health to squander in town. You see, in this respect, my scheme is very like the country gentlemen in regard to their revenues. As to my eating and drinking, I live as when you knew me,—so that in that point we shall agree very well in living together; and the duchess will answer for me that I am cured of inattention; for I never forget anything she says to me.

THE DUCHESS.

For he never hears what I say, so cannot forget. If I served him the same way, I should not care a farthing ever to be better acquainted with my Tunbridge acquaintance, which, by attention to him, I have learned to set my heart upon. I began to give over all hopes, and from thence began my neglect. I think this a very philosophical reason, though there might be another given. When fine ladies are in London, it is very genteel and allowable to forget their best friends; which, if I thought modestly of myself, must needs be you, because you know little of me. Till you do more, pray do not persuade Mr. Gay that he is discreet enough to live alone; for I do assure you he is not, nor I either. We are of great use to one another; for we never flatter or contradict but when it is absolutely necessary, and then we do it to some

purpose; particularly the first agrees mightily with our constitutions. If ever we quarrel, it will be about a piece of bread and butter; for somebody is never sick except he eats too much of it. He will not quarrel with you for a glass or so; for by that means he hopes to be able in time to gulp down some of those forty millions of schemes that hindered him from being good company. I would fain see you here, there is so fair a chance that one of us must be pleased, perhaps both,—you with an old acquaintance, and I with a new one. It is so well worth taking a journey for, that if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must come to the mountain. But before either of our journeys are settled, I desire you would resolve me one question—whether a man, who thinks himself well where he is, should look out for his house and servants before it is convenient, before he grows old, or before a person with whom he lives pulls him by the sleeve in private, according to oath, and tells him that they have enough of his company? He will not let me write one word more, but that I have a very great regard for you, &c.

The duke is very much yours, and will never leave you to your wine. Many thanks for Drum.[1] I wish to receive your congratulations for the other boy, you may believe.

99.[2] SWIFT TO GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

TO GAY.

DUBLIN, *Aug.* 12, 1732.

I KNOW not what to say to the account of your stewardship, and it is monstrous to me that the South Sea should pay half their debts at one clap. But I will send for the money when you put me into the way, for I shall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miseries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worse than ever,—so that I shall soon petition the duchess, as an object

[1] Lord Drumlanrig.

[2] This letter appeared in the quarto of 1741. The transcript in the Oxford MSS. has supplied some slight additions.

of charity, to lend me three or four thousand pounds to keep up my dignity. That[1] one hundred pound will buy me six hogsheads of wine, which will support me a year; *provisæ frugis in annum copia.* Horace desired no more; for I will construe *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint, which must come by chance, and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures*, and you shall not finish it in haste, and it shall be diverting, and usefully satirical, and the duchess shall be your critic; and betwixt you and me, I do not find she will grow weary of you till this time seven years. I had lately an offer to change for an English living,[2] which is just too short by 300*l.* a-year: and that must be made up out of the duchess's pin-money before I can consent. I want to be minister of Amesbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskins, and prebendary of Westminster, else I will not stir a step, but content myself with making the duchess miserable three months next summer. But I keep ill company, —I mean the duchess and you, who are both out of favour; and so I find am I, by a few verses wherein Pope and you have your parts.[3] 'And though the —— told me five years ago they would make me easy amongst you,'[4] I find they take a pre-

[1] The quarto "my."

[2] Mr. Talbot, the rector of Burghfield in Berkshire, was anxious to settle in Ireland. His living was worth 400*l.* a year after the payment of a curate, and Bolingbroke proposed to Swift that he should exchange his Irish deanery for the English rectory. Another motive than the insufficiency of the income was beginning to influence Swift. He had a consciousness that he was growing too old for removal, which did not much alleviate his sense of the injury he had received. He expressed his lasting feeling when he said to Lord Bathurst, "Hither you, and your crew, unpardonably sent me 16 years ago, and I have been ever since studying, as well as practising, revenge, malice, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. And I desire my grave Lady Bathurst may not be angry, for I do assure her upon the word of a dean that it is all the pure, uncorrupt fruit of a public spirit." Once more he wrote to Lord Bathurst in 1731, "I have the misery, thank my quondam friends, of lingering here till death," and he never discovered that the wretchedness was not in the place, but in his mind.

[3] I suspect that this alludes to the verses on his own death, where Pope and Gay are commemorated, together with the grievance of the forgotten medals.—CROKER.

[4] "They" stands for Queen Caroline. The statement that she "wheedled" him out of the Irish plaids was a misrepresentation, and their value, with the lapse of time, had increased from 35*l.* to 40*l.* and the medal had multiplied into medals.

tence to be angry to such a degree, that they will not give me the medals they promised me, yet wheedled me out of a present that cost me 40*l.*

'If my leg had been so well two months ago, I should have been able to see Amesbury this summer, for with a little pain I can walk, and ride without gambadoes.' You hear Dr. Delany has got a wife with 1600*l.* a-year.[1] I, who am his governor,[2] cannot take one under two thousand. I wish you would inquire of such a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books![3] I profess I envy you above all men in England; you want nothing but three thousand pounds more, to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which last evil at Amesbury, you must learn to domineer and be peevish, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the servants, with some other lessons, which I shall teach you, and always practised myself with success.[4] I believe I formerly desired to know whether the Vicar of Amesbury can play at backgammon? Pray ask him the question, and give him my service.

TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM,—I was the most unwary creature in the world, when, against my old maxims, I writ first to you, upon your return to Tunbridge;[5] 'for Mr. Gay will depose that all ladies of great quality ever made me the first advances.' I beg that this condescension of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended causes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay last in London, talking with him on some poetical subjects, he would answer;

[1] Mrs. Tennison, a widow.

[2] As dean of St. Patrick's, Delany holding the subordinate office of chancellor.

[3] He means that Delany owed his rich wife to his recent theological publications.

[4] His success had not been great. None but the charitable or ignoble would long submit to his caprices and tyranny. His system was an impertinence when it ceased to be a jest. The jest soon grew stale, and only his dependents would tolerate the impertinence.

[5] That is, Amesbury. He was referring to the playful pretence that the duchess wrote to him from Amesbury, but not from London, as acquaintances were owned at Tunbridge who were not recognised in town.

"Well, I am determined not to accept the employment of gentleman-usher 'to the' [princess]." And of the same disposition were all my poetical friends; and if you cannot cure him, I utterly despair. As to yourself, I will say to you, though comparisons be odious, what I said to the [queen], that your quality should be never any motive of esteem to me. My compliment was then lost, but it will not be so to you; for 'you reason wrong.' I know you more by any one of your letters, than I could by six months' conversing; 'for' your pen is always more natural and sincere and unaffected than your tongue. In writing, you are too lazy to give yourself the trouble of acting a part, and have indeed acted so indiscreetly that I have you at mercy; and although you should arrive at such a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in swearing this must come from [1] the ——of——.

I will answer your question. Mr. Gay is not discreet enough to live alone, but he is too discreet to live alone; and yet, unless you mend him, he will live alone even in your grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the subject of bread and butter, is the most usual thing in the world. Parliaments, courts, cities, and kingdoms, quarrel for no other cause. From hence, and from hence only, arise all the quarrels between whig and tory; between those who are in the ministry, and those who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the church, the law, and the army. Even the common proverb teaches you this, when we say, it is none of my bread and butter, meaning it is no business of mine. Therefore I despair of any reconcilement between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet should come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be who lives a few miles from this town! As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Amesbury, she offered fifty guineas to have you both at her house for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your question I answer, that your grace should pull me by the sleeve till you tore it off, and when you said you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think, according to another proverb,

[1] The quarto reads "from you only."

that you tore my clothes to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you say of my lord duke, unless I see three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay must give me a particular account of every branch; for I am not ashamed of you though you be duke and duchess, though I have been of others who are, &c., and I do not doubt but even your own servants love you, even down to your postillions; and when I come to Amesbury, before I see your graces,[1] I will have an hour's conversation with the vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobson, and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal,[2] and that you were godmother to his son Jacky. I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect 'and gratitude,' your grace's most obedient, &c.

100.[3] GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO SWIFT.

GAY.

AMESBURY, *Aug.* 28, 1732.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Hoare has a hundred and odd pounds of yours in his hands, which you may have whenever you please to draw upon me for it. I know I am more indebted to you,—I mean, beside the South Sea bond of a hundred, that still subsists,—but I cannot tell you exactly how your account stands till I come to town. I have money of my own too in Mr. Hoare's hands, which I know not at present how to dispose of. I believe I shall leave it without interest till I come to town, and shall then be at the same loss how to dispose of it as now. I have an intention to get more money next winter; but am prepared for disappointments, which I think it is very likely I shall meet with. Yet as you think it convenient and necessary that I should have more than I have, you see I resolve to do what I can to oblige you. If my designs should not take effect,

[1] The quarto, "grace."

[2] Swift professed to resist the pride of rank, and here we have him flattering the pride by the insinuation that it was condescension in a duchess to talk to a villager without assuming an air of superiority.

[3] Published by Hawkesworth. The answer was published by Pope.

I desire you will be as easy under it as I shall be; for I find you so solicitous about me, that you cannot bear my disappointments as well as I can. If I do not write intelligibly to you, it is because I would not have the clerks of the post-office know every thing I am doing. If you would have come here this summer, you might, with me, have helped to have drunk up the duke's wine, and saved your money. I am grown so saving of late, that I very often reproach myself with being covetous; and I am very often afraid that I shall have the trouble of having money, and never have the pleasure of making use of it. I wish you could live among us; but not unless it could be to your ease and satisfaction. You insist upon your being minister of Amesbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskins, and prebendary of Westminster. For your being minister in those places, I cannot promise you; but I know you might have a good living in every one of them.[1] Gambadoes I have rid in, and I think them a very fine and useful invention; but I have not made use of them since I left Devonshire. I ride and walk every day to such excess, that I am afraid I shall take a surfeit of it. I am sure, if I am not better in health after it, it is not worth the pains. I say this, though I have this season shot nineteen brace of partridges. I have very little acquaintance with our vicar; he does not live among us, but resides at another parish. And I have not played at backgammon with anybody since I came to Amesbury, but Lady Harold, and Lady Bateman.[2] As Dr. Delany has taken away a fortune from us, I expect to be recommended in Ireland. If authors of godly books are entitled to such fortunes, I desire you would recommend me as a moral one,—I mean in Ireland, for that recommendation would not do in England.

THE DUCHESS.

The duchess will not lend you two or three thousand pounds to keep up your dignity, for reasons best known to Strada del Po;[3]

[1] As the guest of the Duke of Queensberry, Lord Bolingbroke, Pope, or Lord Bathurst.

[2] One the widow of the Earl of Harold, the other the wife of Viscount Bateman, an Irish peer.

[3] The duchess probably used the Italian name as a synonym for Lombard Street, and the expression was equivalent to saying, "I will not lend you two or three thousand pounds for reasons best known to my banker."

but she had much rather give you that, or ten thousand times more, than to lay it out in a fine petticoat to make herself respected. I believe, for all you give Mr. Gay such advice, that you are a very indiscreet person yourself, or else you would come here to take care of your own affairs, and not be so indiscreet as to send for your monies over to a place where there is none. Mr. Gay is a very rich man: for I really think he does not wish to be richer; but he will, for he is doing what you bid him; though if it may not be allowed, he will acquire greater honour, and less trouble. His covetousness at present, is for health, which he takes so much pains for, that he does not allow himself time to [enjoy it]. Neither does he allow himself time to be either absent or present. When he began to be a sportsman, he had like to have killed a dog; and now every day I expect he will kill himself, and then the bread and butter affair can never be brought before you. It is really an affair of too great consequence to be trusted to a letter; therefore pray come on purpose to decide it. If you do, you will not hear how familiar I am with Goody Dobson; for I have seen Goody Dobson play at that with so ill a grace, that I was determined never to risk anything so unbecoming. I am not beloved, neither do I love any creature, except a very few, and those not for having any sort of merit, but only because it is my humour. In this rank, Mr. Gay stands first, and yourself next, if you like to be respected upon these conditions. Now do you know me? He stands over me, and scolds me for spelling ill; and is very peevish (and sleepy) that I do not give him up the pen; for he has yawned for it a thousand times. We both once heard a lady, who at that time we both thought well of, wish that she had the best living in England to give you.[1] It was not me; but I do wish it with all my heart, if Mr. Gay does not hang out false lights for his friend.[2]

GAY.

I had forgot to tell you, that I very lately received a letter from Twickenham, in which was this paragraph: "Motte, and

[1] Queen Caroline, when Princess of Wales.

[2] I suppose she means, if Mr. Gay does not misrepresent your own desire.

another idle fellow, I find, have been writing to the dean, to get him to give them some copyright, which surely he will not be so indiscreet as to do, when he knows my design, and has done these two months and more. Surely I should be a properer person to trust the distribution of his works with, than to a common bookseller. Here will be nothing but the ludicrous and li[ttle thing]s; none of the political, or any things of consequence, which are wholly at his own disposal. But, at any rate, it would be silly in him to give a copyright to any, which can only put the manner of publishing them hereafter out of his own and his friends' power, into that of mercenaries."[1] I really think this is a very useful precaution, considering how you have been treated by these sort of fellows.

The duke is fast asleep, or he would add a line.

101.[2] SWIFT TO GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

To GAY.

DUBLIN, *Oct.* 3, 1732.

'DEAR SIR,'—I usually write to friends after a pause of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diversions. I believe I have told you of a great man, who said to me, that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland: for which there are reasons enough without affronting our understandings. For there is not one person out of this country who regards any events that pass here, unless he has an estate or employment,

[1] Swift's share of the profits from the Miscellanies went to Pope, and Pope's anxiety that the pieces should not be given to the "mercenaries" arose from his intention of making the mercenaries pay for them. The application of Motte, and the "other idle fellow," was unavailing, but Swift had already presented several of his stray effusions to Pilkington, who had disposed of them to Bowyer the printer. This involved Bowyer in a dispute with Pope, and they ultimately came to some agreement by which the pieces were included in the new volume of Miscellanies.

[2] This letter was published in the quarto of 1741, where, by mistake, it bears the date of 1731. The transcript in the Oxford MSS. has the true date, 1732. Some omitted passages have been restored from the same source.

'except the court and the chief governors, who delight and endeavour to enslave and ruin us.

'I am wondering at the proceeding in the South Sea people to pay off the company's debt at one clap. I will send for the money when you are in town, for all my revenues which depend on tithes are sunk almost to nothing, and my whole personal fortune is in the utmost confusion,—so that I believe in a short time I must be driven to live in Wales. God do so and more also to your special friends, who have brought this upon us.

'I find some other friends, as well as you, are afraid of the post rascals, and would have me only write by private hands, of which I cannot hope to get a conveniency twice a year.' I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the least provocation to the present ministry,[1] and much less to the court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not see the politics[2] of opening common letters, directed to persons generally known; for a man's understanding would be very weak to convey secrets by the post, if he knew any, which I declare I do not. And besides, I think the world is already so well informed by plain events, that I question whether the ministers have any secrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehension if a letter should be sent me full of treason; because I cannot hinder people from writing what they please, nor sending it to me; and, although it should be discovered to have been opened before it came to my hand, I would only burn it, and think no further. I approve of the scheme you have to grow somewhat richer, though I agree you will meet

[1] Passion has a wonderful effect in concentrating a man's attention upon his real or imaginary wrongs, and turning his thoughts away from the glaring facts on the opposite side. Swift, who says that "he had never given the least provocation to the present ministry," had always vilified the government, and especially Walpole, both in public and private. His usual tone may be gathered from a single sentence in the essay he wrote on the Beggar's Opera for the Intelligencer. "This comedy contains a satire, which, without enquiring whether it affects the present age, may possibly be useful in times to come,—I mean, where the author takes the occasion of comparing the common robbers of the public, and their several stratagems of betraying, undermining, and hanging each other, to the several acts of the politicians in times of corruption."

[2] "Politic" in the quarto.

with discouragements; and it is reasonable you should, considering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you must allow that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even the chickens, for fear those who passed by his shop might make a comparison with his work. And I will say one thing in spite of the post-officers, that since wit and learning began to be made use of in our kingdoms, they were never professedly thrown aside, contemned, and punished, till within your own memory; nor dulness and ignorance ever so openly encouraged and promoted.

In answer to what you say of my living among you, if I could do it to my ease, perhaps you have heard of a scheme for an exchange in Berkshire proposed by two of our friends. But, besides the difficulty of adjusting certain circumstances,[1] it would not answer. I am at a time of life that seeks ease and independence. You will hear my reasons when you see those friends, and I concluded them with 'one' saying, that I would rather be a freeman among slaves, than a slave among freemen. The dignity of my present station damps the pertness of inferior puppies and squires, which, without plenty and ease on your side the channel, would break my heart in a month.

TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM,—See what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that same Strada del Po; and yet, if that author be against lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good courtier, which, I am sure, your grace is not, no, not so much as to be a maid of honour. For, I am certainly informed, that you are neither a free-thinker,[2] nor can sell

[1] The Archbishop of Dublin, and the chapter had to be parties to the arrangement, and it was doubtful whether they would consent. Unless the vacancy was occasioned by the promotion of the dean to a bishopric, the chapter elected his successor, and the chapter could not assemble for the purpose without the permission of the archbishop.

[2] The same accusation appears in the Directions for making a Birth-day Song, written by Swift, in 1729:

> Reject with scorn that stupid notion,
> To praise your hero for devotion;
> Nor entertain a thought so odd,
> That princes should believe in God;
> But follow the securest rule,
> And turn it all to ridicule:
> 'Tis grown the choicest wit at court,
> And gives the maids of honour sport.

Swift, as usual, went beyond the

bargains;[1] that you can neither spell nor talk, nor write, nor think like a courtier; that you pretend to be respected for qualities which have been out of fashion ever since you were almost in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of disaffection, which is further confirmed by your ill taste for wit, in preferring two old-fashioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Besides, you spell in such a manner as no court lady can read, and write in such an old-fashioned style as none of them can understand.

You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's stock of health. I promise you he will spend it all upon laziness, and run deep in debt by a winter's repose in town. Therefore I entreat your grace will order him to move his chops less and his legs more for the six cold months, else he will spend all his money in physic and coach hire. I am in much perplexity about your grace's declaration of the manner in which you dispose of what you call your love and respect, which you say are not paid to merit, but to your own humour. Now, madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of merit, and there goes an ugly observation, that the humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, madam, if I should go to Amesbury with a great load of merit, and your grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchase my merchandise at the price of your respect, the goods may be damaged, and nobody else will take them off my hands. Besides, you have declared Mr. Gay to hold the first part, and I but the second, which is hard treatment, since I shall be the newest acquaintance by some years; and I will appeal to all the rest of your sex, whether such an innovation ought to be allowed. I should be ready to say in the common form,[2] that I was much obliged to the lady who

truth when he intimated that the queen, and the maids of honour, who echoed her opinions, denied the existence of a God. "After puzzling herself," says Lord Chesterfield, "in the whimsies and fantastical speculations of different sects, she fixed herself ultimately in deism, believing a future state." She was not at any time an atheist.

[1] To "sell a bargain" was to entice persons into asking a question with the expectation of hearing some interesting piece of information, and then to balk their curiosity by a disgusting exclamation. The low amusement was adopted in Swift's circle, and it appears from his collection of Stella's bons mots that the Dublin ladies were not more fastidious than the maids of honour.

[2] The quarto, "forms."

wished she could give me the best living, &c., if I did not vehemently suspect it was the very same lady who spoke many things to me in the same style, and also with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whose dupe he was as well as of her waiting-woman. But they were both arrant knaves, as I 'then' told him and a third friend,[1] though they will not believe it to this day. I desire to present my most humble respects to my lord duke, and with my heartiest prayer for the prosperity of the whole family, remain your grace's, &c.

To Gay.

'Sir,—I must say something to your few lines at the bottom of your letter, which cites a paragraph from our friend relating to me, to which I gave two or three full answers.'[2]

102. POPE AND ARBUTHNOT TO SWIFT.[3]

Pope.

Dec. 5, 1732.

It is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters, in the last of which I was impatient under some fears. It is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensberry's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows.[4] As yet it

[1] Pope.

[2] The "something" Swift said is not in the copy of the letter.

[3] "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death. Received December 15, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune." This note is indorsed on the original in Dr. Swift's hand. Dublin Edit.—Pope, 1741.

[4] The amount was 6000*l.*, which was equally divided between his sisters, Katherine Baller, and Joanna Fortescue.—Cunningham.

is not known whether or no he left a will. Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! Few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

I shall never see you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest; but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable, nor so good; but that is a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his. Adieu. I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than A. POPE.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection has been shown, and continued attendance on this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and, I believe, at last a mortification of the bowels. It was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years. I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness, being with great affection and respect, sir, yours, &c.

103. SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, 1732-3.

I RECEIVED yours with a few lines from the doctor, and the account of our losing Mr. Gay, upon which event I shall say

nothing. I am only concerned that lo
ened me: for even in this kingdom, a
two persons of great merit, whom I love
in the prime of their years, but a little ab
endeavour to comfort myself upon the los
upon the loss of money, by turning to my
seeing whether I have enough left for my su
former case I find I have not, any more tha
and I know not any man who is in a greater
myself to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion, which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a summer. I hope he has left you the care of any writings he may have left, and I wish that, with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair edition under your inspection.

Your poem on the Use of Riches has been just printed here, and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which makes us lose abundance of the satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes, which, however, would have been but few, for my long absence has made me ignorant of what passes out of the scene where I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon Taste.[2] We are told here that you are preparing other pieces, of the same bulk, to be inscribed to other friends, one, for instance, to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and so on.

Doctor Delany presents you his most humble service. He behaves himself very commendably,—converses only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant plentiful table, walks the streets as usual by daylight,[3] does many acts of charity and generosity, cultivates a

[1] One of the two may have been his learned friend, Mrs. Grierson, who was not even thirty. She died in 1733, aged 27.

[2] The fourth Moral Essay, addressed to Lord Burlington.

[3] Swift is enumerating particulars to show that Dr. Delany was not

is not in my house two miles distant, and is one of those very few within my knowledge on whom a great access of fortune has made no manner of change. And particularly he is often without money, as he was before.[1] We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his estate by the knavery of an agent. He is a most worthy gentleman, whom I hope you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P[ilkington], which I desire may continue no longer than he shall deserve by his modesty, a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep, without abundance of ballast.[2] If you are acquainted with the Duchess of Queensberry, I desire you will present her my most humble service. I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend than either of us.[3] She seems a lady of excellent sense and spirit. I had often postscripts from her in our friend's letters to me, and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up a great part of the little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for anything so much as being a domestic friend to such a lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly inquire about Mrs. Pope, who I am told is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you. She is sensible of your tenderness, which

altered by his marriage with the wealthy widow, and one proof was his continuing to walk through the streets, which, in Dublin, was then thought a mark of poverty. This test of social position originated in a period when, from the wretched state of the streets, no one would walk who could afford to ride.

[1] Dr. Delany had been in debt, and the squib writers of Dublin ascribed his embarrassments to his expenditure on his little country-house and domain:

Quite ruined and bankrupt, reduced to a farthing,
By making too much of a very small garden.

[2] This sentence is not in the Dublin edition.

[3] "I think," said Swift, in a letter to the duchess, March 20, 1733, "you will never be able to procure another so useful, so sincere, so virtuous, so disinterested, so entertaining, so easy, and so humble a friend, as that person whose death all good men lament." In this he predicted truly. "I often want poor Mr. Gay," she wrote to Lady Suffolk, Sept. 28, 1734. "Nothing evaporates sooner than joy untold, or even told, unless to one so entirely in your interest as he was, who bore at least an equal share in every satisfaction or dissatisfaction which attended us."

robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her. You cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten yours.

104. POPE TO SWIFT.

Feb. 16, 1732-3.

IT is indeed impossible to speak on such a subject as the loss of Mr. Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I send you what I intend for the inscription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queensberry will set up at Westminster. As to his writings, he left no will, nor spoke a word of them, or anything else, during his short and precipitate illness, in which I attended him to his last breath. The duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him, and it will be strange if the sisters do not leave his papers totally to his disposal, who will do the same that I would with them. He has managed the comedy[1] (which our poor friend gave to the playhouse the week before his death) to the utmost advantage for his relations; and proposes to do the same with some fables he left finished.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the best monuments we can of our friends,—their own images in their writings; for those are the best, when their minds are such as Mr. Gay's was, and as yours is. I am preparing also for my own, and have nothing so much at heart as to show the silly world that men of wit, or even poets, may be the most moral of mankind. A few loose things sometimes fall from them, by which censorious fools judge as ill of them as possibly they can, for their own comfort:[2] and indeed, when such unguarded and trifling *jeux d'esprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence

[1] It was entitled the Wife of Bath. In truth it is but an indifferent comedy. This second volume of the Fables is much inferior to the first, particularly on account of the long and languid introductions to each fable, which read like party pamphlets.—WARTON.

[2] By whatever trifles a man of genius and wit may amuse himself in a loose moment, if he publishes them he does it deliberately.—BOWLES.

or repentance can do, since they cannot be denied, is to put them fairly upon that foot, and teach the public, as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of Miscellanies, to distinguish betwixt our studies and our idlenesses, our works and our weaknesses. That was the whole end of the last volume of Miscellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "that these volumes contained all that we have ever offended in that way," would have been discredited.[1] It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the Libel on Dr. D[elany],[2] and the best panegyric on myself, that either my own times or any other could have afforded, or will ever afford to me.[3] The book, as you observe, was printed in great haste, the cause whereof was, that the booksellers here were doing the same, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff. I do not mean that anything of yours is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland which was

[1] "We declare," said the preface, "that this collection contains every piece, which in the idlest humour we have written. Whatever was in our own possession at the publishing hereof, or of which no copy was gone abroad, we have actually destroyed, to prevent all possibility of like treatment." That no one might doubt the completeness of the collection, the third volume, published in 1728, had for its title, "Miscellanies: the Last Volume." The world was allowed to remain in a false belief till 1732, when Pope thought fit to own some more of his early anonymous publications, and in an advertisement to the new volume, he says "that it contains the remainder of those miscellaneous pieces, which were in some sort promised in the preface to the former volumes, or which have been written since." What he now called a promise of the remaining pieces was an emphatic and deceitful asseveration that no pieces remained. His fourth volume has for a title-page, "Miscellanies: the Third Volume," to avoid the contradiction of a volume later than "the last," which still left the blot that the last volume is dated 1728, and the nominal third volume 1732.

[2] He does not say why he omitted them, but I suppose he shrank from publishing so sharp and outspoken a satire on courts and ministers, in which Swift avows plainly,

> I from my soul sincerely hate
> Both kings, and ministers of state.—
> CROKER.

These lines had been printed in London some time before Swift said to Gay, Oct. 3, 1732, that he had "never given the least provocation to the ministry, much less to the court."

[3] In a subsequent letter Pope says that he was especially delighted with the panegyric because it rendered him "immortal for his morality," and he adds, "I think I deserve that praise better than any other." The verses, read in connection with this complacent commentary, would leave the impression that Pope, who is accredited with every virtue, was at least not remarkable for the virtue of humility.

so, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to separate what you writ seriously from what you writ carelessly; and thought my own weeds might pass for a sort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that sent you those books into Ireland, and so I did my epistle to Lord Bathurst,[1] even before it was published, and another thing of mine, which is a parody from Horace, writ in two mornings.[2] I never took more care in my life of anything than of the former of these, nor less than of the latter. Yet every friend has forced me to print it, though in truth my own single motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end, which you will find out.[3]

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole scheme of my present work, expecting still to do it in a better manner in person; but you will see pretty soon that the Letter to Lord Bathurst is a part of it, and you will find a plain connection between them, if you read them in the order just contrary to that they were published in.[4] I imitate those cunning tradesmen who show their best silks last; or, to give you a truer idea, though it sounds too proudly, my works will in one respect be like the works of nature, much more to be liked and understood when considered in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly looked upon one by one; and often those parts which attract most at first sight, will appear to be not the most, but the least considerable.

I am pleased and flattered by your expression of *Orna me*. The chief pleasure this work can give me is, that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and justice, insert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deserves to be loved or adorned. But I smile at your applying that phrase to my visiting you in Ireland,—a place where I might have some apprehension, from their extraordinary passion for poetry, and their boundless hospitality, of being *adorned* to

[1] Now the Third Moral Essay.

[2] Sat. i. Lib. 2.—POPE.

[3] The lines in which he boasted he was the champion of virtue.

[4] That is, the Epistle to Lord Cobham, now the first Moral Essay, was shortly to be published, and would give unity to the whole from containing the theory of the ruling passion, which was the principle Pope fancied he had illustrated in all four epistles.

death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of somewhere or other. My mother lives, which is an answer to that point, and, I thank God, though her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake and sensible to me, though scarce to anything else, which doubles the reason of my attendance, and at the same time sweetens it. I wish, beyond any other wish, you could pass a summer here; I might (too probably)[1] return with you, unless you preferred to see France first, to which country, I think, you would have a strong invitation.[2] Lord Peterborough has narrowly escaped death, and yet keeps his chamber. He is perpetually speaking in the most affectionate manner of you. He has written you two letters, which you never received, and by that has been discouraged from writing more. I can well believe the post-office may do this, when some letters of his to me have met the same fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this discourage you from writing to me, or to him, inclosed in the common way, as I do to you. Innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and, for my part, I would give them free leave to send all I write to Curll, if most of what I write was not too silly.

I desire my sincere services to Dr. Delany, who, I agree with you, is a man every way esteemable. My Lord Orrery is a most virtuous and good-natured nobleman, whom I should be happy to know. Lord B[olingbroke] received your letter through my hands. It is not to be told you how much he wishes for you. The whole list of persons to whom you sent your services, return you theirs, with proper sense of the distinction. Your lady friend is *semper eadem*, and I have written an epistle to her on that qualification in a female character;[3] which is thought by my chief critic,[4] in your absence, to be my *chef d'œuvre:* but it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age so sore of satire, and so willing to misapply characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as usual. I have lain

[1] He says "too probably" in allusion to the decline of his mother, whose impending death was likely to set him free.

[2] From Lady Bolingbroke.

[3] The lady friend was Martha Blount, and the epistle was the second Moral Essay.

[4] Lord Bolingbroke.

ill seven days of a slight fever, the complaint here, but recovered by gentle sweats, and the care of Dr. Arbuthnot. The play Mr. Gay left succeeds very well.[1] It is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preserve your life, your health, your limbs, your spirits, and your friendships!

105.[2] SWIFT TO POPE.

[*March* 31, 1733.]

I HAVE been out of order for some weeks past with that giddiness which you have often heard me talk of, and once saw me in. It was not very violent, but lasted longer; and now I am pretty near as I was before,—an ill-walker when it is dusky. This hindered me from answering your long, kind letter, that began with your epitaph upon our deceased friend. I have not seen in so few lines more good sense, or more proper to the subject. Yet I will tell you my remarks, and submit them. The whole is intended for an apostrophe to the dead person, which, however, does not appear till the eighth line. Therefore, as I checked a little at the article *the* twice used in the second line, I imagined it might be changed into *thy*, and then the apostrophe will appear at first, and be clearer to common readers.[3] My Lord Orrery, your great admirer, says the word *mixed* suits not so properly the heroes' busts as the dust of kings.[4] Perhaps my lord may be too exact; yet you may please to consider it. The beginning of the last line, *striking their aching bosoms*. Those two participles come so near, and sounding so like, I could wish them altered, if it might be easily done.[5] The scripture expression upon our

[1] Gay left a comedy, and an opera. The opera, Achilles, was being acted at the date of Pope's letter, and ran for eighteen nights. The recent death of the author gave it an ephemeral success.

[2] From the transcript in the Oxford MSS. The date in Lord Oxford's handwriting is April 16, 1733, which must be the date of its receipt, since the concluding portion of the letter was written on March 31.

[3] Pope altered the passage.

[4] not that here thy bust
Is mixed with heroes, or with kings thy dust.

[5] Pope substituted "pensive" for "aching."

Saviour's death is that *the people smote their breasts*. You will pardon me, for since I have left off writing I am sunk into a critic. Some gentlemen here object against the expression in the second line,—*A child's simplicity;*[1] not against the propriety, but in compliance with the vulgar, who cannot distinguish simplicity and folly. And it is argued that your epitaph, quite contrary to your other writings, will have a hundred vulgar readers for one who is otherwise. I confess I lay little weight upon this, although some friends of very good understanding, and who have a great honour for you, mentioned it to me. As to our poor friend, I think the Duke of Queensberry has acted a very noble and generous part. But before he did it, I wish there had been so much cunning used as to have let the sisters know that he expected they would let him dispose of Mr. Gay's writings as himself and other friends should advise. And I heartily wish his grace had entirely stifled that comedy,[2] if it were possible, than do an injury to our friend's reputation only to get a hundred or two pounds to a couple of, perhaps, insignificant women. It has been printed here, and I am grieved to say it is a very poor performance. I have often chid Mr. Gay for not varying his schemes, but still adhering to those that he had exhausted; and I much doubt whether the posthumous fables will prove equal to the first. I think it is incumbent upon you to see that nothing more be published of his that will lessen his reputation for the sake of adding a few pence to his sisters, who have already got so much by his death.

If the case were mine, my ashes would rise in judgment against you. I had very lately the great honour and happiness of a long letter from the duchess, which I have already answered. She is so very good as to promise the continuance of her favour, and to desire a correspondence with me, which would be so useless to her otherwise than upon the accidental occasion it began,[3] that I cannot have the assurance to think of it.

As to mortality, it has never been out of my head eighteen

[1] In wit, a man: simplicity a child.

[2] The Distressed Wife.

[3] As a joint correspondent with Gay.

minutes these eighteen years;[1] neither do I value it a rush further than as it parts a man from his friends for ever; and that share of it I have suffered already, and am likely to suffer as long as I live. I only apprehend some difficulties in settling my affairs, which without my fault, have been long embroiled, and the trouble of prudent settling my little fortune to a public use. For the rest, I rely on God's mercy, and will do as little hurt, and as much good as I can, in the scrap of life that may be left me. I am so much of your mind concerning the morality of poets, that I know not whither virtue can possibly find a corner to retire, except in the hearts of men of genius and learning,[2] and what you call their levities, have not the least tincture of impiety,[3] but, directly otherwise, tend to drive vice out of the world. The libel on Dr. D[elany] gave great offence here, or, at least, Lord Allen did all he could that might anger the parliament; but some people of the House of Commons thinking the kingdom owed the author some [gratitude,] and knowing that Lord Carteret liked the thing, made them drop it.[4] However, you will make it live,

[1] This was the natural consequence of increasing age and infirmities. "An interval of forty years," says Foster, "makes all the difference between the morning of life and its evening. Whereas we then beheld life before us, we now behold death."

[2] A most erroneous observation. "I thank, thee, O Father, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes." Hid them, that is, from the wise and prudent as such, and revealed them to the docile and humble, which puts them within the reach of everybody, since the wise and prudent can become little children before God, or, as St. Paul expresses it, "If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world let him become a fool that he may be wise." Miserable, indeed, would be the condition of the world if "virtue retired to the hearts of men of genius and learning." It was exactly the reverse in the days of St. Paul, who said, "Not many wise men after the flesh are called."

[3] He might just as well have asserted that birds had not wings, or indulged in any other monstrous contradiction of open facts.

[4] Dr. Delany had been a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and derived altogether from the college an income of 900*l.* or 1000*l.* a year. He resigned his fellowship, and had got instead three appointments, of which the united value was 300*l.* a year. He was a frequent guest at the table of Lord Carteret, the then lord lieutenant, and in 1729, Delany printed a poetical epistle to Lord Carteret, soliciting a better provision. The burden of his song is summed up in these passages:

> I feel some ills unfelt before,
> My income less, and my expenses more.—
> My lord! I'd wish to pay the debts I owe;
> I'd wish besides to build, and to bestow.

Under the guise of correcting Delany

and on your account it shall not be suffered to be forgotten. *March* 31. This day I received the two poems to myself, and one for Dr. D[elany.] We are not obliged to you; for all your things came over quickly, and are immediately printed in tolerable wieldable volumes,—not your monstrous twelvepenny folio. By comparing kingdoms, I find England just outweighs twenty-four Irelands; for we get a shilling's worth here for a halfpenny, only yours yields a penny. Your Imitation of Horace, the work of two mornings, is reckoned here by the best judges,—and, with submission, we are not without them,—to be worth two years of any poet's life except yours. Nor are there any objections against that to Lord Bathurst, but that some parts of it are not so obvious to middling readers. That beast called Alexander Burnet[1] I have read, and may you ever have such adversaries. But the other, supposed to be writ by my Lady Mary, &c., I have not yet seen.[2] They say here it is certainly hers. Faulkener would not print it, nor do I know whether anybody here will, but there are some copies come from your side.

How can I judge of your schemes at this distance. I heard

for the mistaken methods he took to rise, because statesmen never promoted the men of genius who associated with them, Swift in his Libel was endeavouring to shame Lord Carteret into a more liberal patronage. The style in which Swift addressed him is embodied in the line,

I hate the viceroy, love the man.

Lord Carteret "liked the thing" for the panegyric on his abilities, learning, and virtues, and Lord Allen attacked it for the reflections on the English policy towards Ireland:

And what condition can be worse?
He comes to drain a beggar's purse;
He comes to tie our chains on faster,
And show us England is our master.

[1] The case of Alexander Pope of Twickenham, Esq., and his Counsel learned in the Law. Transversed to a friendly Dialogue between Him and the Ordinary of Newgate. By Alexander Burnet, Esq. This pamphlet is partly prose, and partly verse. The prose is a tedious dissertation on the worthlessness of Gay's posthumous opera, and the verse is a parody on Pope's Imitation of Horace, Sat. i. book 2. The point consists in turning his self-approving language into recrimination. Thus Pope says of his villa,

There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place,

which the critic, who wrote under the name of Burnet, changes to this triplet:

My Twick'nam cot the worst companions grace,
Attainted peers, commanders out of place,
And unhanged Savage with his rueful face.

[2] Verses addressed to the Imitator of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace. By a Lady.

you intended four or five poems, addressed to as many friends, and can easily believe they would together make a system with connection, and a good moral for the conduct of life. But I want to be deep among all yours and your Dawley neighbour's papers for a few months. And my present thought is to come over towards August, and pass the winter there, and return with you hither in spring, if my health, and embroilments will any way permit me. But, there must be some stipulations for my riding, with other necessary postulatums, and ultimatums. I drink less than usual, but to drink so little as you or my Lord Bolingbroke, is not to be expected; and yet I do not love wine, but take it purely as a medicine; and I love malt liquor, but dare not touch a drop. All victuals are equal to my affections, yet I dare not meddle with strong meats, so that you and I are valetudinarians of a direct contrary kind. I am almost every second day on horseback for about a dozen miles. For the rest easy enough, only a most severe critic, and only to my Lord Bolingbroke and you. I know not whether my spirits, with the addition of six years' weight, will support me to see France. Lady Suffolk stopped that journey; I thank her for it among the rest of her favours. There has been a strong controversy betwixt me and Lady Elizabeth Germain on the subject of Lady Suffolk's sincerity with regard to our deceased friend, and myself; for you are out of the case, who ask nothing and despise everything that a court has to give. But I lately cut that dispute short, and by that means shall probably lose Lady Elizabeth's favour.[1]

[1] On Jan. 8, 1733, Swift wrote to Lady Betty Germain a detailed narrative of his grievances against Lady Suffolk, and Lady Betty replied that she could not comprehend why Lady Suffolk was to blame for giving him the best advice in her power when he himself asked for it. "I do like, and love her," adds Lady Betty, "because I believe, and know her to be a wise, discreet, honest, and sincere courtier, who will promise no further than she will perform, and will always perform what she does promise; so now, you have my creed as to her." Swift, apparently nettled at this peremptory language, "cut the dispute short," and must have expressed to Lady Betty herself his belief that she would be offended, for she rejoined on May 1, "I cannot possibly, according to your own just rule, be angry, because I am in the right. It is you ought to be angry, and never forgive her, because you have been so much in the wrong, as to condemn her without the show of justice."

I was always proud and pleased with Lord Peterborough's letters, and should never have let any of them gone unanswered; and I humbly acknowledge his favour in saying he had writ twice, for which I shall soon return him my thanks, as I now do my most humble service. I would inclose this to his lordship if I knew where to direct to him; for though everybody knows he *is*, yet is it hard to know where, because I think he had no house in town when I saw you last. Dr. D[elany] entertains his friends once a week in form; and as often as they please on other days. He sticks to his old set, without parade, but great hospitality, and bears a great addition of fortune as well as any man I have known. I never mention to him the singularities of opinions in his books: and he is as easy a man in conversation as I have known. If Mr. Pilkington continues to preserve that modesty and humility in his behaviour, which I have so often recommended to him, he will be happy to deserve your countenance and protection.[1] I hope your Dawley neighbour continues his health and spirits. He laughs at my precepts of thrift, which I am sure you do not, nor ever will at a virtue that brings ease and liberty. He is befathered worse than poor Wycherley,[2] and in that is a very expensive, unthinking young man. I did not scruple sending Lord Orrery a copy of the epitaph. He is absolutely the most hopeful young gentleman I ever saw, and seems to excel in every virtue, as if he only

[1] Mrs. Pilkington says that Pope invited her husband to stay a fortnight with him at Twickenham. In the course of his visit Pilkington wrote word to his wife that Pope oppressed him with civilities, and Pope wrote word to Swift that Pilkington was not a modest ingenious man, but a most forward, shallow, conceited fellow, of whose impertinence he was sick before the end of the third day. Swift showed Pope's letter to Mrs. Pilkington, who defended her husband, and "upon this," she says, "the dean lost all patience, and asked me why I did not swear that my husband was six foot high? And did I think myself a better judge than Mr. Pope? or, Did I presume to give him the lie? and a thousand other extravagances." Long before Mrs. Pilkington wrote her Memoirs she had come round to Pope's opinion of her husband.

[2] Wycherley, oppressed with debt, reached an advanced age before his father died, and Lord Bolingbroke, now in his fifty-fifth year, was suffering from what Swift conceived to be the same calamity. Lord Bolingbroke's patience was tried for some years longer. His father lasted till 1742, and was ninety years old at his death.

intended to cultivate any particular one. He is now in the country battling the most villanous agent, next to Waters, that ever ruined lord or commoner.[1] Are the verses to Patty a thing to see light? Lord Peterborough, Masham, Bathurst, Oxford, Bolingbroke, Mr. Pulteney, the Doctor, Mr. Lewis, and Patty, are to be presented, as usual, with my most humble service as occasion offers. I have answered the Duchess of Queensberry's letter.

106. POPE TO SWIFT.

April 2, 1733.

YOU say truly, that death is only terrible to us as it separates us from those we love, but I really think those have the worst of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more, I fancy, in the loss of Mr. Gay, than I shall suffer in the thought of going away myself into a state that can feel none of this sort of losses. I wished vehemently to have seen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most innocent, undesigning poets of our age. I now as vehemently wish you and I might walk into the grave together, by as slow steps as you please, but contentedly and cheerfully. Whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we shall walk out of the grave. But it suffices me to know it will be exactly what region or state our Maker appoints, and that whatever is, is right.

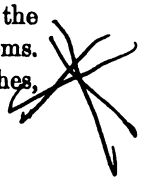
Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands, and for

[1] Waters was the Peter Walter of Pope's Satires. Lord Orrery's father, who died in August, 1731, had ascertained a little before that his Irish agent kept back annually a large part of the rents, and the present lord was endeavouring to establish the fraud, and recover the arrears. Swift's Lord Orrery was twenty-six in 1733. His great ambition was literary fame. All his books are forgotten except his Remarks on Swift, which are only interesting for the scattered personal traits. "He was a feeble-minded man," said Johnson, who was well acquainted with him. "His conversation was like his writings, neat and elegant, but without strength. He grasped at more than his abilities could reach; tried to pass for a better talker, a better writer, and a better thinker than he was."

as much as is so, I will take care to suppress things unworthy of him. As to the epitaph, I am sorry you gave a copy, for it will certainly by that means come into print, and I would correct it more, unless you will do it for me, and that I shall like as well. Upon the whole, I earnestly wish your coming over hither, for this reason among many others, that your influence may be joined with mine to suppress whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my neighbour's and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as soon as you come. That I am an author whose characters are thought of some weight, appears from the great noise and bustle that the court and town make about any I give: and I will not render them less important, or less interesting, by sparing vice and folly, or by betraying the cause of truth and virtue. I will take care they shall be such as no man can be angry at, but the persons I would have angry. You are sensible with what decency and justice I paid homage to the royal family, at the same time that I satirized false courtiers, and spies, &c., about them. I have not the courage however to be such a satirist as you, but I would be as much, or more, a philosopher. You call your satires, libels: I would rather call my satires, epistles. They will consist more of morality than of wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I shall leave it to my antagonists to be witty, if they can, and content myself to be useful, and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady [Mary]'s or Lord [Hervey]'s performance. They are certainly the top wits of the court, and you may judge by that single piece what can be done against me; for it was laboured, corrected, pre-commended, and post-disapproved, so far as to be disowned by themselves, after each had highly cried it up for the other's. I have met with some complaints,[1] and heard at a distance of some threats, occasioned by my verses. I sent fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houses to satisfy them, and so it dropped. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a distance, and have

[1] At this time there was a great outcry among all the courtiers against the keenness of his satires.—WARTON.

nothing to say to you when they see you. I am glad you persist and abide by so good a thing as that poem, in which I am immortal, for my morality.[1] I never took any praise so kindly, and yet I think, I deserve that praise better than I do any other. When does your Collection come out,[2] and what will it consist of? I have but last week finished another of my epistles, in the order of the system; and this week, *exercitandi gratiâ*, I have translated, or rather parodied, another of Horace's, in which I introduce you advising me about my expenses, housekeeping, &c. But these things shall lie by, till you come to carp at them, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our parliament will sit till midsummer, which, I hope, may be a motive to bring you rather in summer than so late as autumn. You used to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, &c. Courts I see not, courtiers I know not, kings I adore not, queens I compliment not; so I am never like to be in fashion, nor in dependence. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor lady[3] for her unhappiness, and should only pity her more, if she had more of what they at court call happiness. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France at the end of the season, and compare the liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me, dear sir, with a thousand warm wishes, mixed with short sighs, ever yours.



107. SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *May* 1, 1733.

I ANSWER your letter the sooner, because I have a particular reason for doing so. Some weeks ago came over a poem called, *The Life and Character of Dr. S. written by himself.* It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a maxim in Rochefoucauld, and the dedication, after a formal story, says, that my manner of writing is to be found in every

[1] The ironical Libel on Dr. Delany. —WARBURTON.

[2] A collection of some of his works, which was being printed in Dublin.

[3] Lady Suffolk.

line.[1] I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago, near five hundred lines upon the same maxim in Rochefoucauld, and was a long time about it, as that impostor says in his dedication, with many circumstances, all pure invention. I desire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this spurious piece there is not a single line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way resembling the genuine copy, any more than it does Virgil's Æneis; for I never gave a copy of mine, nor lent it out of my sight. And although I showed it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and some of them, especially one or two females, had got many lines by heart here and there, and repeated them often, yet it happens that not one single line, or thought, is contained in this imposture, although it appears that they who counterfeited me, had heard of the true one. But even this trick shall not provoke me to print the true one, which indeed is not proper to be seen, till I can be seen no more. I therefore desire you will undeceive my friends, and I will order an advertisement to be printed here, and transmit it to England, that everybody may know the delusion, and acquit me, as I am sure you must have done yourself, if you have read any part of it, which is mean and trivial, and full of that cant that I most despise. I would sink to be a vicar in Norfolk rather than be charged with such a performance. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy disorder more or less is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at least equally pity myself, if I lived amongst you; because I should have seen him oftener than you did, who are

[1] The counterfeit verses are a mimicry of the genuine, and could only have come from some one to whom the original was familiar. Mrs. Pilkington taxed the dean with having burlesqued himself. "He pretended," she says, "to be very angry, asked me, Did I ever know him write triplets? and told me I had neither taste nor judgment, and knew no more of poetry than a horse." She thought her conjecture confirmed by a letter from her husband in which he stated that he received the verses from Swift, with an order to have them printed in London. It is much more probable that they were concocted by Pilkington, with the object of making money by the sale of the spurious lines, and the ulterior hope of a second profit from the dean's permission to publish the authentic poem.

a kind of hermit, how great a noise soever you make by your ill nature in not letting the honest villains of the times enjoy themselves in this world, which is their only happiness, and terrifying them with another. I should have added in my libel, that of all men living you are the most happy in your enemies and your friends: and I will swear you have fifty times more charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the lady or the lord, I did not imagine that they were at least so bad versifiers.[1] Therefore, *facit indignatio versus*,[2] is only to be applied when the indignation is against general villainy, and never operates when some sort of people write to defend themselves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulness;[3] only I would be satisfied, since you are so dull, why are they so angry?[4] Give me a shilling, and I will ensure you, that posterity shall never know you had one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserved.

I am sorry for the situation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert yourself as much as I could wish in this affair. I had rather the two sisters were hanged than see his works swelled by any loss of credit to his memory. I would be glad to see the most valuable printed by themselves, those which ought not to be seen burned immediately, and the others that have gone abroad printed separatedly like opuscula, or rather be stifled and forgotten. I thought your Epitaph was immediately to be engraved, and therefore I made less scruple to give a copy to Lord Orrery, who earnestly desired it, but to nobody else; and he tells me he gave only two, which he will recall. I have a short epigram of his upon it, wherein I would correct a line or two at most, and then I will send it you, with his permission. I have nothing against yours, but the last line,

[1] Many of the lines are tame and rugged; others are sufficiently smooth and pungent.

[2] This is the motto to the Verses addressed to the Imitator of Horace. The indignation, on Lady Mary's part, was provoked by one of the foulest and most discreditable attacks which any author ever made upon a woman.

[3] The writers said that if Pope escaped retaliation he owed his safety to his dullness.

[4] It is singular he should not here consider how well this observation applied to Pope. If Cibber, Dennis, etc. were so dull, why was Pope so angry?—BOWLES.

Striking their aching; the two participles, as they are so near, seem to sound too like.

I shall write to the duchess, who has lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break through the latter if the other mends. I can use a course of medicines, lame and giddy.[1] My chief design, next to seeing you, is to be a severe critic on you and your neighbour: but first kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horses. It cost me near 600*l.* for a wall to keep mine, and I never ride without two servants, for fear of accidents; *hic vicimus ambitiosâ paupertate.* You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I will find grass, and wine, and servants, but with him not.[2]

The Collection you speak of is this. A printer[3] came to me to desire he might print my works, as he called them, in four volumes, by subscription. I said I would give no leave, and should be sorry to see them printed here.[4] He said they could not be printed in London. I answered they could, if the partners agreed. He said, he "would be glad of my permission, but as he could print them without it, and was advised that it could do me no harm, and having been assured of numerous subscriptions, he hoped I would not be angry at his pursuing his own interest," &c. Much of this discourse passed, and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determine not to intermeddle, though it be much to my discontent; and I wish it could be done in England, rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in everything of that kind.[5] This is the truth of the story.

[1] This sentence is evidently imperfect.

[2] The pre-occupied minds and frugal housekeeping of Pope and Bolingbroke were not suited to Swift. "They are both," he wrote to Arbuthnot, "too temperate, and too wise for me, and too profound and too poor."

[3] George Faulkner.—BOWLES.

[4] He said to Mr. Beach, April 12, 1735, that his objection to an Irish edition of his works arose "from the disdain he had of their being published in so obscure and wretched a country."

[5] He was so much a man of business, and so much accustomed to consider his writings merely as means for the attainment of a practical end—whether that end was the strengthening of a party, or the wounding a foe—that he seems to have been tho-

My vanity turns at present on being personated in your *Quæ virtus*, &c.[1] You will observe in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low spirit, but a heart wholly turned to love you with the greatest earnestness and truth.

108. POPE TO SWIFT.

May 28, 1733.

I HAVE begun two or three letters to you by snatches, and been prevented from finishing them by a thousand avocations and dissipations. I must first acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whose praises are that precious ointment Solomon speaks of, which can be given only by men of virtue.[2] All other praise, whether from poets or peers, is contemptible alike, and I am old enough and experienced enough to know, that the only praises worth having, are those bestowed *by* virtue *for* virtue. My poetry I abandon to the critics, my morals I commit to the testimony of those who know me; and therefore I was more pleased with your Libel than with any verses I ever received. I wish such a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was surprised to receive from the printer that spurious piece, called, The Life and Character of Dr. Swift, with a letter telling me the person "who published it, had assured him the dedication to me was what I would not take ill, or else he would not have printed it." I cannot tell who the man is, who took so far upon

roughly indifferent to all sorts of literary fame. He enjoyed the notoriety and influence which he had procured by his writings, but it was the glory of having carried his point, and not of having written well that he valued.—JEFFREY.

[1] Pope, in his letter of April 2, told Swift that he had introduced him speaking in the Imitation of the Satire of Horace which commences Quæ virtus, etc.

[2] Perhaps Lord Orrery and Lord Bathurst were the most respectable noblemen with whom Pope could boast much communication; but, with all his affected contempt of greatness, he was sufficiently ready to offer incense wherever he thought it might be acceptable, and sometimes his flattery was such as a truly wise and virtuous man,

To virtue only, and her friends a friend,

would disdain. Swift and himself were equally servile in their adulation, in general, to those noblemen by whom they were countenanced, as they were petulant to those whom they affected to despise.—BOWLES.

him as to answer for my way of thinking; though, had the thing been genuine, I should have been greatly displeased at the publisher's part in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earnest as you can be, in doing my best to prevent the publishing of any thing unworthy of Mr. Gay; but I fear his friend's partiality. I wish you would come over. All the mysteries of my philosophical work shall then be cleared to you, and you will not think that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough. It will not want for satire, but as for anger I know it not; or at least only that sort of which the apostle speaks, "Be ye angry, and sin not."

My neighbour's writings have been metaphysical, and will next be historical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable history of Europe in these latter times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wisest indifferent whether posterity be any wiser than we. To a man in years, health and quiet become such rarities, and consequently so valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life; and this, I doubt not, has caused so many great men to die without leaving a scrap to posterity.[1]

I am sincerely troubled for the bad account you give me of your own health. I wish every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully assure you.

109. SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *July* 8, 1733.

I MUST condole with you for the loss of Mrs. Pope, of whose death the papers have been full.[2] But I would rather rejoice with you, because, if any circumstances can make the death of a dear parent and friend a subject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care

[1] The reflection was signa lly inapplicable to Bolingbroke, who was greedy of posthumous fame, and was at this time toiling over works which were not to be published till he was dead.

[2] She died on June 7.

of the most dutiful son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me, and so much the worse, because I expected *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your presence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waived the invitation pressed on you, alleging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking.[1] By which I find that you have given some credit to a notion, of our great plenty and hospitality. It is true, our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the poorest countries, because there is no money to pay for them. I believe there are not in this whole city three gentlemen out of employment, who are able to give entertainments once a month. Those who are in employments of church or state, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen. Those indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any person of distinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year. Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at dinner, and to pass the evening, where there is nothing of excess either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southerne,[2] who has just left us, was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a bishop, or a commissioner of the revenues, but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the doctor, who is easy in his fortune, and very hospitable.[3] The conveniences of

[1] Swift, writing to Mrs. Cæsar, July 30, 1733, says, "Mr. Pope, who has often promised to pass a summer season with me here, if he outlived his mother, soon after [her] death waived the fairest opportunity of performing his promise two months ago, of coming over with ease, and in company of Dean Cotterel and his sister. He said we should kill him with eating and drinking. I chid him soundly, in my last letter, for his want of friendship or resolution." Pope suppressed the chiding.

[2] The dramatist. He was a native of Ireland, and was educated at the Dublin university.

[3] Mrs. Pilkington says she never knew Dr. Delany's equal in the art of "giving an elegant entertainment with ease, cheerfulness, and an hospitality which makes the company happy."

taking the air, winter or summer, do far exceed those in London; for the two large strands just at the two ends of the town are as firm and dry in winter as in summer. There are at least six or eight gentlemen of sense, learning, good humour, and taste, able and desirous to please you; and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that I have frequently made use of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the best people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myself, I declare my health is so uncertain, that I dare not venture amongst you at present. I hate the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting, which is now too late.[1] Neither can I have conveniences in the country for three horses and two servants, and many others, which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney coaches, carts, and carriages, round this town, who dare not insult me, like your rascally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way; nor is there one lord or squire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and six. Thus, I make some advantage of the public poverty, and give you the reasons for what I once writ, why I choose to be a freeman among slaves, rather than a slave among freemen. Then, I walk the streets in peace, without being jostled, nor even without a thousand blessings from my friends the vulgar. I am lord mayor of one hundred and twenty houses, I am absolute lord of the greatest cathedral in the kingdom, am at

[1] He mentioned the same obstacle in a letter to Mrs. Pendarves, Oct. 7, 1734: "I cannot make shifts and lie rough, and be undone by starving in scanty lodgings, without horses, servants, or conveniences, as I used to do in London, with port wine, or perhaps porter's ale, to save charges." French wine he now thought essential to his health. "I drink a bottle every day," he said to Arbuthnot, "though I love it not; but it is the only thing that keeps me out of pain." Riding was indispensable for the same reason, and he required three horses, because, as he told Pope in the previous letter, he was attended by two servants for fear of an accident from a sudden attack of giddiness. He calculated that he lived "two-thirds cheaper in Ireland than he could in England." "I can buy a chicken for a groat, and entertain three or four friends with as many dishes, and two or three bottles of French wine, for ten shillings. When I dine alone, my pint and chicken, with the appendices, cost me about fifteenpence."

peace with the neighbouring princes, the lord mayor of the city, and the Archbishop of Dublin, only the latter, like the King of France, sometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorraine. In the midst of this raillery, I can tell you with seriousness, that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to my Lord B[olingbroke] and yourself, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c., that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my lord and yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? And yet at your or his time of life, I could have leaped over the moon.[1]

110. POPE TO SWIFT.

Sept. 1, 1733.

I HAVE every day wished to write to you, to say a thousand things; and yet I think I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing any thing, sick of myself, and, what is worse, sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me. Everybody is so concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are lost or disrelished. I write more to show you I am tired of this life, than to tell you anything relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did; but all these are to no purpose; the world will not live,

[1] Swift had been remarkably active. The last place of his residence in England (1714) was Letcombe in Berkshire, where there is a hill, which the village tradition says he was in the habit of running up every morning before breakfast. In his declining years it is known that, for exercise, which he could not take abroad, he pursued the plan, strange as it may appear, of running violently up and down the stairs.—BOWLES.

When he resided with Sir W. Temple he ran up a hill near the house every two hours. His custom in 1733 was still to ride twelve miles a day, and walk vehemently in addition. "I have often wished," Ford wrote to him, April 14, 1733, "that you would be more moderate in your walks. The violent sweats you put yourself into are apt to give colds, and I doubt occasion much of your other disorder." His physicians, Dr. Helsham and Dr. Grattan, often told him that he exhausted his energies, and aggravated his maladies by his undue exercise.

think, or love as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at, all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulf between. In earnest I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such, that I really believe a sea-sickness,—considering the oppression of colical pains, and the great weakness of my breast,—would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be crammed either way. Let your hungry poets, and your rhyming poets, digest it; I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half starved, than to be so over praised and over fed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you. I only reserve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and esteeming you. You are the only patriot I know, who is not hated for serving his country. The man who drew your character and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you: yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for saying them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject: for surely to alter your words is to prejudice them; and I have been told, that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness; nature is so much a better thing than artifice.[1]

I have written nothing this year. It is no affectation to

[1] Pope had probably been told confidentially, either by Pilkington or the publisher of the Character, that Swift had written it as a second and slighter exercise on his former theme. Adapting his language to this belief, Pope remarks "that a man himself can hardly say the same things twice over with equal happiness," and that the author "was not much in the wrong in many things he said." But however right the author might be, the "many things" were not of a kind to be agreeable to Swift. In the genuine verses the censure is confined to want of memory, and other trifles, and the praise is for high deserts. In the spurious verses the defence of the dean is feeble, and the strictures are the imputations which his career accredited, and which were injurious to his moral reputation. Take a single instance:

His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
But discontent against the times;
For, had we made him timely offers
To raise his post, or fill his coffers,
Perhaps he might have truckled down
Like other brethren of his gown.
For party he would scarce have bled
I say no more, because he's dead.

tell you, my mother's loss has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world. I know I ought to be easy, and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined; my whole amusement is in reviewing my past life, not in laying plans for my future. I wish you cared as little for popular applause as I;[1] as little for any nation in contradistinction to others, as I; and then I fancy you that are not afraid of the sea, you that are a stronger man at sixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and see several people who are, at last, like the primitive christians, of one soul and of one mind. The day is come, which I have often wished, but never thought to see, when *every mortal that I esteem, is of the same sentiment in politics and in religion.*[2]

Adieu. All you love are yours; but all are busy, except dear sir, your sincere friend.

111. POPE TO SWIFT.

Jan. 6, 1734.

I NEVER think of you, and can never write to you now, without drawing many of those short sighs of which we have formerly talked. The reflection both of the friends we have been deprived of by death, and of those from whom we are separated almost as eternally by absence, checks me to that degree that it takes away in a manner the pleasure, which yet I feel very sensibly, too, of thinking I am now conversing

[1] Pope alludes to one of the reasons Swift gave for preferring Dublin to London. "I walk the streets in peace without being jostled, nor even without a thousand blessings from my friends, the vulgar." Pope did not crave the applause of the populace any more than he coveted the English crown; both were out of his reach. No man had a greater thirst for the kind of fame he could command, and he was not justified in the tone of superiority he assumed.

[2] I cannot conjecture in what sense Pope supposed that he, and every mortal he esteemed, were of "the same sentiment in religion." He was only nominally a roman catholic, and neither he nor his principal intimates were papists. His real creed had hitherto been that of a deist, and he and all his chief friends could not have become christians, unless Bolingbroke was a convert as well as himself, nor could they all have been deists unless the steadfast Arbuthnot had turned unbeliever.

with you. You have been silent to me as to your works; whether those printed here are, or are not genuine. But one, I am sure, is yours;[1] and your method of concealing yourself puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail stick out. You will have immediately by several franks, even before it is here published, my Epistle to Lord Cobham,[2] part of my *Opus Magnum*, and the last Essay on Man, both which, I conclude, will be grateful to your bookseller, on whom you please to bestow them so early. There is a woman's war declared against me by a certain lord. His weapons are the same which women and children use, a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter. I writ a sort of answer, but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and, after showing it to some people, suppressed it,—otherwise it was such as was worthy of him and worthy of me.[3] I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborough, who rejoices in your doings, and always speaks with the greatest affection of you. I need not tell you who else do the same; you may be sure almost all those whom I ever see or desire to see. I wonder not that B—— paid you no sort of civility while he was in Ireland.[4] He is too much

[1] Pope refers no doubt to Poetry a Rhapsody, which was published anonymously in London in 1733.

[2] Now the first Moral Essay.

[3] The "certain lord" who declared "a woman's war" against Pope was Lord Hervey in a poetical Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, in answer to a Latin Letter in Verse. Lord Hervey excuses himself for venturing upon a poetical epistle by the remark, that

Guiltless of thought, each blockhead may compose
This nothing-meaning verse as fast as prose,

which is the pretext for a feeble attack upon Pope, whom he holds up as the example of a man who, "guiltless of thought," dresses up borrowed ideas in rhyme. Pope's suppressed answer was his prose Letter to a Noble Lord, and the statement that he withheld it, from a disdain to enter the lists with Lord Hervey, was a pretence, since he retorted this very year by his character of Sporus. There was a stronger reason for keeping back the letter. He had to prove that he was not the aggressor in his public and personal warfare with Lord Hervey and Lady Mary W. Montagu, and he rested his defence on the falsehoods that Sappho was not intended for Lady Mary, and that he never imagined that Lord Fanny could be taken for Lord Hervey. The universal disbelief of his protestation that Timon was not the Duke of Chandos probably made him, upon reflection, afraid to repeat the experiment of an incredible disclaimer.

[4] B—— is perhaps Bishop Boulter. —BOWLES.

Surely not. Boulter had been archbishop ever since 1724, and could not have been thus spoken of as a tran-

a half-wit to love a true wit, and too much half-honest to esteem any entire merit. I hope, and I think, he hates me too, and I will do my best to make him. He is so insupportably insolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I must affront him to be rid of it.[1] That strict neutrality as to public parties, which I have constantly observed in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack such men as slander and belie my character in private to those who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take unless at the same time they are pests to private society, or mischievous members of the public, that is to say, unless they are enemies to all men as well as to me. Pray write to me when you can. If ever I can come to you, I will: if not, may Providence be our friend and our guard through this simple world, where nothing is valuable, but sense and friendship. Adieu, dear sir; may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

P. S. I am just now told, a very curious lady intends to write to you to pump you about some poems said to be yours.[2]

sient visitor in 1734.—CROKER.

Nor had he left Ireland. He remained there till 1742, and Pope could not have been in the habit of meeting him. I have no doubt that the blank is to be filled up with the name of Bubb Doddington, who passed the winter of 1733 in Dublin, where he had gone upon some business affecting his personal interests, which required the favour of men in power, and he no doubt thought that it would not advance his object to renew his intercourse with Swift.

[1] Doddington's vanity was extreme. He prided himself upon his person, manners, and ancestry, though he was ugly, awkward, and the son of an obscure father. "And what is difficult for him to do," says Lord Chesterfield, "he even overrates his own parts, which are superior to almost anybody's." This concentration of self-esteem was expressed in a superb bearing, which, when it took the form of distant civility, would have been very irritating to Pope.

[2] Bowles says that the inquisitive person was probably Martha Blount, and the poems were certainly the Rhapsody on Poetry, and the Epistle to a Lady. Swift wished them to be printed in London, and he entrusted them to Mrs. Barber, when she went from Dublin to England in November, 1733. They contained furious attacks upon the court, the parliament, and the minister, and Pope warned Swift not to satisfy the lady's curiosity lest his confession of the authorship should have injurious consequences. It soon appeared that there was reason for the caution. Three months after the Epistle to a Lady was published, a government messenger arrested Wilford, whose name was on the title-page. Wilford said he printed the piece for Gilliver,

Pray tell her that you have not answered me on the same questions, and that I shall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have concealed from me.

112.[1] BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT.

April 12, 1734.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I have received yours of the 16th of February very lately; but have not yet seen the person who brought it, nor am likely to see him, unless he finds me out in my retreat. Our friend Pope is in town, and to him I send this letter; for he tells me he can forward it to you by the hands of one of our common friends. If I can do Mr. Faulkner any service, I shall certainly do it, because I shall catch at any opportunity of pleasing you; but my help in a project of subscription, will, I fear, avail him little. I live much out of the world, and I do not blush to own I am out of fashion in it. My wife, who is extremely obliged to you for your kind remembrance of her, and who desires me to say all the fond things from her to you, which I know she thinks, enjoys a precarious health, easily shaken, and sometimes interrupted by fits of severe pain: but, upon the whole, much better than it has been these five years. I walk down hill easily and leisurely enough, except when a strong disposition to the jaundice, that I have long carried about me, gives me a shove. I guard against it as well as I can; the censors say, not as well as I might. Too sedentary a life hurts me, and yet I do not care to lead any other; for sauntering about my grounds is not exercise. I say, I will be very active this summer, and I will try to keep my word. Riding is your panacea; and Bathurst is younger than his sons by

the bookseller. Gilliver said he had the manuscript from Pilkington, and Pilkington said he received it from Mrs. Barber. She appears to have refused to give up the name of the author, and proceedings were commenced against her. "Mrs. Barber," wrote Mrs. Pendarves May 28, 1734, "has not yet finished the troublesome affair that the Pilkingtons' ingratitude has involved her in." The prosecution was ultimately dropped.

[1] Published by Hawkesworth.

observing the same regimen. If I can keep where I am a few years longer, I shall be satisfied; for I have something, and not much, to do before I die. I know by experience one cannot serve the present age. About posterity one may flatter one's self, and I have a mind to write to the next age. You have seen, I doubt not, the ethic epistles, and though they go a little into metaphysics, I persuade myself you both understand and approve them. The first book being finished, the others will soon follow;[1] for many of them are writ or crayoned out. What are you doing? Good I am sure. But of what kind? Pray, Mr. Dean, be a little more cautious in your recommendations. I took care, a year ago, to remove some obstacles that might have hindered the success of one of your recommendations, and I have heartily repented of it since. The fellow wants morals, and, as I hear, decency sometimes. You have had accounts, I presume, which will not leave you at a loss to guess whom I mean.[2] Is there then no hope left of seeing you once more in this island? I often wish myself out of it; and I shall wish so much more, if it is impossible *de voisiner* (I know no English word to say the same thing) with you. Adieu, dear sir; no man living preserves a higher esteem, or a more warm and sincere friendship for you than I do.

113.[3] BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT.

EXTRACT.

FROM MY FARM, *June* 27, 1734.

BUT it is impossible to talk so much of philosophy and forget to speak of Pope. He is actually rambling from one

[1] The first book was the Essay on Man. Of "the others," three epistles had already appeared, and a fourth came out in 1735. These constitute the Moral Essays. The scheme included many more epistles, which were never executed.

[2] There is no great pleasure in guessing who was meant, but it would seem to be Mr. Pilkington.—WALTER SCOTT.

When Swift asked Barber to appoint Pilkington his chaplain, Barber replied, "There are some little difficulties in this affair which I must get over as well as I can," and these may have been the obstacles which Bolingbroke, who was friendly with Barber, removed.

[3] Published by Hawkesworth.

friend's house to another. He is now at Cirencester. He came thither from my Lord Cobham's; he came to my Lord Cobham's from Mr. Dormer's; to Mr. Dormer's from London; to London from Chiswick; to Chiswick from my farm; to my farm from his own garden; and he goes soon from Lord Bathurst's to Lord Peterborough's; after which he returns to my farm again. The demon of verse sticks close to him. He has been imitating the satire of Horace, which begins, *Ambubaiarum collegia pharmacopolæ*, &c., and has chosen rather to weaken the images, than to hurt chaste ears overmuch.[1] He has sent it me; but I shall keep his secret as he desires, and shall not, I think, return him the copy; for the rogue has fixed a ridicule upon me, which some events of my life would seem, perhaps, to justify him in doing.[2] I am glad you approve of his Moral Essays. They will do more good than the sermons and writings of some who had a mind to find great fault with them. And if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of consequences deducible from these doctrines were to be disputed in prose, I think he would have no reason to apprehend either the freethinkers on one hand, or the narrow dogmatists on the other. Some very few things may be expressed a little hardly; but none are, I believe, unintelligible. I will let him know your complaint of his silence, which I wonder at the more, because he has often spoke in such a manner as made me conclude you heard from him pretty regularly. Your compliments shall be paid likewise to the other friends you mention.

You complain of the vast alteration which the last seven years have made in you; and do you believe they have not made proportionable alterations in us? Satisfy yourself they have. We all go the same road, and keep much the same

[1] The translation is entitled Sober Advice from Horace as delivered in his Second Sermon, and begins,

The tribe of templars, play'rs, apothecaries,
Pimps, poets, wits, Lord Fannys, Lady Marys,
And all the court in tears, and half the town,
Lament dear, charming Oldfield, dead and gone!
Engaging Oldfield! who, with grace and ease,
Could join the arts to ruin and to please.—
WALTER SCOTT.

[2] Pope speaks of him as having been the slave of common women, whom he invested with imaginary charms.

stages. Let this consideration, therefore, not hinder you from coming among us. You shall ride, walk, trifle, meddle, chide, and be as ill-bred as you please; and the indulgence you receive on these heads, you shall return on these or others. Adieu.

114. POPE AND BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT.

POPE.

Sept. 15, 1734.

I HAVE ever thought you as sensible as any man I knew of all the delicacies of friendship, and yet I fear, from what Lord B[olingbroke] tells me you said in your last letter, that you did not quite understand the reason of my late silence. I assure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindness I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am the most troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am most grieved about. Death has not done worse to me in separating poor Gay, or any other, than disease and absence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do, since most accounts I have give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would see you; and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafness, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I should find great relief, could we write freely; and yet, when I have done so, you seem by not answering in a very long time, to feel either the same uneasiness as I do, or to abstain from some prudential reason. Yet, I am sure, nothing that you and I would say to each other, though our whole souls were to be laid open to the clerks of the post-office, could hurt either of us so much, in the opinion of any honest man or good subject, as the intervening, officious impertinence of those goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name, and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of justifying you

against these friends, especially those who know all you think and write, and repeat your slighter verses.[1] It is generally on such little scraps that witlings feed, and it is hard the world should judge of our housekeeping from what we fling to our dogs. Yet this is often the consequence. But they treat you still worse; mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am satisfied was the case in the Epistle to a Lady. It was just the same hand, if I have any judgment in style,[2] which printed your Life and Character before, which you so strongly disavowed in your letters to Lord Carteret, myself, and others. I was very well informed of another fact, which convinced me yet more; the same person who gave this to be printed, offered to a bookseller a piece in prose as yours, and as commissioned by you, which has since appeared, and been owned to be his own.[3] I think, I say once more, that I know your hand, though you did not mine in the Essay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I should, had you been in England: but no secret can cross your Irish sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy, though you lost sight of me in the first of those Essays, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect. I was thought a divine, a philosopher, and what not; and my doctrine had a sanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the same grave march like Lucretius, or must descend to

[1] The "those" were honest Mrs. Barber, who found no favour in Pope's eyes, and the Pilkingtons, who deserved no favour.

[2] He ultimately came to the conclusion that the Epistle to a Lady, and the Life and Character of Swift, were both by Pilkington. He was therefore mistaken in his conviction that his "judgment in style" enabled him to "know Swift's hand," for every line of the Epistle to a Lady was by the dean.

[3] Probably the pamphlet on the will of Col. Norton, who left his property to the poor, and appointed the parliament his executors. Pilkington enticed Motte, the bookseller, into purchasing the spurious Life and Character of Swift, by telling him that "he had seen the original of that piece." Encouraged by his successful imposition, Pilkington next brought the pamphlet "about Norton's will, which he pretended came from an eminent hand." In the meanwhile Motte had discovered that Pilkington was a cheat, and he refused the pamphlet. "It was bought," he says, "by another bookseller, who printed it, and lost money by it." It is mentioned by Pope in a letter to Caryll, Oct. 23, 1733.

the gaieties of Horace, I know not; or whether I can do either. But be the future as it will, I shall collect all the past in one fair quarto this winter,[1] and send it you, where you will find frequent mention of yourself. I was glad you suffered your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland. I wished it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others. Yours are beauties, that can never be too finely dressed, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a philosopher, till I pull it off, and make a jest of it myself.[2] It is just what my Lord B[olingbroke] is doing with metaphysics. I hope you will live to see, and stare at the learned figure he will make, on the same shelf with Locke and Malebranche.

You see how I talk to you, for this is not writing. If you like I should do so, why not tell me so? If it be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a week most gladly; but can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the nothings he can express? If you can, really and from my heart, I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a satisfaction? That will make it one to me; and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you shall hear from me punctually just when you will.

BOLINGBROKE.

OUR friend, who is just returned from a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and dispatch it till I have scribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompously of my metaphysics, and places them in a very honourable station. It is true, I have writ six letters and a half to him on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and

[1] The second volume in quarto of his poetical works, which was published in 1735.

[2] Swift disliked metaphysical theology, and to disarm criticism Pope affected to despise his own philosophy.

a half more, which would swell the whole up to a considerable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the name of an author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends have seen them, *satis magnum theatrum mihi estis;* I shall not have the itch of making them more public.[1] I know how little regard you pay to writings of this kind. But I imagine that if you can like any such, it must be those that strip metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well-constituted eye, and never bewilder themselves whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others. I writ to you a long letter some time ago, and sent it by the post. Did it come to your hands? or did the inspectors of private correspondence stop it, to revenge themselves of the ill said of them in it? *Vale, et me ama.*

115.[2] SWIFT TO POPE.

Nov. 1, 1734.

'DEAR SIR,'—I have yours with my Lord B[olingbroke]'s postscript of September 15. It was long on its way, and for some weeks after the date I was very ill with my two inveterate disorders, giddiness and deafness. The latter is pretty well off; but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much dispirits me. But I continue to ride and walk, both of which, although they be no cures, are at least amusements. 'I have lost by those diseases much of my memory, which makes me commit many blunders, in my common actions at home, by mistaking one thing for another, particularly in writing, where I make a hundred literal errors, as you cannot but know, and as it is odds you will find in this paper.' I did never imagine you to be either inconstant or to want right notions of friendship; but I apprehended[3] your want of health; and it has been a frequent wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world so long, so frequently, so happily, under so many bodily

[1] He left them all for posthumous publication.

[2] This letter appeared in the quarto of 1741. The transcript in the Oxford MSS. has furnished some fresh passages.

[3] "Apprehend" in the quarto.

disorders. My Lord B[olingbroke] says you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a summer season; and when the winter recalls you, we will, for our own interests, leave you to your speculations. God be thanked, I have done with every thing, and of every kind that requires writing, except now and then a letter, or, like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children, or school-boys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is singular, I never am without some great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous healthy man, although I am convinced that I shall never be able to finish three treatises that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but correction.[1]

My Lord B[olingbroke] said in his postscript that you would go to Bath in three days. We since heard that you were dangerously ill there, and that the newsmongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath—'his name is Towers'—assured me he left you well, and so did some others, whom I have forgot. 'I am not scared from writing by any regard to the post folks, and would be content to let them transcribe copies, provided they will be so honest as to seal the original and send it as directed. I cannot but tell you I am not so well able to write at night, both from my disorder and the weakness of my eyes; and when I begin in a morning, I am so pestered by impertinent people, and impertinent business, which my station exposes me to, that the former part of the day is wholly lost.' I am sorry at my heart that you are pestered with people who come in my name, and, I profess to you, it is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend, for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them 'I only except Dr. Sheridan, who always begs me to present his respects, and talks often of going to England, but, I believe, considering many difficulties on his fortune, will never

[1] His History of the Four Last Years of the Queen, his Polite Conversation, and his Directions to Servants.

be able with any prudence to make such a voyage. I have just recalled the money that was in the Duke of Queensberry's hands,[1] which I had set apart to maintain me a summer among you, but I found it inconsistent with my present state of health to venture so far from a convenient home; and by the great fall of my little revenues I was under a necessity to supply myself with that money till I could recover some rents to support me. And I must now count upon worse and worse every year, or rather every month I live.'

Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man; and I would lay any odds that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below or beside yourself on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess, in some few places I was forced to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke of D[orset] said to me on that occasion—how a judge here, who knows you, told the duke[2] that, on the first reading those essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark; on the second, most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased; on the third, he had no doubt remaining, and then he admired the whole. My Lord B[olingbroke]'s attempt of reducing metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness, will be a glorious undertaking, and as I never knew him fail in anything he attempted, if he had the sole management,[3] so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present, and so I shall while I live. It saves your money and my time; and, he being your genius,[4] no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what

[1] The 200*l.* of which Gay had the management.

[2] "Him" in the quarto. The Duke of Dorset was lord-lieutenant.

[3] His lordship's "sole management" probably alludes to the circumstance when he was at variance with Lord Oxford. His lordship's success in metaphysics was nearly on a par with his success in politics.—BOWLES.

He was much too passionate for philosophical speculation. The best metaphysics roused his anger at the first approach, and he stormed against doctrines he had not the patience to comprehend.

[4] An allusion to the Essay on Man, Epist. iv. ver. 373: "Come then my friend, my genius," etc.—CROKER.

you write is printed in large letters,—otherwise, between the weakness of my eyes[1] and the thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my Lord B[olingbroke] to follow that example, if I live to read his metaphysics. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account from the doctor[2] of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

116. POPE TO SWIFT.

TWITENHAM, *Dec.* 19, 1734.

I AM truly sorry for any complaint you have, and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes that I write, as well as print, in folio. You will think (I know you will, for you have all the candour of a good understanding) that the thing which men of our age feel the most, is the friendship of our equals; and that, therefore, whatever affects those who are stepped a few years before us, cannot but sensibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory, and if I am in any part of my constitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering everything that has pleased me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two summers we passed together[3] dwells always on my mind, like a vision which gave me a glimpse of a better life and better company than this world otherwise afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends, and may go where I will, if the wretched carcase I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled by very easy journeys this year to Lord Bathurst and Lord Peterborough, who upon every occasion commemorate, love, and wish for you. I now pass my days between Dawley, London, and this place, not studious, nor idle, rather polishing old works

[1] The ethical essays and satires of Pope came out in folio pamphlets, which were printed in large type. The "weakness of Swift's eyes" was the consequence of his perversity. He was 67, could see but dimly without spectacles, and had made an absurd resolution never to wear them. His eyes in reading were put to an unnatural strain, the operation was slow and painful, and he was almost deprived of the solace of books in his long, lonely hours.

[2] Arbuthnot.—BOWLES.

[3] 1726-27, when the dean was at Twickenham.—BOWLES.

ian hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that nas been abandoned several years; and of this sort you will soon see one, which I inscribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.[1]

Thus far I had written, and, thinking to finish my letter the same evening, was prevented by company, and the next morning found myself in a fever, highly disordered, and so continued in bed for five days, and in my chamber till now; but so well recovered as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himself, poor man, is much broke, though not worse than for these two last months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wish to God we could once meet again before that separation, which yet, I would be glad to believe, shall re-unite us: but he who made us, not for ours but his purposes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worse, that the affections of this life should, or should not continue into the other: and doubtless it is as it should be. Yet I am sure that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I shall be imperfect without the communication of such friends as you. You are to me like a limb lost and buried in another country. Though we seem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always consider you so much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much, but it is as much as I would desire you would do to me. However, if I could inspirit you to bestow correction upon those three treatises, which you say are so near completed, I should think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almost at the end of my morals, as I have been long ago of my wit. My system is a short one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits, and that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity; but where one is confined to truth, or, to speak more like a human creature, to the appearances of truth, we soon find the shortness of our tether. Indeed, by the help of a metaphysical chain of ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progress beyond the point to which Providence has pinned us: but this does not satisfy me, who would rather say a little to no purpose than a great deal. Lord

[1] The Prologue to the Satires.—ROSCOE.

B[olingbroke] is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to destroy volumes. I shall not live, I fear, to see that work printed. He is so taken up still, in spite of the monitory hint given in the first line of my essay,[1] with particular men, that he neglects mankind, and is still a creature of this world, not of the universe,—this world, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the Court, to the Castle, and so diminishing, till it comes to our own affairs, and our own persons. When you write, either to him or me, for we accept it all as one, rebuke him for it, as a divine, if you like it, or as a badineur,[2] if you think that more effectual.

What I write will show you that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath,[3] but I did not know him, and everybody that comes from Ireland pretends to be a friend of the dean's. I am always glad to see any that are truly so, and therefore do not mistake anything I said, so as to discourage your sending any such to me. Adieu.

117. SWIFT TO POPE.

May 12, 1735.

YOUR letter was sent me yesterday by Mr. Stopford,[4] who landed the same day, but I have not yet seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestic affairs are in great confusion by the villainy of agents, and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had: nor am I unconcerned to see all things tending towards absolute power in both nations (it is here in perfection already), although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both public and personal to myself, has given me

[1] Awake my St. John; leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.

He would at any period of life have relinquished all his sublime philosophy, all his hermit ideas of retirement, to have gained what was the constant object of his ambition,—the direction of the affairs of government. —BOWLES.

[2] This is seemingly a word of Pope's coinage.

[3] Mr. Towers, and probably a relation of the Rev. John Towers, who was appointed a prebendary of Swift's cathedral in 1726.

[4] Afterwards Bishop of Cloyne.—BOWLES.

such a kind of despondency, that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement. The deaths of Mr. Gay and the doctor[1] have been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should at least receive annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To show in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight since I heard of the death of my Lady Masham,[2] my constant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health: but in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder for which a sea voyage is not in some degree a remedy. The old Duke of Ormond said he would not change his dead son (Ossory) for the best living son in Europe. Neither would I change you my absent friend for the best present friend round the globe.

I have lately read a letter imputed to Lord B[olingbroke], called a Dissertation upon Parties. I think it very masterly written.[3]

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers. I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the prelates in both kingdoms, or any prelates in Europe, except the bishop of Marseilles.[4] And God preserve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of modern parsons in a lump.[5] I am ever entirely yours.

[1] Arbuthnot died Feb. 27, 1735.

[2] She died December 1734.

[3] The best, perhaps, of all Bolingbroke's works, written with great force of reasoning, and in a style equally spirited and elegant.—WARTON.

[4] The principal citizens fled from the terrible pestilence which, in 1720, swept off the inhabitants of Marseilles by thousands. The bishop, the majority of the religious orders, and a few more heroic spirits remained to cope with the destitution and disease. The courage, beneficence, and piety of the bishop were unsurpassed, but he was, says Sismondi, "narrow-minded and ignorant, and his judgment was not equal to his virtue. Absorbed in the idea of bringing his flock to repentance, he increased their terror by dwelling on the wrath of heaven, and thus rendered them more susceptible of contagion, while at the same time he imprudently collected them in crowds for common prayer." Swift singles him out because Pope had recently commemorated the bishop in the fourth epistle of the Essay on Man.

[5] Swift did not read the works of the "modern parsons," and he spoke

118. SWIFT TO POPE.

Sept. 3, 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an answer to yours of two months ago,[1] which complains of that profligate fellow Curll. I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I am. I may say as David did, I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done? You have given no offence to the ministry, nor to the lords, nor commons, nor queen, nor the next in power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore must abhor vice and all corruption, although your discretion holds the reins. You need not fear any consequence in the commerce that has so long passed between us; although I never destroyed one of your letters. But my executors are men of honour and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me. Neither did our letters contain any turns of wit, or fancy, or politics, or satire, but mere innocent friendship. Yet I am loth that any letters, from you and a very few other friends, should die before me. I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand to study what we should write next; yet we have held a constant intercourse from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest as well as in haste, to have one Epistle inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height. I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend; *Orna me.* A month ago were sent me over by a friend of mine, the works

in ignorance, or he would have found in the Sermons of a parson named Butler, which were published nearly ten years before, ethical views which might compete with the Essay on Man both in philosophical profundity, and their practical effect upon the world.

[1] Not published. The P. T. volume of letters came out in May, 1735, and Pope was appealing to its pretended surreptitious publication by Curll, as a reason why his letters to Swift should be consigned to his own securer custody. Swift would not part with them while his faculties remained, and perhaps suspected that they would be used for a second surreptitious publication.

. John Hughes, Esq. They are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life, yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a poet for me, and, I think, among the *mediocribus* in prose as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle;[1] he is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us, but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character. I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wise and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every oppression that can be inflicted on mankind. Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world: but oppression tortures me, and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a bishop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commissioner of the revenues. Adieu.

119. SWIFT TO POPE.

Oct. 21, 1735.

I ANSWERED your letter relating to Curll, &c. I believe my letters have escaped being published, because I writ nothing but nature and friendship, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have observed, that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny writ their letters for the public view, more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the entertainment they have given me. Balzac did the same thing, but with more stiffness, and consequently less diverting.

Now I must tell you, that you are to look upon me as one going very fast out of the world; but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holyhead, for I will not lie in a country of slaves. It pleases me to find that you begin to dislike things in spite of your philosophy; your Muse cannot forbear her

[1] Appointed Bishop of Derry in Feb. 1735.

hints to that purpose. I cannot travel to see you; otherwise, I solemnly protest I would do it. I have an intention to pass this winter in the country with a friend forty miles off,[1] and to ride only ten miles a day; yet is my health so uncertain that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come to my own bed at night. My best way would be to marry, for in that case any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle-aged one; you knew me a middle-aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord [Bolingbroke[2]]? Methinks I am inquiring after a tulip of last year.

You need not apprehend any Curlls meddling with your letters to me. I will not destroy them, but have ordered my executors to do that office. I have a thousand things more to say; *longævitas est garrula;* but I must remember I have other letters to write if I have time, which I spend to tell you so. I am ever, dearest sir, yours, &c.

120. POPE TO SWIFT.

[*Nov.*, 1735].

To answer your question as to Mr. Hughes, what he wanted as to genius he made up as an honest man: but he was of the class you think him.

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the bishops, and a disgrace to one bishop,[3] two things you will like; but what you will like more particularly, he

[1] At Cavan, with Dr. Sheridan, who had become master of the Cavan free school. "I was there at Swift's arrival," says Thomas Sheridan, the son. "It grieved me much to see such a change in him. His person was quite emaciated, and bore the marks of many more years than had passed over his head; his memory greatly impaired, and his other faculties much on the decline; his temper peevish, fretful, and morose, and yet to me his behaviour was gentle. During this visit it appeared by many instances that avarice had then taken possession of him to a great degree."

[2] He had ceased to write to Swift, who here intimates that Bolingbroke was entirely lost to him,—that he belonged to the past and not to the present.

[3] Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London. In November 1734, Dr. Rundle, through the interest of Lord Chancellor Talbot, was about to be nominated to the see of Gloucester. Two clergymen—Dr. Stebbing and Mr. Venn—charged him to the Bishop of London with having used language in their hearing which implied, as

will be a friend and benefactor even to your unfriended, unbenefited nation: he will be a friend to the human race, wherever he goes.[1] Pray tell him my best wishes for his health and long life: I wish you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never saw a man so seldom whom I liked so much as Dr. Rundle.

Lord Peterborough I went to take a last leave of, at his setting sail for Lisbon. No body can be more wasted, no soul can be more alive. Immediately after the severest operation of being cut into the bladder for a suppression of urine, he took coach, and got from Bristol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

Poor Lord Peterborough! there is another string lost that would have helped to draw you hither![2] He ordered on his death-bed his watch to be given me (that which had accompanied him in all his travels), with this reason, "That I might have something to put me every day in mind of him." It was a present to him from the King of Sicily, whose arms and *insignia* are graved on the inner case; on the outer, I have put this inscription: *Victor Amadeus, Rex Siciliæ, Dux Sabaudiæ, &c. &c. Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborough, D.D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit*, 1735.

they conceived, that he disbelieved revelation. The bishop came to the conclusion that he was guilty, and protested with success against the appointment. "I do not doubt," wrote Dr. Rundle, Dec. 9, 1734, "but the Bishop of London thinks me a very bad man, and thinks in opposing me he does God and the church service, but it is not me, but the phantom represented to him under my name that he so vehemently opposes." Nevertheless Dr. Rundle's own letter leaves the impression that he was not altogether innocent. He seems not to have faced his accusers before the bishop, and while declaring in private that he was, and always had been, a believer in christianity, he avoided a direct denial of the language imputed to him. The double object of promoting Rundle, and escaping an ecclesiastical ferment in England, was effected by bestowing upon him the rich and almost sinecure bishopric of Derry, and Swift wrote some profane and despicable verses on the occasion.

[1] Dr. Rundle was kind and liberal, but not the zealous, lofty character Pope describes. Pulteney seems to have hit the truth when he said of him to Swift, March 11, 1735, "He is far from being the great and learned man his friends would have the world believe him, and much further yet from the bad man his enemies represent him."

[2] Lord Peterborough died at Lisbon, Oct. 25, 1735, aged 77.

Pray write to me a little oftener: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleases you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleasure, that your present care is to relieve the most helpless of this world, those objects which most want our compassion, though generally made the scorn of their fellow-creatures, such as are less innocent than they.[1] You always think generously; and of all charities, this is the most disinterested and least vain-glorious, done to such as never will thank you, or can praise you for it.

God bless you with ease, if not with pleasure; with a tolerable state of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a resigned temper of mind, if not a very cheerful one. It is upon these terms I live myself, though younger than you, and I repine not at my lot, could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these. Adieu.

121. SWIFT TO POPE.

Feb. 7, 1735-6.

IT is some time since I dined at the Bishop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary[2] told me with great concern that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since, only I have continued in great pain of mind, yet for my own sake and the world's more than for yours; because I well know how little you value life, both as a philosopher and a christian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you, although we must be for ever distant, as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years

[1] Pope refers to the asylum for lunatics and idiots, which Swift bequeathed his savings to establish. "My thoughts," he wrote to Alderman Barber, Sept. 3, 1735, "are wholly taken up in considering the best manner I ought to die, and how to dispose of my poor fortune for the best public charity."

[2] Appointed Secretary to the lord lieutenant, May, 1730. He was a small poet, a friend of Doddington, and had been many years a member of the English parliament. Dr. Clayton says that he gave himself airs in Ireland, and was more eager to parade his office than to conciliate support.

and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have stayed too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health. Pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annual rents, although I am never to see it. Mr. Tickell[1] was at the same meeting under the same real concern; and so were a hundred others of this town, who had never seen you.

I read to the Bishop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his lordship expressed his thankfulness in a manner that became him. He is esteemed here as a person of learning, and conversation, and humanity; but he is beloved by all people. 'He is a most excessive whig, but without any appearing rancour, and his idol is King William; besides, £3,000 a year is an invincible sweetner.'[2]

I have nobody now left but you. Pray be so kind to outlive me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain; and let us meet in a better place, if my religion will permit, but rather my virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray let my Lord Bathurst know how much I love him. I still insist on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an absent friend with his letters. My state of health is not to boast of; my giddiness is more or less too constant; 'I have not an ounce of flesh between skin and bone';[3] I sleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a poem in the Chinese language as my own. I am as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half-a-dozen lines, which the next morning become waste-paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen of years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them as I formerly was, which I can prove by arithmetic, for then I was double their age, which now I am not.

[1] Tickell, the friend of Addison. He was secretary to the lords justices of Ireland.

[2] This sentence is from the Dublin edition. Swift says that 3,000*l.* a year was an "invincible sweetner" to explain why the excessive whiggism of Rundle was free from rancour.

[3] In the Dublin edition, but not in the quarto.

Pray put me out of fear as soon as you can about that report of your illness; and let me know who this Cheselden is, that has so lately sprung up in your favour?[1] Give me also some account of your neighbour who writ to me from Bath.[2] I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the test, which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reasons I ever was able to form, and against the maxims of all wise christian governments, which always had some established religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.[3]

Farewell, my dearest friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.

122. SWIFT TO POPE.

Feb. 9, 1735-6.

I CANNOT properly call you my best friend, because I have not another left who deserves the name; such a havoc have time, death, exile, and oblivion made.[4] Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowness of spirits, if they were not some excuse for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you say of the indifference in common friends, whether we are sick or well, happy or

[1] The celebrated surgeon and anatomist.—BOWLES.

[2] Pulteney, who was Pope's neighbour at Twickenham, and who wrote Swift a long letter from Bath, Nov. 22, 1735.

[3] The bill for repealing the test act was not a bill for abolishing the established church, but for allowing dissenters to fill civil offices without receiving the sacrament according to the rites of the church of England. The opposition moved the repeal in the expectation that Walpole could not vote for the bill without losing the support of the church, or against it without alienating the dissenters. He baffled the tactics of his enemies by a conciliatory speech in which he allowed the dissenters to see that he had the will to grant them their liberty when he had the power.

[4] All these last letters of Swift are curious and interesting, as they give us an account of the gradual decay of his intellect, and temper, and strength of mind and body, and fill us with many melancholy but useful reflections. We see the steps by which this great genius sunk into discontent, into peevishness, into indignation, into torpor, into insanity.—WARTON.

The discontent and indignation were of ancient date; the torpor and insanity were mainly the result of physical disease which he could no longer control. There is great pathos in some of his allusions to his decline of body and mind, and in the increasing fondness which he felt for his few remaining friends.

erable. The very maid servants in a family have the ne notion. I have heard them often say, Oh, I am very ...k, if any body cared for it! I am vexed when my visitors come with the compliment usual here, Mr. Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention, is wholly confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we miscall their betters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends, from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast, that I neither visit nor am acquainted with any lord, temporal or spiritual, in the whole kingdom;[1] nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own cathedral upon a vacancy. What has sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness, is reflecting on the most execrable corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated, *Singula de nobis anni, &c.*[2] You have put them in a strong and admirable light; but however I am so partial, as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honour I shall ever receive from posterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten thousand enemies.[3] I never saw them before, by which it is plain that the letter you sent me miscarried.

[1] "I generally pine at home and alone," he wrote to Alderman Barber, Sept. 3, 1735, "and have not two houses in this great kingdom where I can get a bit of meat twice a year." His temper was the demon which contributed most to reduce him to isolation. He would hardly associate with anyone upon equal terms, and people had no other alternative than to submit to his tyranny or renounce his companionship. "It was not long," says Dr. Delany, "before his avarice came in aid of his passions. He could not bear the very moderate expense of entertaining his friends, and this unhappy habit would sometimes carry him so far as to refuse them a single bottle of wine." Cut off from the society of men or books, with nothing to generate new thoughts, or awaken old, he, in Dr. Delany's opinion, assisted the ravages of disease, and, by his own act, unfurnished his memory of ideas. He had created a solitude within and without, and little was left him except blank melancholy, and bodily pain.

[2] The lines in the Imitations of Horace, Epist. ii. Book 2, ver. 72, "Years foll'wing years," etc.

[3] The lines in the Imitations of Horace, Epist. i. Book 2, ver. 221:

I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and some of them may be deserving:[1] for youth is the season of virtue; corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their virtue, when they leave you and go into the world. How long will their spirit of independency last against the temptations of future ministers, and future kings? As to the new lord lieutenant, I never knew any of the family;[2] so that I shall not be able to get any job done by him for any deserving friend.

123. POPE TO SWIFT.

March 25, 1736.

IF ever I write more epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four Epistles, which naturally follow the Essay on Man, *viz.* 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason and science. 2. A view of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the un-useful and therefore unattainable, arts. 3. Of the nature, ends, application, and use of different capacities. 4. Of the use of learning, of the science of the world, and of wit. It will conclude with a satire against the misapplication of all these, exemplified by pictures, characters, and examples.[3]

But alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram!* My understanding indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminished; I see things more in the whole, more consistent,

Let Ireland tell how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws; [engraved
And leave on Swift this grateful verse
"The rights a court attacked, a poet saved." [cure,
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's
Stretched to relieve the idiot and the poor,
Proud vice to brand, or injured worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.

[1] His new acquaintance were, probably, Lyttelton, Murray, Lord Cornbury, etc.—BOWLES.

[2] It was rumoured that the Duke of Devonshire was to succeed the Duke of Dorset as lord lieutenant. The change did not take place till April 1737.

[3] So much of the scheme as Pope executed forms the fourth book of the Dunciad.

and more clearly deduced from, and related to, each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry: the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate, under our heaven of a court, is but cold and uncertain;[1] the winds rise, and the winter comes on: I find myself but little disposed to build a new house; I have nothing left but to gather up the reliques of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray, whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writings? whose friendship or conversation to obtain by them? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is, a man whose friends are dead: for I never aimed at any other fortune than in friends. As soon as I had sent my last letter, I received a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr. Cheselden's. I conclude you were eased of that friendly apprehension in a few days after you had despatched yours, for mine must have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheselden was? It shows that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry. He is the most noted, and most deserving man, in the whole profession of chirurgery, and has saved the lives of thousands by his manner of cutting for the stone.[2] I am now well, or what I must call so.

I have lately seen some writings of Lord B[olingbroke's], since he went to France.[3] Nothing can depress his genius. Whatever befals him, he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time, or with posterity.

[1] Cold for poetry, which the court did not encourage, and Pope seems to intimate that he doubted whether persons enough would remain, whose approbation he valued, to induce him to bring the fruit to maturity.

[2] Cheselden published in 1723 a volume entitled A Treatise on the High Operation for the Stone. "The operation," says Professor Syme, "practised and described by Cheselden, though, perhaps, not differing materially from that of some other surgeons, both in this country and abroad, has been generally regarded as the standard for imitation." In his preface Cheselden states distinctly that "the operation was not his own invention." His merit was to have fixed the usage, which had hitherto been variable, and by his skill in the details to accredit the method with the grand recommendation of success.

[3] His Letters on the Study of History.

Every man you know or care for here, enquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. 'Here are a race sprung up of young patriots who would animate you.'[1] I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants; I have indeed room enough, nothing but myself at home. The kind and hearty housewife is dead! the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone![2] Yet my house is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of: nay, I have good melons and pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better gardener, as I am a worse poet, then when you saw me; but gardening is near akin to philosophy, for Tully says, *Agricultura proxima sapientiæ*. For God's sake, why should not you (that are a step higher than a philosopher, a divine, yet have too much grace and wit than to be a bishop) e'en give all you have to the poor of Ireland, (for whom you have already done every thing else), so quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *Tales animæ concordes* be our motto and our epitaph.

124. SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *April* 22, 1736.

MY common illness is of that kind which utterly disqualifies me for all conversation,—I mean my deafness; and, indeed, it is that only which discourages me from all thoughts of coming to England; because I am never sure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honest gout, I could catch an interval to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an easy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. As to what you say of your letters, since you have many years

[1] This sentence is from the Dublin edition, and did not appear in Pope's quarto.

[2] The "housewife" was Pope's mother; the "neighbour" Lord Bolingbroke. Pecuniary embarrassments and political discomfitures drove Bolingbroke back to France in the early part of 1735, and he only once visited England till his father's death in 1742.

of life more than I, my resolution is to direct my executors to send you all your letters, well sealed and packquetted, along with some legacies mentioned in my will, and leave them entirely to your disposal. Those things are all tied up, indorsed, and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one servant who can properly be said to write or read. No mortal shall copy them, but you shall surely have them when I am no more.

I have a little repined at my being hitherto slipped by you in your Epistles, not from any other ambition than the title of a friend, and in that sense I expect you shall perform your promise, if your health, and leisure, and inclination will permit. I deny your losing on the side of poetry; I could reason against you a little from experience. You are, and will be some years to come, at the age when invention still keeps its ground, and judgment is at full maturity;[1] but your subjects are much more difficult when confined to verse. I am amazed to see you exhaust the whole science of morality in so masterly a manner. Sir William Temple said that the loss of friends was a tax upon long life. It need not be very long, since you have had so great a share, but I have not above one left: and in this country I have only a few general companions of good nature and middling understandings. How should I know Cheselden? On your side, men of fame start up and die before we here, at least I, know anything of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you say of Lord B[olingbroke]'s genius still keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the author, and useful to the world. Common reports have made me very uneasy about your neighbour, Mr. P[ulteney]. It is affirmed that he has been very near death.[2] I love him for being a patriot in most corrupted times, and highly esteem his excellent understanding. Nothing but the perverse nature of my disorders, as I have above described them, and which are absolute disqualifications for converse, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twickenham, and nursing you to Paris. In short my ailments amount to a

[1] Pope was at this time in his 48th year, Swift in his 69th.—BOWLES.

[2] He wrote to Swift in the following December to say he was well again.

prohibition; although I am, as you describe yourself, what *I must call well*, yet I have not spirits left to ride out, which, excepting walking, was my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum, which must lessen every day; and indeed I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while every body owes me, and nobody pays me. Instead of a young race of patriots on your side, which gives me some glimpse of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young dunces and atheists, or old villains and monsters, whereof four-fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a king's seven millions of guineas would not support me.

125. POPE TO SWIFT.

Aug. 17, 1736.

I FIND, though I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me some time ago, that increase of years makes men more talkative, but less writative, to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how-d'ye's to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity or love. And I grow laconic even beyond laconicism; for sometimes I return only Yes, or No, to questionary or petitionary epistles of half a yard long. You and Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almost the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whose writings will reach the next. Others are mere mortals. Whatever failings such men may have, a respect is due to them, as luminaries whose exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather causes it to seem so to others. I am afraid to censure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, because I hear it only from mortals, blind and dull: and you should be cautious of censuring any action or motion of Lord B[olingbroke] because you hear it only from shallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you write to me about him, I find to my great scandal repeated

in one of yours to ——. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profane? The thing, if true, should be concealed;[1] but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue, in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainbleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you so long? I may, for I hear from him seldomer than from you,—that is, twice or thrice a year at most. Can you possibly think he can neglect you or disregard you? If you catch yourself at thinking such nonsense, your parts are decayed: for, believe me, great geniuses must and do esteem one another, and I question if any others can esteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only guess at that merit, or see glimmerings of their minds. A genius has the intuitive faculty: therefore, imagine what you will, you cannot be so sure of any man's esteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you despise me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought so by posterity, than if all the house of lords writ commendatory verses upon me, the commons ordered me to print my works, the universities gave me public thanks, and the king, queen, and prince crowned me with laurel. You are a very ignorant man; you do not know the figure his name and yours will make hereafter. I do, and will preserve all the memorials I can that I was of your intimacy; *longo, sed proximus, intervallo.* I will not quarrel with the present age; it has done enough for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it. It has done and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, and cannot burn your works. While those subsist, you will both appear the greatest men of the time, in spite of princes and ministers; and the wisest, in spite of all the little errors you may please to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you than I fear you

[1] One of Bolingbroke's letters to Sir Charles Wyndham seems to explain this circumstance, written in the same year, March 14, 1736, in which he says, "I hear that some people at London report I play the Celadon in this country. The intention is to give me a ridicule, I suppose, and such it would be if the report was true."—BOWLES.

possess: may but as good health attend you always as mine is at present,—tolerable, when an easy mind is joined with it.

126.[1] SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *Dec.* 2, 1736.

'DEAR SIR,'—I think you owe me a letter, but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride. The first I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations by my station and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left; and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourself. What Horace says, *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month, at farthest; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I shall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you begun to distinguish so confounded early, that your acquaintance with distinguished men of all kinds was almost as ancient as mine. I mean Wycherley, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnell, &c., and in spite of your heart, you have owned me a contemporary; not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborough. In short, I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past; neither have I the grace to be sorry that the present times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life. May my friends be happy in

[1] This letter was published in the quarto of 1741. The transcript in the Oxford MSS. contains some slight additions.

this and a better life, but I value not what becomes of posterity when I consider from what monsters they are to spring. My Lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him. He has 3000*l.* a-year about Cork, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years' rent unpaid. This is our condition, in these blessed times. I writ to your neighbour about a month ago, and subscribed my name. I fear he has not received my letter, and wish you would ask him;[1] but perhaps he is still a rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave has restored his health. 'Can you put me out of pain concerning Lord Bolingbroke—I mean partly as to his health, for he has been so long a squanderer of both[2] that I lament him more than I do myself, who never enjoy a healthy hour. I hope you sometimes see my Lord and Lady Oxford. I love them dearly, but we seldom correspond of late, because we have nothing to say to each other, and it is enough when I desire you to present my humble service and all good wishes to them, and the duchess,[3] their daughter.' How my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side.[4] Yet my Lord Bathurst and Lord Masham and Mr. Lewis remain, and being your acquaintance, I desire when you see them to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs. P'atty' B'lount,' and let me know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last? Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? and are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti se puero* is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retire-

[1] Pulteney received and answered the letter. He denied that he had derived any benefit from physicians, and ascribed his recovery to the voyage. "I mended from the moment I had crossed the seas, and sensibly felt the benefit of changing the air."

[2] "Is our friend Bolingbroke well?" Swift wrote a few days later to Alderman Barber; "but I am chiefly concerned about his fortune; for some time ago a friend of us both writ to me that he wished his lordship had listened a little to my thrifty lectures instead of only laughing at them."

[3] The Duchess of Portland.

[4] That is, the number to whom he could send his "service" had diminished of late, because Arbuthnot and Lady Masham were dead, and Bolingbroke was in France.

ment, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing; for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North Wales. My head is so ill, that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you. I had reason to expect from some of your letters, that we were to hope for more Epistles of morality; and, I assure you, my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subjects of such Epistles are more useful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings; and, although in so profligate a world as ours they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a court happens to have the least relish for virtue and religion. 'Pray God long preserve my dearest friend in life and health and happiness, or rather you may say with Horace, *Det vitam, det opes, animam mihi ipse parabo.* I am, &c.'

127. POPE TO SWIFT.

Dec. 30, 1736.

YOUR very kind letter has made me more melancholy than almost any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends.[1] Though others tell me you are in pretty good health and in good spirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me; and indeed it is but a prudent part to seem not so concerned about others, nor so crazy ourselves as we really are: for we shall neither be beloved nor esteemed the more by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we must complain, of what, it is a thousand to one, he complains with us; for if we have known him long, he is old, and if he has known the

[1] Yet he says in his thoughts on Various Subjects, "I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a christian." He copied La Rochefoucauld's maxim, "We have all sufficient strength to bear the misfortunes of others." The sarcasm is untrue in the sense intended, that we never suffer severely at the miseries of friends, but the professions which Pope kept up to Swift were plainly exaggerated, and turned out to be hollow.

world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you shall not have much of my pity; but if you ever live to have less, you shall not have less of my affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that shall be added to you, of which you have had a late instance in the public rejoicings on your birthday. I can assure you, something better and greater than high birth and quality must go toward acquiring those demonstrations of public esteem and love. I have seen a royal birthday uncelebrated but by one vile ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general esteem for your sense, virtue, and charity.

The most melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of those we loved and have lost, perpetually increasing. How much that reflection struck me, you will see from the motto I have prefixed to my book of letters, which, so much against my inclination, has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus:

> Quo desiderio veteres revocamus amores,
> Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias!

I detain this letter till I can find some safe conveyance. Innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine must be, of any thing to offend my superiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. But I have much reason to fear those which you have too partially kept in your hands will get out in some very disagreeable shape, in case of our mortality; and the more reason to fear it, since this last month Curll has obtained from Ireland two letters—one of Lord Bolingbroke and one of mine,[1] to you, which we wrote in the year 1723,—and he has printed them, to the best of my memory, rightly, except one passage concerning Dawley, which must have been since inserted, since my lord had not that place at that time. Your answer to that letter he has not got. It has never been out of my custody; for whatever is lent is lost, wit as well as money, to these needy poetical readers.

The world will certainly be the better for his change of life.

[1] The joint letter of August 1723.

He seems in the whole turn of his letters to be a settled and principled philosopher, thanking fortune for the tranquillity he has been led into by her aversion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the sea into a calm harbour.[1] You ask me if I have got any supply of new friends to make up for those that are gone? I think that impossible, for not our friends only, but so much of ourselves is gone by the mere flux and course of years, that were the same friends to be restored to us, we could not be restored to ourselves to enjoy them. But as when the continual washing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and sedges in their room,[2] so the course of time brings us something, as it deprives us of a great deal; and instead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flourish and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my seeking, a few chance acquaintance[3] of young men, who look rather to the past age than the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I, and the world, have lost, or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguished themselves in parliament, and you will own in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their asserting of independency, and contempt of corruption. One or two are linked to me by their love of the same studies and the same authors: but I will own to you, my moral capacity has got so

[1] Bolingbroke's professions may be as much believed as Pope's, who says of his own letters that they "had been drawn from him so much against his inclination."— BOWLES.

[2] There are some strokes in this letter which can be accounted for no otherwise than by the author's extreme compassion and tenderness of heart, too much affected by the complaints of a peevish old man (labouring and impatient under his infirmities), and too intent in the friendly office of mollifying them. — WARBURTON.

Disliking the way in which Pope speaks of his later friends, Warburton pleads that his language was insincere, and to excuse the insincerity, misrepresents the spirit of Swift's previous letter. A touching account of profound, incurable misery, cannot justly be called "the complaints of a peevish, impatient old man," which is to assume that the complaints had no better foundation than peevishness and impatience.

[3] Some of these new friends were, I know, displeased at the manner in which they are mentioned in this letter.—WARTON.

He probably means Lyttelton.— BOWLES.

much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter score, and none without a casting weight on the former. But I find my heart hardened and blunt to new impressions: it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday; and those friends who have been dead these twenty years, are more present to me now, than those I see daily. You, dear sir, are one of the former sort to me in all respects but that we can yet correspond together. I do not know whether it is not more vexatious, to know that we are both in one world, without any further intercourse. Adieu. I can say no more, I feel so much: let me drop into common things. Lord Masham has just married his son.[1] Mr. Lewis has just buried his wife.[2] Lord Oxford wept over your letter[3] in pure kindness.[4] Mrs. B[lount] sighs more for you, than for the loss

[1] "Is Lord Masham's son good for anything?" Swift inquired of Alderman Barber, March 31, 1738. "I did never like his disposition or education." Barber answered, "He proves bad enough—ill-natured, proud, and very little in him;" and Lewis, who said he believed him "to be a good young man," added, "he is without any shining qualities." In replying to Barber, Swift remarked, "I just expected the character you give of young Masham. I hated him from a boy."

[2] "Our friend Lewis," Ford wrote to Swift, July 8, 1736, "is in constant duty with his sick wife, who has been some years dying, and will not die." Lewis, in return, sent Swift, on Aug. 4, 1737, news of their old friend Ford. "His mistress is his bottle, to which he is so entirely given up that he and I converse but little, though he is a man of honour, and as such to be respected." "He is the most regular man living," wrote Alderman Barber, March 13, 1738, "for from his lodgings to the Mall, to the Cocoa, to the tavern, and to bed, is his constant course." The Cocoa was the tory coffee-house. With the usual self-deception of a toper, Ford assured Swift in July 1736, that he was "temperate and sober," because his companions, besides their after-dinner drinking, had a second meeting at night, while he, as Barber said, went from the tavern to bed.

[3] The last letter to Pope contained a passage for Lord Oxford, who wept over the history which seemed to Warburton the unworthy "complaints of a peevish old man."

[4] These letters, that almost set us among the very persons who wrote them, create, with all their faults, a melancholy interest. We hear of their acquaintance, friends, pursuits, studies, as if we knew them; we see the progress of their years and infirmities, and follow them through the gradations from youth to age, from hope to disappointment, and partake of their feelings, their partialities, aversions, hopes, and sorrows, till all is dust and silence.—Bowles.

The remark of Bowles is hardly true of the collection at large, which as a whole is deficient in progressive story. The details are too scanty, and Pope's part of the correspondence especially is monotonous from the repetition of the same species of

of youth. She says, she will be agreeable many years hence, for she has learned that secret from some receipts of your writing.[1] Adieu.

128.[2] POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

[*March*, 1736-7].

MY LORD,—After having condoled several times with you on your own illness, and that of your friends, I now claim some share myself; for I have been down with a fever, which yet confines me to my chamber. Just before, I wrote a letter to the dean, full of my heart; and, among other things, pressed him (which, I must acquaint your lordship, I had done twice before, for near a twelvemonth past) to secure me against that rascal printer, by returning me my letters, which, if he valued so much, I promised to send him copies of, merely that the originals might not fall into such ill hands, and thereby a hundred particulars be at his mercy, which would expose me to the misconstruction of many, the malice of some, and the censure, perhaps, of the whole world. A fresh incident made me press this again, which I enclose to you, that you may show him. The man's declaration, "That he had these two letters of the dean's from your side the water, with several others yet lying by," (which I cannot doubt the truth of, because I never had a copy of either,) is surely a just cause for my request. Yet the dean, answering every other point of my letter, with the utmost expressions of kindness, is silent upon this; and the third time silent. I begin to fear he has already lent them out of his hands; and in whatever hands,

sentiment. The decay of Swift is strongly marked in the later letters, and appears to be the principal cause of the impression which is left on the mind of change, and fleeting life, and the multiplication of sorrow.

[1] The allusion is to Swift's admonitions in his essay entitled, A Letter to a very Young Lady on her Marriage. "You will in time grow a thing indifferent, and perhaps contemptible, unless you can supply the loss of youth and beauty with more durable qualities," and he proceeds to insist that she must cultivate her mind and "become a reasonable and agreeable companion." "This," he says, "must produce in your husband a true rational love and esteem for you which old age will not diminish."

[2] Published by Hawkesworth.

while they are Irish hands, allow me, my lord, to say, they are in dangerous hands. Weak admirers are as bad as malicious enemies, and operate in these cases alike to an author's disparagement or uneasiness. I think in this I made the dean so just a request, that I beg your lordship to second it, by showing him what I write. I told him as soon as I found myself obliged to publish an edition of letters to my great sorrow, that I wished to make use of some of these: nor did I think any part of my correspondences would do me a greater honour, and be really a greater pleasure to me, than what might preserve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the dean was not quite of the same opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this. I wish some of those sort of people always about a great man in wit, as well as a great man in power, have not an eye to some little interest in getting the whole of these into their possession. I will venture, however, to say, they would not add more credit to the dean's memory, by their management of them, than I by mine: and if, as I have a great deal of affection for him, I have with it some judgment at least, I presume my conduct herein might be better confided in.

Indeed, this silence is so remarkable, it surprises me. I hope in God it is not to be attributed to what he complains, a want of memory. I would rather suffer from any other cause than what would be so unhappy to him. My sincere love for this valuable, indeed incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many of his works will live, which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candour, are equal to his wit; and require as good and true a taste to be equally valued. When all this must die (this last I mean), I would have gladly been the recorder of so great a part of it as shines in his letters to me, and of which my own are but so many acknowledgments. But, perhaps, before this reaches your hands, my cares may be over, and Curll, and every body else, may say and lie of me as they will: the dean, old as he is, may have the task to defend me.

129.[1] LORD ORRERY TO SWIFT.

CORK, *March* 18, 1736-7.

DEAR SIR,—This is occasioned by a letter I have received from Mr. Pope, of which I send you a copy in my own hand, not caring to trust the original to the accidents of the post. I likewise send you a part of a fifth volume of Curll's thefts, in which you will find two letters to you,—one from Mr. Pope, the other from Lord Bolingbroke—just published, with an impudent preface by Curll. You see, Curll, like his friend the devil, glides through all key-holes, and thrusts himself into the most private cabinets.

I am much concerned to find that Mr. Pope is still uneasy about his letters: but, I hope, a letter I sent him from Dublin, which he has not yet received, has removed all anxiety of that kind. In the last discourse I had with you on this topic, you remember you told me he should have his letters; and I lost no time in letting him know your resolution. God forbid that any more papers belonging to either of you, especially such papers as your familiar letters, should fall into the hands of knaves and fools, the professed enemies of you both in particular, and of all honest and worthy men in general!

I have said so much on this subject, in the late happy hours you allowed me to pass with you at the deanery, that there is little occasion for adding more upon it at present, especially as you will find, in Mr. Pope's letter to me, a strength of argument that seems irresistible. As I have thoughts of going to England in June, you may depend upon a safe carriage of any papers you think fit to send him. I should look upon myself particularly fortunate, to deliver to him those letters he seems so justly desirous of. I entreat you, give me that pleasure! It will be a happy reflection to me in the latest hours of my life, which, whether long or short, shall be constantly spent in endeavouring to do what may be acceptable to the virtuous and the wise. I am, dear sir, your very faithful and obliged humble servant.

[1] Published by Hawkesworth.

130. POPE TO SWIFT.

March 23, 1736-7.

THOUGH you were never to write to me, yet what you desired in your last, that I would write often to you, would be a very easy task; for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart, and I need only set down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myself verging to that period of life which is to be labour and sorrow, the more I prop myself upon those few supports that are left me. People in this state are like props indeed; they cannot stand alone, but two or more of them can stand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wish you and I might pass this part of life together. My only necessary care is at an end. I am now my own master too much; my house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible and tender of me; they have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than servants; and to all those that I see here with pleasure, they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestic life, and I sometimes think of your old housekeeper as my nurse, though I tremble at the sea which only divides us. As your fears are not so great as mine, and, I firmly hope, your strength still much greater, is it utterly impossible, it might once more be some pleasure to you to see England? My sole motive in proposing France to meet in was the narrowness of the passage by sea from hence, the physicians having told me the weakness of my breast, &c. is such as a sea-sickness might endanger my life. Though one or two of our friends are gone, since you saw your native country,[1] there remain a few more who

[1] "Swift has told me," said Pope to Spence, "that he was born in the town of Leicester," and under this delusion Pope calls England Swift's "native country." There is no doubt that Pope misunderstood Swift, who always acknowledged that he was of Irish birth. "As to my native country," he wrote to Mr. Grant, March 23, 1734, "I happened, indeed, by a perfect accident to be born here, my mother being left here from returning to her house at Leicester, and I was a year old before I was sent to England; and thus I am a Teague, or an Irishman, or what people please, although the best part of my life was in England." The "best" meant the

will last so till death, and who, I cannot but hope, have an attractive power to draw you back to a country, which cannot be quite sunk or enslaved while such spirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the same spirit, who would awaken all your old ideas, and revive your hopes of her future recovery and virtue. These look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the sight of him at whose soul they have taken fire in his writings, and derived from thence as much love of their species as is consistent with a contempt for the knaves of it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you; but my real reason, and a strong one it is, for doing it so seldom, is fear—fear of a very great and experienced evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and passing into the hands and malice of enemies, who publish them with all their imperfections on their head, so that I write not on the common terms of honest men.

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whose care of you in the voyage I could so certainly depend on, and bring with you your old housekeeper, and two or three servants! I have room for all, a heart for all, and, think what you will, a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our last days easy, and leave some sort of monument, what friends two wits could be in spite of all the fools in the world. Adieu.

131. SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *May* 31, 1737.

IT is true I owe you some letters, but it has pleased God that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you shall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the same

picked part of his life, which was not the part when his character was formed. He was taken back to Ireland in his early childhood, and went to school and college there. His blood was English, his education was Irish, and the atmosphere he breathed from almost infancy up to manhood must have had a potent influence upon the direction which was given to his genius.

disability to your present or future friends. But my age is not my disability, for I can walk six or seven miles, and ride a dozen; but I am deaf for two months together. This deafness unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names if they do not speak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that has hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twitenham; for deafness being not a frequent disorder, has no allowance given it, and the scurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company is utterly insupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come like an unfair merchant to charge me with being in your debt, which by your way of reckoning I must always be, for yours are always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, because I am not at the head of any one of your epistles. I am often wondering how you come to excel all mortals on the subject of morality, even in the poetical way, and should have wondered more, if nature and education had not made you a professor of it from your infancy. All the letters I can find of yours, I have fastened in a folio cover, and the rest in bundles indorsed; but by reading their dates, I find a chasm of six years, of which I can find no copies; and yet I keep them with all possible care. But I have been forced, on three or four occasions, to send all my papers to some friends; yet those papers were all sent sealed in bundles, to some faithful friends. However, what I have are not much above sixty. I found nothing in any one of them to be left out. None of them have anything to do with party, of which you are the clearest of all men by your religion, and the whole tenor of your life; while I am raging every moment against the corruption of both kingdoms, especially of this, such is my weakness.

I have read your Epistle of Horace to Augustus. It was sent me in the English edition as soon as it could come. They are printing it in a small octavo. The curious are looking out, some for flattery, some for ironies in it; the sour folks think they have found out some; but your admirers here,—I mean every man of taste,—affect to be certain, that

the profession of friendship to me in the same poem will not suffer you to be thought a flatterer.[1] My happiness is, that you are too far engaged, and in spite of you the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you were a friend who loved and esteemed me, although I died the object of court and party hatred.

Pray, who is that Mr. Glover, who writ the epic poem called Leonidas, which is reprinting here, and has great vogue?[2] We have frequently good poems of late from London. I have just read one upon Conversation,[3] and two or three others. But the crowd do not incumber you, who, like the orator or preacher, stand aloft, and are seen above the rest, more than the whole assembly below.

I am able to write no more: and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finish the paper. I am, my dearest friend, yours entirely, as long as I can write, or speak or think.[4]

[1] That is, the Dublin readers disputed whether the lines on the king were serious praise or irony, and Swift says all people of taste judged them to be ironical, or he himself, who was hateful to the court, would not have been celebrated in the passage, "Let Ireland," etc., for "saving the rights the court attacked." Pope's language, wrote Barber to Swift, June 23, 1737, "gave great offence, and I am assured [it] was under debate in the council, whether he should not be taken up for it, but it happening to be done in the late king's time, they passed it by." Barber does not mean that the poem was done in the late king's time, but the act of Swift commemorated in it, which was the opposition to Wood's half-pence.

[2] Few poems on their first appearance have been received with greater applause than Leonidas. Nothing else was read or talked of at Leicester House, and by all the members that were in opposition to Sir R. Walpole. If at first it was too much admired, it certainly of late has been too much neglected. Many of the characters are drawn with discrimination and truth. The style, which sometimes wants elevation, is remarkably pure and perspicuous; but the numbers want variety, and he has not enough availed himself of the great privilege of blank verse, to run his verses into one another, with different pauses. Glover was one of the best and most accurate Greek scholars of his time; and a man of great probity, integrity, and sweetness of manners.—WARTON.

[3] By Mr. Stillingfleet, published afterwards in Dodsley's Miscellanies. He was a learned, modest, and ingenious man; a great and skilful botanist.—WARTON.

[4] This was Swift's language to the end. "In one of his latest letters to me," writes Lord Orrery, "not long before he was lost to all human comforts, he says, 'When you see my dear friend Pope, tell him I will answer his letter soon; I love him above all the rest of mankind.'"

132.[1] POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

July 12, 1737.

MY LORD,—The pleasure you gave me in acquainting me of the dean's better health is one so truly great as might content even your own humanity, and whatever my sincere opinion and respect of your lordship prompts me to wish from your hands for myself, your love for him makes me as happy. Would to God my weight added to yours could turn his inclinations to this side, that I might live to enjoy him here through your means, and flatter myself it was partly through my own. But this, I fear, will never be the case; and I think it more probable his attraction will draw me on the other side, which, I protest, nothing less than a probability of dying at sea, considering the weak frame of my breast, would have hindered me from, two years past. In short, whenever I think of him, it is with the vexation of all impotent passions that carry us out of ourselves, only to spoil our quiet, and make us return to a resignation, which is the most melancholy of all virtues.

133. SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *July* 23, 1737.

I SENT a letter to you some weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery inclosed in one of his, to which I received as yet no answer; but it will be time enough when his lordship goes over, which will be, as he hopes, in about ten days, and then he will take with him all the letters I preserved of yours, which are not above twenty-five. I find there is a great chasm of some years, but the dates are more early[2] than my two last journeys to England, which makes me imagine that in one of those journies I carried over another cargo. But I cannot trust my memory half an hour; and my disorders of deafness

[1] Published by Lord Orrery in his Remarks on Swift.

[2] The chasm, that is, in the letters, was of an earlier date than Swift's visits to England in 1726 and 1727.

and giddiness increase daily. So that I am declining as fast as it is easily possible for me, if I were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of letters,[1] which, I am told, are to be printed here. Some of those who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English gentry of this kingdom and the savage old Irish (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom); but the English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilised than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard that an American, who is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title, only because we have been told by some of them that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four cousins here who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the same care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, who, as I take it, is of an Irish family, came to visit me three days ago, on purpose to complain of those passages in your letters. He will not allow such a difference between the two climates, but will assert that North Wales, Northumberland, Yorkshire, and the other northern shires, have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In short, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a palinody.[2]

As for the other parts of your volume of letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the best system that ever was wrote for the conduct of human life, at least to shame all reasonable men out of their follies and vices. It is some recommendation of this kingdom, and of the taste of the people, that you are at least as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for slavery, corruption, atheism, and such trifles, do it freely, but include England,

[1] The subscription quarto published by Pope in 1737.

[2] This passage is a curious specimen of Swift's failing memory. The sweeping censure of the air and inhabitants of Ireland was in a letter of his own, which is printed at the end of the quarto of 1737: "I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dullness of the air and of the people, it will make a terrible sum.

an addition of every other vice. I wish you would
:s against the corruption of English by those scribblers
, us over their trash in prose and verse, with abomi-
rtailings [1] and quaint modernisms.

I now am daily expecting an end of life: I have lost all spirit, and every scrap of health. I sometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be silent; and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my Lord Orrery see you often. Next to yourself, I love no man so well; and tell him what I say if he visits you. I have now done, for it is evening, and my head grows worse. May God always protect you, and preserve you long for a pattern of piety and virtue.

Farewell, my dearest and almost only constant friend. I am ever, at least in my esteem, honour, and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be, yours, etc.

134.[2] LORD ORRERY TO SWIFT.

July 23, 1737.

DEAR SIR,—If I were to tell you who inquire for you, and what they say of you, it would take up more paper than I have in my lodgings, and more time than I stay in town. Yet London is empty; not dusty, for we have had rain; not dull, for Mr. Pope is in it; not noisy, for we have no cars;[3] not troublesome, for a man may walk quietly about the streets. In

[1] He gives examples of the curtailments in the introduction to his Polite Conversation. "For instance, *can't, han't, shan't*, &c., together with some abreviations exquisitely refined, as *poz* for *positive; mob* for *mobile; phiz* for *physiognomy; rep* for *reputation; plenipo* for *plenipotentiary; incog* for *incognito; hyps* or *hyppo* for *hypochondriacs; bam for bamboozle*, whereby much time is saved." Addison, a quarter of a century earlier, had complained in the Spectator, No. 135, that the amalgamation of words like *may not, can not, shall not*, had very much untuned our language," and his specimens of words, which have been "so miserably curtailed that they often lose all but their first syllables," are four of those enumerated by Swift—"*mob, rep, poz, incog.*"

[2] Published by Mr. D. Swift.

[3] Alluding to the Irish cars.—DEANE SWIFT.

short it is just as I would have it till Monday, and then I quit St. Paul's for my little church at Marston.

Your commands are obeyed long ago. Dr. King has his cargo,[1] Mrs. Barber her conversation,[2] and Mr. Pope his letters. To-morrow I pass with him at Twickenham: the *olim meminisse* will be our feast. Leave Dublin, and come to us. Methinks there are many stronger reasons for it than heretofore,—at least I feel them, and I will say with Macbeth, Would thou could'st.

My health is greatly mended,—so I hope is yours. Write to me when you can in your best health, and utmost leisure. Never break through that rule. Can friendship increase by absence? Sure it does: at least mine rises some degrees, or seems to rise. Try if it will fall by coming nearer;—no, certainly it cannot be higher. Yours most affectionately.

135.[3] POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

April 2, 1738.

I WRITE by the same post that I received your very obliging letter. The consideration you show toward me, in the just apprehension that any news of the dean's condition might alarm me, is most kind and generous. The very last post I writ to him a long letter, little suspecting him in that dangerous circumstance. I was so far from fearing his health, that I was proposing schemes, and hoping possibilities for our meeting once more in this world. I am weary of it; and shall have one reason more, and one of the strongest that nature can give me, even when she is shaking my weak frame to pieces, to be willing to leave this world, when our dear friend is on the edge of the other. Yet I hope, I would fain hope, he may yet hover awhile on the brink of it to preserve to this wretched age a relic and example of the last.

[1] The manuscript of the History of the Four last Years of the Queen.—NICHOLS.

[2] The treatise on Polite Conversation, which the dean presented to Mrs. Barber, and which was published for her benefit.—WALTER SCOTT.

[3] Published by Lord Orrery.

136. SWIFT TO POPE AND BOLINGBROKE.

DUBLIN, *Aug.* 8, 1738.

TO POPE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have yours of July 25, and first I desire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and sunk by public as well as personal vexations. I have entirely lost my memory, uncapable of conversation by a cruel deafness, which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure. I say not this to increase your compassion, of which you have already too great a part, but as an excuse for my not being regular in my letters to you, and some few other friends. I have an ill name in the post-office of both kingdoms, which makes the letters addressed to me not seldom miscarry, or be opened and read, and then sealed in a bungling manner before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs. B[lount] is very often in my thoughts, and high in my esteem. I desire you will be the messenger of my humble thanks and service to her. That superior universal genius you describe, whose hand-writing I know towards the end of your letter, has made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes I fear he will be too soon gone to his forest abroad.[1] He began in the queen's time to be my patron, and then descended to be my friend.

It is a great favour of Heaven that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have absolutely done with poetry for several years past, and even at my best times I could produce nothing but trifles. I therefore reject your compliments on that score, and it is no compliment in me; for I take your Second Dialogue[2] that you lately sent me, to equal almost any thing you ever writ; although I live so much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and persons, which, I presume, are very well known from Temple Bar to St. James's,—I mean the court exclusive.

[1] Fontainebleau. Lord Bolingbroke had only come over to England for the purpose of effecting the sale of Dawley.

[2] Now the second part of the Epilogue to the Satires.

I can faithfully assure you, that every letter you have favoured me with, these twenty years and more, are sealed up in bundles, and delivered to Mrs. W[hiteway], a very worthy, rational, and judicious cousin of mine,[1] and the only relation whose visits I can suffer. All these letters she is directed to send safely to you upon my decease.

My Lord Orrery is gone with his lady to a part of her estate in the north.[2] She is a person of very good understanding as any I know of her sex. Give me leave to write here a short answer to my Lord B[olingbroke]'s letter in the last page of yours.

To BOLINGBROKE.

MY DEAR LORD,—I am infinitely obliged to your lordship for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confess, that I have more obligations to your lordship than to all the world besides. You never deceived me, even when you were a great minister of state: and yet I love you still more, for your condescending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publish your history,[3] and am vain enough to wish that my name could be squeezed in among the few subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui.* If not, I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your lordship for my best patron; and I will live and die, with the highest veneration and gratitude, your most obedient, &c.

To POPE.

P.S. I will here in a postscript correct, if it be possible, the blunders I have made in my letter. I showed my cousin the above letter, and she assures me that a great collection

[1] She was a widow, and the daughter of Swift's uncle, Adam Swift. She had the principal superintendence of Swift in his decline.

[2] Lord Orrery married in June of this year his second wife—Miss Hamilton of Caledon, in the county of Tyrone.

[3] His History of his Own Time, which he announced was in progress, but which never got beyond a few rhetorical pages on the state of Europe from the Revolution of 1688 to the peace of Utrecht. They form the eighth letter on the Study of History.

of $\frac{\text{your}}{\text{my}}$ letters to $\frac{\text{me}}{\text{you}}$[1] are put up and sealed, and in some very safe hand. I am, my most dear and honoured friend, entirely yours.

It is now *Aug.* 24, 1738.

137. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

MARSTON, *Oct.* 4, 1738.

SIR,—I am more and more convinced that your letters are neither lost nor burnt; but who the dean means by a *safe hand* in Ireland, is beyond my power of guessing, though I am particularly acquainted with most, if not all of his friends. As I knew you had the recovery of those letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains to find out where they were; but my inquiries were to no purpose, and, I fear, whoever has them is too tenacious of them to discover where they lie. Mrs. W[hiteway] did assure me she had not one of them, and seemed to be under great uneasiness that you should imagine they were left with her. She likewise told me she had stopped the dean's letter which gave you that information; but believed he would write such another, and therefore desired me to assure you, from her, that she was totally ignorant where they were. You may make what use you please, either to the dean or any other person, of what I have told you. I am ready to testify it, and I think it ought to be known, that the dean says they are delivered into a safe hand, and Mrs. W[hiteway][2] declares she has them not.

[1] It is written just thus in the original. The book that is now printed seems to be part of the collection here spoken of, as it contains not only the letters of Mr. Pope, but of Dr. Swift, both to him and Mr. Gay, which were returned him after Mr. Gay's death, though any mention made by Mr. P. of the return or exchange of letters has been industriously suppressed in the publication, and only appears by some of the answers.—POPE, 1741.

[2] This lady since gave Mr. Pope the strongest assurances that she had used her utmost endeavours to prevent the publication; nay, went so far as to secrete the book, till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the Dublin printer; whereupon her son-in-law, D. Swift, Esq., insisted upon writing a preface to justify Mr. P. from having any knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt practices of the printers in London; but this he would not agree to, as not knowing the truth of the fact.—POPE, 1741.

The consequence of their being hereafter published may give uneasiness to some of your friends, and of course to you: so I would do all in my power to make you entirely easy in that point.

This is the first time that I have put pen to paper since my late misfortune, and I should say, as an excuse for this letter, that it has cost me some pain, did it not allow me an opportunity to assure you, that I am, dear sir, with the truest esteem, your very faithful and obedient servant.

138.[1] POPE TO SWIFT.

TWITNAM, *Oct.* 12, 1738.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I could gladly tell you every week the many things that pass in my heart, and revive the memory of all your friendship to me; but I am not so willing to put you to the trouble of showing it (though I know you have it as warm as ever) upon little or trivial occasions. Yet, this once, I am unable to refuse the request of a very particular and very deserving friend, one of those whom his own merit has forced me to contract an intimacy with, after I had sworn never to love a man more, since the sorrow it cost me to have loved so many, now dead, banished, or unfortunate. I mean Mr. Lyttelton, one of the worthiest of the rising generation. His nurse has a son whom I would beg you to promote to the next vacancy in your choir. I loved my own nurse, and so does Lyttelton. He loves and is loved through the whole chain of relations, dependents, and acquaintance. He is one who would apply to any person to please me, or to serve mine: I owe it to him to apply to you for this man, whose name is William Lamb, and he is the bearer of this letter. I presume he is qualified for that which he desires; and I doubt not, if it be consistent with justice, you will gratify me in him.

Let this, however, be an opportunity of telling you—What? What I cannot tell,—the kindness I bear you, the affection I

[1] Published by Mr. D. Swift.

feel for you, the hearty wishes I form for you, my prayers for your health of body and mind, or the best softenings of the want of either, quiet and resignation. You lose little by not hearing such things as this idle and base generation has to tell you. You lose not much by forgetting most of what now passes in it. Perhaps, to have a memory that retains the past scenes of our country, and forgets the present, is the means to be happier and better contented. But, if the evil of the day be not intolerable (though sufficient, God knows, at any period of life) we may, at least we should, nay, we must, whether patiently or impatiently, bear it, and make the best of what we cannot make better, but may make worse. To hear that this is your situation, and your temper, and that peace attends you at home, and one or two true friends, who are tender about you, would be a great ease to me to know, and know from yourself. Tell me who those are whom you now love or esteem, that I may love and esteem them too; and, if ever they come to England, let them be my friends. If, by anything I can here do, I can serve you, or please you, be certain it will mend my happiness; and that no satisfaction anything gives me here will be superior, if equal to it.

My dear dean,—whom I never will forget, or think of with coolness,—many are yet living here who frequently mention you with affection and respect. Lord Orrery, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Oxford, Lord Masham, Lewis, Mrs. P. Blount,—allow one woman to the list, for she is as constant to old friendships as any man,—and many young men there are, nay, all that are any credit to this age, who love you unknown, who kindle at your fire, and learn by your genius. Nothing of you can die, nothing of you can decay, nothing of you can suffer, nothing of you can be obscured or locked up from esteem and admiration, except what is at the deanery,—just as much of you only as God made mortal. May the rest of you, which is all, be as happy hereafter as honest men may expect, and need not doubt, while, knowing nothing more, they know that their Maker is merciful. Adieu. Yours ever.

139.[1] POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

TWITNAM, *Nov.* 7, 1738.

WHEN you get to Dublin (whither I direct this, supposing you will see our dear friend as soon as possible) pray put the dean in mind of me, and tell him, I hope he received my last. Tell him how dearly I love and how greatly I honour him; how greatly I reflect on every testimony of his friendship; how much I resolve to give the best I can of my esteem for him to posterity; and assure him, the world has nothing in it I admire so much, nothing the loss of which I should regret so much, as his genius and his virtues.

140.[2] SWIFT TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *April* 28, 1739.

DEAR SIR,—The gentleman who will have the honour to deliver you this, although he be one related to me, which is by no means any sort of recommendation;[3] for I am utterly void of what the world calls natural affection, and with good reason, because they are a numerous race, degenerating from their ancestors, who were of good esteem for their loyalty and sufferings in the rebellion against King Charles the First. This cousin of mine, who is so desirous to wait on you, is named Deane Swift, because his great grandfather by the grandmother's side was Admiral Deane, who having been one of the regicides, had the good fortune to save his neck by dying a year or two before the Restoration.

[1] Published by Lord Orrery.

[2] Published by Hawkesworth.

[3] Swift, at the death of his father, was only two years old, and he and his mother were dependent upon relations for their support. Though he was sent to school and college, he was very poor, and the hardships he endured gave him a dislike to his family, who he thought had done less for him than their means and duty required. A few days before his letter to Pope, introducing his young relative, Swift wrote to another friend, "Mrs. Whiteway says he is my cousin, which will not be to his advantage, for I hate all relations." Swift's father and Mr. D. Swift's grandfather were brothers.

. have a great esteem for Mr. Deane Swift, who is much ... most valuable of any of his family. He was first a student ... this university, and finished his studies at Oxford, where Dr. King, principal of St. Mary Hall, assured me, that Mr. Swift behaved himself with good reputation and credit. He has a very good taste for wit, writes agreeable and entertaining verses, and is a perfect master equally skilled in the best Greek and Roman authors.[1] He has a true spirit for liberty, and with all these advantages is extremely decent and modest. Mr. Swift is heir to the little paternal estate of our family at Goodrich in Herefordshire. My grandfather was so persecuted and plundered two and fifty times by the barbarity of Cromwell's hellish crew, of which I find an account in a book called Mercurius Rusticus, that the poor old gentleman was forced to sell the better half of his estate to support his family. However, three of his sons had better fortune; for, coming over to this kingdom, and taking to the law, they all purchased good estates, of which Mr. Deane Swift has a good share, but with some incumbrance.

I had a mind that this young gentleman should have the honour of being known to you, which is all the favour I ask for him; and that if he stays any time longer in London than he now intends, you will permit him to wait on you sometimes. I am, my dearest friend, your most obedient and most humble servant.

141.[2] SWIFT TO POPE.

May 10, 1739, at a conjecture.

You are to suppose, for the little time I shall live, that my memory is entirely gone, and especially of any thing that was told me last night or this morning. I have one favour to entreat from you. I know the high esteem and friendship you bear to your friend, Mr. Lyttelton, whom you call "the rising genius of this age." His fame, his virtue, honour, and courage,

[1] In 1755 he published a rambling Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character of Swift, which leaves a poor impression of his talents, temper, and judgment.

[2] Published by Mr. D. Swift.

have been early spread, even among us. I find he is secretary to the Prince of Wales; and his royal highness has been for several years chancellor of the university of Dublin. All this is a prelude to a request I am going to make to you. There is in this city one Alexander M'Aulay, a lawyer of great distinction for skill and honesty, zealous for the liberty of the subject, and loyal to the house of Hanover, and particularly to the Prince of Wales, for his highness's love to both kingdoms. Mr. M'Aulay is now soliciting for a seat in parliament here, vacant by the death of Dr. Coghill, a civilian, who was one of the persons chosen for this university: and, as his royal highness continues still chancellor of it, there is no person so proper to nominate the representative as himself.[1] If this favour can be procured by your good-will, and Mr. Lyttelton's interest, it will be a particular obligation to me, and grateful to the people of Ireland, in giving them one of their own nation to represent this university.

There is a man in my choir, one Mr. Lamb; he has at present but half a vicarship; the value of it is not quite fifty pounds *per annum*. You writ to me in his favour some months ago; and, if I outlive any one vicar-choral, Mr. Lamb shall certainly have a full place, because he very well deserves it; and I am obliged to you very much for recommending him.

142.[2] POPE TO SWIFT.

May 17, 1739.

DEAREST SIR,—Every time I see your hand, it is the greatest satisfaction that any writing can give me; and I am in proportion grieved to find that several of my letters to

[1] The chancellor of the university had no more claim to name its representative in parliament than to appoint the member for the city of Dublin. Swift was trying, through the influence of the Prince of Wales, to supersede the free choice of the electors and force on them his own nominee. The electors very properly resisted the interference, and rejected Mr. M'Aulay. He is eulogised in Swift's will for his "great learning, fine natural parts, piety, benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of the legal rights of the clergy."

[2] Published by Hawkesworth.

testify it to you miscarry; and you ask me the same questions again, which I prolixly have answered before. Your last, which was delivered me by Mr. Swift, inquires where and how is Lord Bolingbroke, who, in a paragraph in my last, under his own hand, gave you an account of himself; and I employed almost a whole letter on his affairs afterward. He has sold Dawley for twenty-six thousand pounds, much to his own satisfaction.[1] His plan of life is now a very agreeable one, in the finest country of France, divided between study and exercise; for he still reads and writes five or six hours a day, and generally hunts twice a week. He has the whole forest of Fontainebleau at his command, with the king's stables and dogs, &c., his lady's son-in-law being governor of that place. She resides most part of the year with my lord, at a large house they have hired, and the rest with her daughter, who is abbess of a royal convent in the neighbourhood.

I never saw him in stronger health, or in better humour with his friends,[2] or more indifferent and dispassionate to his enemies. He is seriously set upon writing some parts of the history of his times, which he has begun by a noble introduction, presenting a view of the whole state of Europe, from the Pyrenean treaty. He has hence deduced a summary sketch of the natural and incidental interests of each kingdom, and how they have varied from, or approached to, the true politics of each, in the several administrations to this time. The history itself will be particular only on such facts and anecdotes as he personally knew, or produces vouchers for, both from home and abroad. This puts into my mind to tell you a fear he expressed lately to me, that some facts in your history of the queen's last years, which he read here with me in 1727, are not exactly stated, and that he may be obliged to vary from them, in relation, I believe, to the conduct of the Earl of Oxford, of which great care surely

[1] He had offered in January 1738 to sell it for 25,000*l.*, or for 20,000*l.* and an annuity of 1000*l.* till the death of his father. The annuity was necessary to his subsistence, and the rest of the purchase-money was to go in payment of his debts.

[2] "He is fat, fair, and in high spirits," wrote Alderman Barber to Swift July 2, 1738.

should be taken. And he told me, that when he saw you in 1727, he made you observe them, and that you promised you would take care.[1]

We very often commemorated you during the five months we lived together at Twickenham, at which place could I see you again, as I may hope to see him, I would envy no country in the world; and think not Dublin only, but France and Italy, not worth the visiting once in my life. The mention of travelling introduces your old acquaintance Mr. Jervas, who went to Rome and Naples purely in search of health. An asthma has reduced his body, but his spirit retains all its vigour; and he is returned, declaring life itself not worth a day's journey, at the expense of parting from one's friends.[2] Mr. Lewis every day remembers you. I lie at his house in town. Dr. Arbuthnot's daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodness of her father. I love her much.[3] She is like Gay, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest. Mrs. Patty Blount is one of the most considerate and mindful of women in the world towards others, the least so in regard to herself. She speaks of you constantly. I scarce know two more women worth naming to you. The rest are ladies, run after music, and play at cards. I always make your compliments to Lord Oxford and Lord Masham when I see them. I see John Barber seldom; but always find him proud of some letter from you.[4] I did my best with him, in behalf of one of your friends, and spoke to

[1] Swift, whose judgment was gone, was eager at this time to publish his History, and his friends were anxious to keep it back till some of the errors were corrected, and the personalities softened. His old allies were conscious that slanders which found favour with heated partisans would disgust a new and more dispassionate generation.

[2] He lingered only a few months longer, and died in London, Nov. 2, 1739. He bequeathed Pope 1000*l.*

[3] He left her a legacy of 200*l.*, and 5*l.* for a ring.

[4] "Alderman Barber," Swift wrote, Oct. 23, 1736, "was my old acquaintance. I got him two or three employments when I had credit with the queen's ministers, but upon her majesty's death he was stripped of them all. However, joining with Mr. Gumley, they both entered into the South Sea Scheme, and the alderman grew prodigiously rich, but by pursuing too far he lost two-thirds of his gains. However, he bought a house with some acres near Richmond, and another in London, and kept 50,000*l.*, which enabled him to make

Mr. Lyttelton for the other,[1] who was more prompt to catch, than I to give fire, and flew to the prince that instant, who was as pleased to please me.

You ask me how I am at court. I keep my own walk, and deviate from it to no court. The prince shows me a distinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part;[2] and I have received a present from him of some marble heads of poets for my library, and some urns for my garden. The ministerial writers rail at me; yet I have no quarrel with their masters, nor think it of weight enough to complain of them. I am very well with the courtiers I ever was, or would be acquainted with. At least they are civil to me, which is all I ask from courtiers, and all a wise man will expect from them. The Duchess of Marlborough makes great court to me; but I am too old for her, mind and body. Yet I cultivate some young people's friendship, because they may be honest men; whereas the old ones experience too often proves not to be so, I having dropped ten where I have taken up one, and I hope to play the better with fewer in my hand. There is a Lord Cornbury, a Lord Polwarth, a Mr. Murray,[3] and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out against all the corruption in the world.

You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical spirit. I am sinking fast into prose; and if I ever write more, it ought, at these years, and in these times, to be something, the matter of which will give a value to the work, not merely the manner. Since my protest, for so I call my Dialogue of 1738, I have written but ten lines, which I will send you. They are an insertion for the next new edition of the Dunciad, which generally is reprinted once in two years.

a figure in the city." He was the son of a barber, and his own trade was that of a printer. He acquired a short-lived popularity while he was lord mayor by his opposition to Walpole's scheme of excise, but he was not respected, and had a bad character for avarice, drunkenness, and licentiousness.

[1] Mr. M'Aulay. It does not appear who the friend was for whom Pope interceded with Mr. Barber.

[2] Pope satirised George II., which procured him the civility of the Prince of Wales, who detested his father, and lived in open hostility to him.

[3] Lord Polwarth was afterwards Lord Marchmont, and Murray, Lord Mansfield.

In the second canto, among the authors who dive in Fleet-ditch, immediately after Arnall, verse 300, add these:

> Next plunged a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,[1]
> With each a sickly brother, at his back;[2]
> Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
> Then numbered with the puppies in the mud.
> Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
> The names of these blind puppies, as of those.
> Fast by, like Niobe, her children gone,
> Sits mother Osborne,[3] stupified to stone;
> And rueful Paxton[4] tells the world with tears,
> These are,—ah! no; these were my Gazetteers.

Having nothing to tell you of my poetry, I come to what is now my chief care, my health and amusement. The first is better, as to head-aches; worse as to weakness and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much; otherwise I want not spirits, except when indigestions prevail. The mornings are my life; in the evenings I am not dead indeed, but sleep, and am stupid enough. I love reading still, better than conversation: but my eyes fail, and at the hours when most people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labour of the past day sufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time, and rise and chirp the earlier in the morning. I often vary the scene—indeed at every friend's call—from London to Twickenham, or the contrary, to receive them, or be received by them.

Lord Bathurst is still my constant friend, and yours: but his country-seat is now always in Gloucestershire, not in this neighbourhood.[5] Mr. Pulteney has no country-seat, and in town I see him seldom; but he always asks after you. In

[1] The Gazetteers were daily papers. —BOWLES.

[2] They print one at the back of the other to send into the country. Mr. Pope's MS. note.—HAWKESWORTH.

They were printed on one side of a sheet, and the other side served for the paper of the next day.—BOWLES.

[3] Osborne was the assumed name of the publisher of the Gazetteer.—BOWLES.

The real author was said to be a woman.—WALTER SCOTT.

[4] A solicitor, who procured and paid those writers. Mr. Pope's MS. note.—HAWKESWORTH.

[5] Riskins, in Buckinghamshire, became the property of Lord Bathurst by his marriage, and in 1739 he sold it to Lord Hartford.

the summer, I generally ramble for a month to Lord Cobham's, the Bath, or elsewhere. In all these rambles my mind is full of you and poor Gay, with whom I travelled so delightfully two summers.[1] Why cannot I cross the sea? The unhappiest malady I have to complain of, the unhappiest accident of my whole life, is that weakness of the breast, which makes the physicians of opinion that a strong vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen years. I went, some years ago, with Lord Peterborough, about ten leagues at sea, purely to try if I could sail without sea sickness, and with no other view than to make yourself and Lord Bolingbroke a visit before I died. But the experiment, though almost all the way near the coast, had almost ended all my views at once. Well then, I must submit to live at the distance which fortune has set us at: but my memory, my affections, my esteem, are inseparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever yours.[2]

P.S.—*May* 19. This I end at Lord Orrery's, in company with Dr. King. Wherever I can find two or three that are yours, I adhere to them naturally, and by that title they become mine. I thank you for sending Mr. Swift to me. He can tell you more of me.

A SECOND POSTSCRIPT.

One of my new friends, Mr. Lyttelton, was to the last degree glad to have any request from you to make to his master. The moment I showed him yours concerning Mr. M'Aulay, he went to him and it was granted. He is extremely obliged for the promotion of Lamb. I will make you no particular speeches from him; but you and he have a mutual right to each other. *Sint tales animæ concordes.* He loves you, though he sees you not; as all posterity will love you, who will not see you, but reverence and admire you.

[1] The summers of 1726 and 1727 when Swift, Gay, and Pope made a circuit of visits to their country friends.

[2] This is a most interesting, kind, and sensible letter; and such an account as this, of himself, of his connections, habits, and studies, no one can read without kindness and sympathy.—BOWLES.

143.[1] MRS. WHITEWAY TO POPE.

1739.

SIR,—I am now with the Dean of St. Patrick's, who has commanded me to write for him to you. He is extremely deaf and giddy, which is doubly heavy at this juncture, as it prevents him from making you acquainted with one of the most valuable men of the kingdom, Mr. M'Aulay, whose only business to England is to pay his duty, respects, and most humble thanks to the Prince of Wales, to you, sir, and Mr. Lyttleton. The character which the dean has ordered me to give you of Counsellor M'Aulay is this—that he is a man of religion, without enthusiasm or hypocrisy; of excellent understanding, learning, taste, and probity; a just defender of other men's properties, and the liberty of his prince and country; a most dutiful son, a faithful friend.—Here I stopped, to put the dean in mind that I was writing to Mr. Pope, not of him. He bid me go on, finish my sentence, and then make my remarks,—a tender husband, father, and master. The dean now in his turn asked me what I thought of my precipitation? Was I still of opinion it was Mr. Pope he was describing? As we women do not like to own ourselves mistaken, I insisted on being in the right in what I said, for I could see no other difference in the pictures, than what an able artist might have designedly made, where one part was darkly shaded, for the imagination of the beholder to fill up.

The dean says his great loss of memory, and very bad state of health, would be still more supportable, if he were not incapacitated by it to converse with you, who have his heart, his warmest wishes, and tenderest affections. Allow me, sir, to add one wish for myself, that I may be an humble attendant on you both in that glorious place, where great souls will, I am sure, from a just God enjoy a more exalted happiness in being perpetually together. I am, sir, with the highest respect, your most humble and most obedient servant.

[1] Published by Walter Scott.

144.[1] POPE TO MR. NUGENT.

TWITENHAM, *March* 26, [1740].

SIR,—When you did me the favour to acquaint me of Mrs. Whiteway's offer, I thought it not necessary to give you a trouble which I imagined would be less so to my Lord Orrery. But upon reflection I believe he is not upon the best terms with the lady; at least, as she chose to propose this to yourself, it may be better to apply by the same person to whom she mentioned it; and for my own part I assure you, sir, you are not the last man I would owe a favour to. I shall be therefore truly obliged to you if you write as you proposed, and thank her in my name for securing those papers against all disagreeable accidents. If she send them by some honest hand to you, I shall know they are as safe as in my own custody. Though I have many poetical thanks to pay you,[2] I must particularise your Ode to Lord Marchmont,[3] both the design and execution of which manifest that spirit which once

[1] Published in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1849.

[2] Robert Nugent, an Irishman, was successively Viscount Clare and Earl Nugent. He was coarse, jovial, and immoral, with a fair amount of wit, talent, and knowledge, unchastened by taste or judgment. Horace Walpole says that his speeches in the House of Commons were an alternation of absurdities, bombast, and ability, and, when best, were usually injured by a vociferating delivery. He attempted poetry, and, among other small productions, had recently published two odes which nobody believed to be his own. One of them was a piece of sounding declamation, much admired at the time, on his conversion from popery to protestantism, and commenced with the lines,

> Remote from liberty and truth
> By fortune's crime, my early youth,
> Drank error's poisoned springs.

At fourscore he went back to the poisoned springs, and ended as he began—a roman catholic. He was a time-server, and Burke used to call him old "remote from liberty and truth."

[3] Pope's Lord Polwarth, who had just succeeded to the title of Earl of Marchmont by the death of his father in Jan. 1740. As a Scotch peer he was disqualified from remaining in the House of Commons, and, not being elected a Scotch representative peer, he had no seat in the House of Lords. Nugent's ode is a commemoration of the wonders he had performed in the lower house, and an entreaty that his exclusion from parliament would not induce him to retire from his "sinking country's cause."

> Then write and eternise thy page;
> And, unconfined by time and place,
> Exhort, and save a better race.

animated the heads and hearts of poets, and for which your ode, like those of Alcæus, will challenge esteem as well as praise. I am, sir, your most obliged and obedient humble servant.

I may remember Mrs. Nugent as one of the companions of my younger and gayer days,[1] and sigh to be able to live on with them. But we are no longer creatures of the same element: they are all air and fire, and I am earth; however I admire their flights, and am their servant.

145.[2] MR. NUGENT TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Bath, April 2, 1740.

MADAM,—I had not until very lately an opportunity of letting Mr. Pope know his obligations to you, of which he is very sensible, and has desired me to beg that you will remit to me by a safe hand, whatever letters of his are now in your possession. I shall be in town next week, so that you may be pleased to direct to me by the first convenient opportunity at my house in Dover Street, London. I am, madam, with great esteem, your most humble and obedient servant.

My compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Swift. I shall say nothing of the picture, because I am sure you remember it. I must beg that you will let Mr. Bindon[3] know I would have the picture no more than a head upon a three-quarter cloth, to match one which I now have of Mr. Pope.

[1] Mrs. Nugent was the sister of Pope's friend, Secretary Craggs. She was Nugent's second wife, and he was her third husband. She was excessively ugly, and his bad usage of her confirmed the general belief that he only married her for her great wealth, which enabled him to embark in political life, and get up in the world.

[2] Published by Mr. D. Swift.

[3] Francis Bindon was a Dublin painter and architect, who had a commission from Nugent to paint a portrait of Swift. The celebrity of Swift has alone kept alive the name of the artist, whose portraits are in the stiff, common-place style which then prevailed. They have the merit of individuality, and evidently preserve the lineaments of the original.

146.[1] POPE TO MR. GERRARD.

April 18, 1740.

SIR,—I was sorry not to be able to wait upon you, when you sent me Dr. Swift's letter. I was at dinner with my Lord Burlington, and a great deal of company at his table. I could only reply that, as soon as I returned to London, I would receive the pleasure of seeing a friend of Dean Swift's. In the meantime, I send this to my lodging to be delivered to you, which is all I can do till my return from Windsor Forest; and if you leave a line to acquaint me where you may be found, I will do myself that satisfaction in five or six days. I am, with all respect, sir, your most humble servant.

147.[2] MRS. WHITEWAY TO POPE.

May 16, 1740.

SIR,—Should I make an apology for writing to you, I might be asked why I did so. If I have erred, my design at least is good, both to you and the Dean of St. Patrick; for I write in relation to my friend, and I write to his friend, which I hope will plead my excuse. As I saw a letter of yours to him, wherein I had the honour to be named, I take the liberty to tell you, with grief of heart, his memory is so much impaired, that in a few hours he forgot it; nor is his judgment sound enough, had he many tracts by him, to finish or correct them, as you have desired. His health is as good as can be expected, free from all the tortures of old age; and his deafness, lately returned, is all the bodily uneasiness he has to complain of. A few years ago he burnt most of his writings unprinted, except a few loose papers, which are in my possession, and which I promise you, if I outlive him, shall never be made public without your approbation. There is one treatise in his own keeping, called Advice to Servants, very unfinished and incorrect,

[1] Published by Walter Scott. [2] Published by Mr. D. Swift.

yet what is done of it has so much humour, that it may appear as a posthumous work. The History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne's Reign I suppose you have seen with Dr. King, to whom he sent it some time ago, and, if I am rightly informed, is the only piece of his, except Gulliver, which he ever proposed making money by, and was given to Dr. King with that design, if it might be printed. I mention this to you, lest the doctor should die, and his heirs imagine they have a right to dispose of it. I entreat, sir, you will not take notice to any person of the hints I have given you in this letter. They are only designed for yourself: to the dean's friends in England they can only give trouble, and to his enemies and starving wits cause of triumph. I enclose this to Alderman Barber, who I am sure will deliver it safe, yet knows nothing more than its being a paper that belongs to you.

The ceremony of answering women's letters, may, perhaps, make you think it necessary to answer mine; but I do not expect it, because your time either is or ought to be better employed, unless it be in my power to serve you in buying Irish linen, or any other command you are pleased to lay on me, which I shall execute to the best of my capacity, with the greatest readiness, integrity, and secrecy; for whether it be my years, or a less degree of vanity in my composition than in some of my sex, I can receive such an honour from you without mentioning it. I should, some time past, have writ to you on this subject, had I not fancied that it glanced at the ambition of being thought a person of consequence, by interfering between you and the dean, a character of all others which I dislike.

I have several of your letters to the dean, which I will send by the first safe hand that I can get to deliver them to yourself. I believe it may be Mr. M'Aulay, the gentleman the dean recommended, through your friendship, to the Prince of Wales.

I believe this may be the only letter which you ever received without asking a favour, a compliment, extolling your genius, running in raptures on your poetry, or admiring your distinguishable virtue. I am, sir, with very high respect, your most obedient and most humble servant.

Mr. Swift, who waited on you last summer, is since that married to my daughter. He desires me to present you his most obedient respects and humble thanks for the particular honour conferred upon him in permitting him to spend a day with you at Twickenham, a favour he will always remember with gratitude.

148.[1] POPE TO MR. GERRARD.

May 17, 1740.

SIR,—I am obliged to you for the notice of your intended return to Ireland, in order to what I desired, that I might charge you with a letter to the dean. But I had an opportunity, just after I saw you, of sending him a very long and full letter by a safe hand, which leaves me nothing to tell him more, except what I would always tell to the last day of my life, and desire you to tell him and all mankind, that I love, esteem, and respect him, and account it the most pleasing circumstance of my fortune to have known him long, and experienced his friendship through my life.

I am glad you found the benefit I promised myself you would from Dr. Cheyne's[2] care, to whom pray make my heartiest services. There lives not an honester man, nor a truer philosopher. I wish you a good journey, and am, with respect, sir, your most obedient humble servant.

[1] Published by Sir Walter Scott. The address on the letter is, To Samuel Gerrard, Esq., at Mr. Hencher's, Apothecary, Cheap Street, in Bath.

[2] The celebrated physician, author of the English Malady. He was a Scotchman, and about the year 1700, when he was close upon thirty, he arrived in London a tall, gaunt figure. Through good cheer he increased at one time to thirty-two stone, was near dying of plethora, and was saved by a milk and vegetable diet. A wiser and thinner man, he persevered in his regimen, and survived till April 12, 1743. He was 71. For many years he practised in London during the winter, and followed the sick in the summer to Bath, which was then, as he says, "the universal infirmary." His worth is expressed in his well-known rule of life: "To neglect nothing to secure my eternal peace more than if I had been certified I should die within the day, nor to mind anything that my secular obligations and duties demand of me, less than if I had been insured to live fifty years more."

149.[1] POPE TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Twickenham, June 18, 1740.

MADAM,—I am extremely sensible of the favour of your letter, and very well see the kindness as well as honour which moved you to it. I have no merit for the one, but being, like yourself, a sincere friend to the dean, though much a less useful one; for all my friendship can only operate in wishes, yours in good works. He has had the happiness to meet with such in all the stages of his life; and I hope in God and in you, that he will not want one in the last. Never imagine, madam, that I can do otherwise than esteem that sex, which has furnished him with the best friends.

The favour you offer me I accept with the utmost thankfulness; and I think no person more fit to convey it to my hands than Mr. M'Aulay, of whom I know you have so good an opinion. Indeed any one whom you think worthy your trust, I shall think deserves mine, in a point I am ever so tender of.

I wish the very small opportunity I had of showing Mr. Swift, your son, my regards for him, had been greater; and I wish it now more, since he is become so near to you, for whom my respect runs hand in hand with my affection for the dean; and I cannot wish well for the one without doing so for the other. I turn my mind all I can from the melancholy subject of your letter. May God Almighty alleviate your concern, and his complaints, as much as possible in this state of infirmities, while he lives; and may your tenderness, madam, prevent any thing after his death which may anywise depreciate his memory! I dare say nothing of ill consequence can happen from the commission given to Dr. King.

You see, madam, I write to you with absolute freedom, as becomes me to the friend of my friend, and to a woman of sense and spirit. I will say no more, that you may find I treat you with the same delicacy that you do me, and for which I thank you, without the least compliment: and it is none when I add, that I am, with esteem, madam, your most obliged and most obedient servant.

[1] Published by Mr. D. Swift.

150.[1] POPE TO MR. NUGENT.

Aug. 14, 1740.

SIR,—I cannot enough acknowledge your obliging endeavours as to what has given me so much apprehension, the affair of the letters,—all which I am now convinced has been a mere feint to amuse us both. For last week I received an account from Faulkner, the Dublin bookseller, "that the dean himself has given him a collection of his own, and mine, and others to be printed, and he civilly asks my consent, assuring me the dean declares them genuine, and that Mr. Swift, Mrs. Whiteway's son-in-law, will correct the press, out of his great respect to the dean and myself." He says they were collected by some unknown persons, and the copy sent with a letter importing that "it was criminal to suppress such an amiable picture of the dean, and his private character appearing in those letters, and that if he would not publish them in his lifetime, others would after his death." I think I can make no reflections upon this strange incident but what are truly melancholy, and humble the pride of human nature,—that the greatest of geniuses, though prudence may have been the companion of wit (which is very rare) for their whole lives past, may have nothing left them at last but their vanity. No decay of body is half so miserable! I shall write and do all I can upon this vexatious incident; but I despair of stopping what is no doubt in many hands. Can it be possible the dean has forgot how many years, and by how many instances, I have pressed him to secure me from this very thing? or can it be imagined Mrs. Whiteway has remonstrated against it? The moment I had the intimation that she would return them I wrote to her, and embraced her offer with thanks. She answered me lately that she would not send them to Mr. Nugent, but by a certain Mr. M'Aulay. I presume now that she would have sent but a few of no consequence, for the bookseller tells me there are several of Lord Bolingbroke's, etc., which must have been in the dean's own custody, and one of which was printed twelve years ago. I would therefore trouble you no more in

[1] Published in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1849.

this unlucky affair. I believe they had entertained a jealousy of you,[1] as the same person did before of my Lord Orrery. They then prevented the dean from complying to any purpose with my request.[2] They then sent a few, just to save appearances, and possibly to serve as a sort of plea to excuse them of being taxed of this proceeding, which is now thrown upon the dean himself.

The mundics[3] will arrive very seasonably. If anything will amuse me at present, it must be playing the fool any way but by writing, and yet you see how long this letter is. I heartily wish you success in bringing a little more English spirit into Cornwall, and in routing the gog-magogs of the present age.[4] I am not without hopes of meeting at Bath, and joining with the waters to heat your head to poetry.

Satyrarum ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor, gelidos veniam calligatus in agros.

I am, sir, your most obliged and faithful servant.

151.[5] POPE TO MR. NUGENT.

Aug. 16, 1740.

SIR,—I did not think, when I troubled you so lately with an account, in how surprising a manner your kind negotiations

[1] When Pope says, "I believe they had entertained a jealousy of you," he refers to his previous statement that Mrs. Whiteway had lately informed him that she would "not send the letters to Mr. Nugent, but by a certain Mr. M'Aulay." Mrs. Whiteway refused to surrender the letters to Nugent because Pope himself had instructed her to consign them to Mr. M'Aulay, and the talk of "jealousy" was a misrepresentation to infuse into Nugent's mind the idea that the dean's people would only employ a tool of their own.

[2] Pope had no evidence that Mrs. Whiteway, or any one else, had prevented Swift from returning all the letters which could be found.

[3] Mundics is the name given by the Cornish miners to particular kinds of pyrites, and Nugent had sent Pope an assortment of these minerals for the adornment of his grotto.

[4] Nugent was returned for St. Mawes, Cornwall, in the parliament of the ensuing year, and, at the date of Pope's letter, was probably paying court to the electors. Cornwall, in the annals of fable, was the country of giants, and the "gog-magogs of the present age" were the supporters of Sir R. Walpole.

[5] Published in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1849. The letter is addressed to R. Nugent, Esq., at the Hon. Mrs. Nugent's, at the Hot Well in Bristol.

in my behalf were terminated, that I should so soon again have interrupted your present better business. But upon reflection that my answer to Faulkner concerning this ought to be hastened, and in apprehension that some pretence might be taken, as if it was not received, I thought it proper to have it transmitted otherwise than by the common post. I beg, therefore, that you will send it by or through some hand you know, who may deliver it personally to Faulkner, after you have read it, or (if you think fit) copied.[1] Excuse this in one who sees, and is obliged by, the part you have taken, and wishes himself capable of proving how much he is, sir, your most faithful humble servant.

152.[2] POPE TO MR. NUGENT.

Sept. 3, 1740.

SIR,—The more I read your Ode the less I find any necessity of making it clearer; you have sufficiently distinguished your idea of the multitude. The very few things I could imagine alterable I have put in, but in so modest a character as easily to be erased if you disapprove them. I could be willing to be of greater service to you, but you must thank your superior circumstances as a poet no less than as a man that I cannot. I am, however, intentionally, though not virtually,[3] sir, your most faithful and obedient humble servant.

I hope you had my letter, which I beg you to forward by some particular hand to Faulkner.

Mrs. Nugent I know remembers me, and so do I her, always, and acknowledge her good temper towards me, who does not quarrel with me as other ladies have done.

[1] Pope, who professed a desire to hasten his answer lest Faulkner should interpret silence to mean consent, had already allowed several days to elapse, and then sends his reply to Nugent that it may wait till some private person goes to Dublin. The precautions of Pope seemed carefully contrived to defeat his ostensible purpose.

[2] Published in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1849

[3] He seems to mean that though in fact he had not obeyed Nugent's desire, and altered the ode more extensively, yet in "intention" he had the wish to comply with his requests, and be his "obedient servant."

153.[1] MRS. WHITEWAY TO LORD ORRERY.

[1740.]

MY LORD,—I shall not hesitate one moment to send your lordship Mr. Pope's letters, as likewise that from Bath,[2] but how am I to convey them to you?—not by post surely; for then I might justly be accused with folly or breach of trust, to venture them by so uncertain and dangerous a way. If your lordship will order a faithful servant, or a gentleman, with a line under your hand, to call for them, I shall deliver them with pleasure; and this I should not do to any other person whatsoever, without an immediate direction to myself from Mr. Pope, who knows I refused them to Mr. Robert Nugent, from whom I had two letters in the last [packet], telling me Mr. Pope desired me to send them by his mother, then going to England; and by the same packet, and the same date, I had a letter from Mr. Pope, who told me he would expect them by Mr. M'Aulay, who intended long ago to have been in London if business had not prevented him. I am so far from suspecting any person of this side the water (and, therefore, it would be unjust to guess), that I do not believe they were taken here. I will tell you my reasons for it. First, I do assure your lordship the dean kept no copies of Mr. Pope's letters for these twelve years past to my knowledge, or to anybody else, excepting to a lord-lieutenant or a bishop, whom he feared might make an ill use of them; and of those to Mr. Pope I saw him write and send off immediately. This, therefore, makes me think it reasonable to suppose it is not from this quarter that Mr. Pope has been ill-used, but must have been betrayed by his English servants, who have more cunning and a nearer way of making money of them than ours have; and I cannot imagine any person above the degree of a servant capable of so base an action. My lord, I beg leave to talk freely with you, and I can have no other view in

[1] Published by Walter Scott.

[2] The letter, no doubt, which was sent to Dublin with the volume of Swift's letters "importing that it was criminal to suppress such an amiable picture of the dean."

it than to defend the dean in a particular which concerns his honour and all those he thinks proper to place confidence in. You must, I believe, have seen a book of letters stitched together by the dean, wherein there are numbers of them from the greatest men in England, both for genius, learning, and power, such as Lords Bolingbroke, Oxford, Ormond, Bathurst, Peterborough, and Queensberry; Parnell, Addison, Gay, Prior, Congreve, and Mr. Lewis, to say nothing of your lordship (because I am writing to you), which are in my possession, and may be commanded whenever [you] please, for I have lately got the dean's leave to give them even when he is alive,[1] which he at first refused me; and were there a person vile enough in this kingdom to be bought, why were not these sold to Curll as well as others; for surely, not to mention Sr.,[2] some of the rest might be thought as entertaining to the world as the dean's, and as easily to be stole. Permit me, my lord, to ask a question of you. Do you think the letters to and from Dr. Swift are genuine? If so, will you look over them again, and explain to me this sentence? Mr. Pope, taking occasion to mention Mr. Wycherley, immediately after says—"Some letters of yours and mine have been lately published, not without the concurrence of a noble lord, who is a friend of yours and mine."[3] I hope what I have said will convince your lordship how much I detest the base practices of those who would be capable of betraying friendship. I once more repeat my concern that I had not power enough with the dean to prevent their being given to Mr. Faulkner, and returned to Mr. Pope. If you think it proper, when you send him the papers, present him my most obedient respects and this letter; for I am sure anything of this kind from me is not worth his paying for. However, I shall submit this and everything else to your lordship's judgment. There is one particular I had like to forget, that one of the letters of M

[1] That is, she had leave to restore the letters to their respective writers, or their representatives, and she offered to send Lord Orrery his.

[2] Thus in the MSS. The evident meaning is, "not to specify particular letters."

[3] Mrs. Whiteway intends to expres her conviction that the person who published Pope's previous letters had prepared the Swift correspondence for the press.

Pope I took out of the dean's stitched book with his permission, and, I must say, I think equal to any he writ, and yet this letter is safe, and not printed, although the book has been lent to many of the dean's friends.

154.[1] LORD ORRERY TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

——— *y* 2, 1740-1.

YOUR obliging offer of returning my letters, together with those designed for Mr. Pope, is most gratefully accepted by me, and therefore I send Mr. Ellis, who is one of my agents here, and whose honesty and integrity I can trust, to receive them from your own hands, and to bring them down hither without the least loss of time. This is the most expeditious and safest method I could think of. The parcel for Mr. Pope I desire may be sealed up by you, but I could wish to see the letter from Bath, if you thought proper. If you enclose it to me I will lose no time in forwarding it to Mr. Pope.

Certainly, madam, this printed collection[2] has been by some low, mean, injudicious person, probably some servant, who has snatched at various opportunities. They will do as little honour to the writers as anything can that comes from such great and eminent men. People's expectations will be raised by the names prefixed to them, but those expectations will not be answered by the letters themselves. The more I read them, the more I am convinced of the truth of this opinion. [Instead of][3] [im]prudencies of a high nature, the whole consists of private [and] amiable familiarities in which the public can noways be interested, nor much entertained.

[1] Published by Walter Scott.

[2] The Pope and Swift correspondence had not appeared in January or February 1741, the date of the present letter, and Lord Orrery calls the correspondence "this *printed* collection," because it had first emerged in the shape of a solitary printed copy sent from England to the dean. In his Remarks on Swift, Lord Orrery says that the Dublin volume, sanctioned by the dean, was "printed from a number of surreptitious letters published in England."

[3] The blanks, says Walter Scott, "are occasioned by defects in the manuscript."

I should think with you, madam, that some of Mr. Pope's servants had stolen them, did not many letters appear from various people to the dean, of which Mr. Pope cannot be supposed either to have seen the copies or originals; but, alas! it is but a melancholy comfort to me that this unhappy affair is so situated as to redeem the honour of one friend at the expense of another.

The collection begins very early, before the dean's friendship for you, madam, was in its meridian. Since that time I am in no pain about his letters; but yet permit me to say that there are and have been persons about him who may have very different views from you, nor can your attendance be so constant as to hinder transactions that may give you, me, and all the ..... reason ..... I shall be extremely ..... returned; and you will please, therefore, to give them into Mr. Ellis's hands, who is to leave Dublin as soon as he receives them from you.

I am glad the dean is noways affected by the change of weather; his health is extremely dear to me. Would to God you could persuade him to come to Caledon, where Lady Orrery would take care to make the place as agreeable as she could to him and you. She is by profession a nurse, and performs her part excellently; but we are both much concerned that you are acting the same part to one of your sons. The mildness of the season will, we hope, soon remove his complaint. I am, madam, your most obedient humble servant.

155.[1] LORD ORRERY AND POPE TO SWIFT.

DUKE STREET, WESTMINSTER, *March* 22, 1740-1.

LORD ORRERY.

DEAR SIR,—Your friends here are most inquisitive and anxious about your health. If my wishes took place, the accounts I should give them would be extremely acceptable. May the returning spring give you new strength, and permit me to add a new inclination towards this island. Your

[1] Published by Walter Scott.

mistress would be happy in showing her tender regards for you, by attending you to Duke Street, where we would find room for you, and all who belong to you.

Mr. Pope, since my arrival in London, has generously bestowed some of his time upon me,—strong instance that he loves those who he knows love you; and indeed his tenderness, his affection, and his sincerity towards you are beyond description. I defy him, with all his power of words, to tell you what he thinks of you, or feels for you; were it possible, I am sure he would come to you; make a whole kingdom happy and come to him. I am interrupted by Mr. Pope himself. Let me withdraw and leave the paper to him; and believe me your ever obliged and humble servant.

POPE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—When the heart is full of tenderness, it must be full of concern at the absolute impotency of all words to come up to. You are the only man now in the world who costs me a sigh every day of my life, and the man it troubles me most, although I most wish to write to. Death has not used me worse in separating from me for ever poor Gay, Arbuthnot, &c., than disease and absence in separating you so many years. But nothing shall make me forget you, and I am persuaded you will as little forget me; and most things in this world one may afford to forget, if we remember, and are remembered by our friends. I value and enjoy more the memory of the pleasure and endearing obligations I have formerly received from you, than the perfect possession of any other. I am less anxious every day I live for present enjoyments of any sort, and my temper of mind is calmer as to worldly disappointments and accidents, except the loss of friends by death, the only way, I thank God, that I ever have lost any. Think it not possible that my affection can cease but with my last breath. If I could think yours was exhausted I should grieve, but not reproach you. If I felt myself ever hurt by you, I should be confident you knew not the blow you gave, but had your hand guided by another. If I never more had a kind word from you, I should feel my heart the same it has ever been towards you.

must confess a late incident has given me some pain; but I am satisfied you were persuaded it would not have given me ——, and whatever unpleasant circumstances the printing our letters might be attended with, there was one that pleased me, —that the strict friendship we have borne each other so long is thus made known to all mankind. As far as it was your will, I cannot be angry at what, in all other respects, I am quite uneasy under. Had you asked me, before you gave them away, I think I could have proposed some better monument for our friendship, or at least of better materials; and you must allow me to say, this was not my erecting, but yours. My part of them is far too mean, and how inferior to what you have ever in your works set up to me! and can I see these without shame, when I reflect on the many beautiful, pathetic, and amiable lines of yours,[1] which carry to posterity the name of a man who, if he had not every good quality which you so kindly ascribe to him, would be so proud of none as the constancy and the justice of his esteem for you? Adieu; while I can write, speak, remember, or think, I am yours.

156.[2] POPE TO MR. NUGENT.

TWIT'NAM, *May* 21, [1741.]

SIR,—I hope you are returned with as much health as success from your elections, and I rejoice that your negotiations for yourself and your friends in Cornwall have proved more effectual than those for me which you kindly undertook in Ireland. You have brought a great book upon your head; and to show that you can bear any burden with patience, pray send for it to Mr. Murray's in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where one has been left sometime to be delivered to any one you order. I hope soon to see you either here or in town, who am with all regards your most obliged and obedient servant.

My old-fashioned services attend Mrs. Nugent.

[1] Chiefly in the verses on his own death, and in the Libel on Dr. Delany.

[2] Published in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1849.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND BOLINGBROKE.

FROM 1724 TO 1740.

1.[1] BOLINGBROKE TO POPE.

Feb. 18, 1724.

I FORGOT you as little during an absence of several years, as I have done during another which has now lasted some months.[2] During both you have been so constantly present to my mind, and the impressions I took of your character long ago are there so fresh and so strong, that I never did, and I think I never shall, suspect you of forgetting me. Follow this example and be equitable in your friendship.

I read your letter of the 14th of January with a great deal of pleasure, and yet there wanted something to make my satisfaction complete. You writ to me, but you did not answer me. I was in hopes that I had provoked you to say something about your studies in which I interest myself, and have a right to do so, the right of a friend and the right of an Englishman. If you imagine the matter dropped you are mistaken. I shall attack you once more upon the same subject.[3]

[1] From the copy in the Oxford MSS.

[2] Since he left England in the autumn of 1723.

[3] Many able men among Bolingbroke's contemporaries thought his style incomparable, and his learning prodigious. Lady M. W. Montagu, with her admirable taste and sense, had a juster opinion both of his manner and matter. "A diffusive style," she says, speaking of his works, "though often admired as florid by all half-witted readers, is commonly obscure, and always trifling." Of the last quality this letter is a curious specimen. When we recall the scenes in which Bolingbroke had played a part, it appears extraordinary that, at the age of forty-five, he could write such school-boy common places with the grand air of a weighty argument. His unconsciousness of the greatness

Are you composing? or are you wholly taken up with the translation which you meditated when I saw you at London?[1] Monsieur de Sacy, one of the best writers this country affords, has often assured me that his translation of Pliny the Younger cost him more than all his other writings. The translation of Greek verse into English verse is perhaps easier than that of Latin prose into French prose. The richness of our language, improved by those liberties which custom, on whose despotic power the *jus et norma loquendi* entirely depends, allows our authors, compared with the poverty of the other, and with the cruel restraints which the same despotic power has imposed on the French writers, makes this appear to my apprehension not at all improbable. But however it be, sure I am, that you must not look on your translations of Homer as the great work of your life. You owe a great deal more to yourself, to your country, to the present age, and to posterity. Prelude with translations if you please, but after translating what was writ three thousand years ago, it is incumbent upon you that you write, because you are able to write, what will deserve to be translated three thousand years hence into languages as yet perhaps unformed. I hear all your objections at this distance. What! write for fame in a living language which changes every year, and which is hardly known beyond the bounds of our island. Continue to write, and you will contribute to fix it. Claudian, nay Lucan, who was so much elder, had not certainly the diction of Virgil; but if Virgil had not writ, both these, and Silius Italicus, and several others, who came between them or after them, would have writ worse; and we should find the Latin tongue degenerate in the course of so many centuries much more than it improved in that short space between the age of Lucilius or of Ennius, and that of the Mantuan, the very contrary of which is the truth. You have said, I am sure, to yourself at least, *tentanda via est quâ me, quoque possim tollere humo*, and if you add that you have

of our mighty English literature is not less characteristic. He judged it by the outside aspect presented to a rapid reader of a new generation, and had no comprehension of its inner spirit.

[1] The translation of the Odyssey, upon which Pope had been secretly at work for some time.

succeeded, you are not in the wrong, but there remains half a verse and half your task behind,—*victorque virum volitare per ora.* This perhaps you despair of achieving, and it is that despair I would recover you from. Virgil, indeed, wrote when arms had carried the Roman language from the Euphrates to the Western Ocean, and from the deserts of Lybia to the Danube and the Rhine, but your friend Homer wrote for a parcel of little States which composed in his days a nation much inferior every way to what our nation is in yours. Recall to your mind the image of ancient Greece which Thucydides gives in the introduction to his History, and which may be formed out of Herodotus, Pausanias, Strabo, Plutarch, &c.; you will soon agree that your theatre is vastly more considerable than that of Hesiod and Homer, and you will conceive much more reasonable hopes than they could entertain of immortality. Luxury and learning made the Greeks famous in process of time, and brought their language into use, as well as their vices, even among their conquerors, for the Greek, like christianity, has spread by persecution, and Latin, like mahometanism, by victory. The French and the Italians have more lessons of luxury to give than we, but we have been these several years their masters in learning. Methinks we should improve this advantage. The philosophers of the continent learn English, and the mathematicians might have been under the same necessity if Sir Isaac Newton had pleased.[1] But there are few philosophers and mathematicians anywhere. A language which is designed to spread, must recommend itself by poetry, by eloquence, by history. I believe England has produced as much genius first as any country. Why then is our poetry so little in request among strangers? Several reasons may be given, and this certainly as the most considerable, that we have not one original great work of that kind wrote near enough to perfection to pique the curiosity of other nations, as the epic poetry of the Italians, and the dramatic poetry of the French pique ours. Eloquence and history are, God knows, at the lowest ebb imaginable among us. The different styles are not fixed, the bar and the

[1] That is, if he had written his Principia in English instead of in Latin.

pulpit have no standard, and our histories are gazettes, ill digested and worse writ. The case is far otherwise in France as in Italy. Eloquence has been extremely cultivated in both countries, and I know not whether the Italians have not equalled the Greeks and the Romans in writing history. Guicciardini seems to me superior to Thucydides on a subject still more complicated than that of the Peloponnesian war, and perhaps the vastness of the undertaking is the principal advantage which Livy has over Davila. In short, excellent original writings can alone recommend a language and contribute to the spreading of it. No man will learn English to read Homer or Virgil. Whilst you translate therefore you neglect to propagate the English tongue; and whilst you do so, you neglect to extend your own reputation, for depend upon it your writings will live as long, and go as far, as the language—longer or further they cannot.

After saying so much to you about yourself, I must say a word or two in answer to a paragraph of your letter which concerns me. First then, I would assure you, that I profess no system of philosophy whatever, for I know none which has not been pushed beyond the bounds of nature and of truth. Secondly, far from despising the world, I admire the work, and I adore the author,—*ille opifex rerum*, you Greeks call him δημιουργός. At physical evils I confess that I tremble, but as long as I preserve the use of my reason I shall not murmur. Moral evils, the effects of that *mala ratio*, as Cotta methinks with great impropriety calls error, we may avoid, or we may bear. That stock of them to which I was predestinated, is I hope pretty near spent, and I am willing to think that I have neither borne them unworthily nor neglected to draw some advantage from them. Give me leave in the third and last place, to assure you that I have studied neither the Fathers nor the Councils. I began late to read, and later to think.[1]

[1] He means on philosophical subjects, which, he says, he did not begin to study till forty. His knowledge bears the marks of late acquisition. He never penetrated below the surface, and Pope's reply to the question, "Does Lord Bolingbroke understand Hebrew?" is true of all his philosophical works; "No, but he understands that sort of learning, and what is wrote about it."

It behoved me, therefore, to husband my time. I have a friend in this country who has been devoted these five and twenty years to judicial astrology. I begin to believe, for I know not whether I should wish it or no, that he will have the mortification before he dies of finding out that a quarter of an hour well employed in examining principles would have saved him a quarter of a century spent about consequences.

Having done with you and myself, there remains to be spoken of an Irish parson and a French saint,[1] of your making, and I would as lief take her of your making for such, as of any man's who ever bore the name.[2] I am extremely well pleased with Dr. Arbuthnot's comparison, which is very happily applied.[3] The poor dean has not dissipation enough where he is to divert his spleen, and I know not whether he has spirit enough left to get the better of it anywhere else. Those black corrosive vapours which he exhaled so profusely formerly in the open air have been long pent up in a cloister, and he is become the martyr of that humour which was given him for the punishment of others. He dreams to be sure of gibbets and halters, and I fancy if he met two of his old acquaintance in the street, he might very possibly, after ten years' absence, take them for constables or messengers, since there seems to be no proportion between the impressions of fear and those of friendship which he carried out of England with him.[4]

I thought to have several revelations to have communicated from our Lady of La Source,[5] but she says that she neither sends nor receives any more messages. She vows she will very shortly appear to you in a vision under the form of an old French woman. Tired with the town, and with the hurry of a marriage, I am at a little house on the banks of the Seine, where I intend to see nobody these seven or eight days, except the company I have carried with me, which are my judgment

[1] Swift and Lady Bolingbroke.

[2] The name, that is, of Pope.

[3] Swift was haunted about this time with fanciful apprehensions of "gibbets and halters," and Arbuthnot, to drive away his false alarms, said to him, Nov. 1723, "I find you are in the case of the man who held the whole night by a broom bush, and found when daylight appeared he was within two inches of the ground." The man was Sancho Panza.

[4] Bolingbroke thought that he had been neglected in his exile by Swift, who had written to him very rarely.

[5] Lady Bolingbroke.

and my imagination. My judgment resides in the head of an excellent young man whom I hope some time or other to bring you acquainted with,[1] and my imagination in that of Voltaire,[2] who says that he will introduce himself to you, and that the muses shall answer for him. I am reading a tragedy which he has just finished, and which will be played this Lent. The subject is the Death of Mariamne.[3] You will, I believe, find in it that art which Racine put into the conduct of his pieces, and that delicacy which appears in his diction, with a spirit of poetry which he never had, and which flags often in the best of Corneille's tragedies. But I will say no more of it, since he intends to send it you. Adieu.

2.[4] POPE TO BOLINGBROKE.

April 9, 1724.

You will think me very indolent till I tell you I have been very sick, the only reason that has left your letter unacknowledged so long by words which has every day been acknowledged in my heart. A severe fit of illness, a sort of

[1] Probably De Pouilly, who was 32 in 1724, and to whom Bolingbroke said in 1720, "You led me first, in my retreat, to abstract philosophical reasonings." It was to him that Bolingbroke wrote the absurd opinion, "I have never seen but three men who appeared to me worthy to be trusted with the government of nations. These three men are you, Pope, and myself."

[2] Voltaire had stayed with Bolingbroke at La Source two years before, and said in a letter, Jan. 2, 1722, "I found in this illustrious Englishman all the learning of his country, and all the polish of ours. I have never heard our language spoken with more force and accuracy." He goes on to praise the universality of Bolingbroke's knowledge, says he is as thoroughly acquainted with Egyptian as with English history, and that he has a critical appreciation of English, French, and Italian poetry. One instance of his critical perspicacity is mentioned by Voltaire — he placed the Henriade at the head of the poetry of France.

[3] It was performed on March 6, and was, says Voltaire, "so ill-received that it was scarcely heard to the end. It was performed again with some alterations in May 1725, and was then received with extreme indulgence." The concluding scene, in which Mariamne drank poison on the stage, and died in sight of the spectators, was particularly distasteful to the audience, and in the remodelled play a narrative of her decapitation took the place of the poisoning.

[4] From the copy in the Oxford MSS.

intermitting fever, has made me unfit for all sorts of writing and application. You will see, I fear, the effects of it in this letter, which will be almost enough to convince you that all those mighty hopes of the improvement of the English language, and the glory of its poetry, must rest upon some abler prop than your servant. To answer first to your lordship's charge against me as a translator convict. I do confess I do not translate Homer as a great work, but as an easy one, which I really find less difficult than it seems Mr. De Sacy does to write Pliny into French prose. Whatever expectations my own vanity, or your partiality, might give me of a better fate than my predecessors in poetry, I own I am already arrived to an age which more awakens my diligence to live satisfactorily, than to write unsatisfactorily to myself; more to consult my happiness, than my fame; or, in defect of happiness, my quiet. Methinks quiet serves instead of happiness to philosophers, as vanity serves instead of fame to authors, for in either case the art of contentment is all. But when men grow too nice and too knowing, the succedaneum will not do to such delicate constitutions, and the author becomes miserable to himself in the degree that he grows acceptable to others. What you call a happy author is the unhappiest man, and from the same cause that men are generally miserable,—from aiming at a state more perfect than man is capable of. *Victor virum volitare per ora* may indeed sound nobly in the ears of the ambitious, whether in the field, the state, or the study. But sure that consideration to a man's self is not of such weight, as to sacrifice to that alone all the more attainable and the more reasonable aims of our being. To write well, lastingly well, immortally well, must not one leave father and mother and cleave unto the muse? Must not one be prepared to endure the reproaches of men, want, and much fasting, nay martyrdom in its cause? It is such a task as scarce leaves a man time to be a good neighbour, an useful friend, nay to plant a tree, much less to save his soul. Pray, my lord, may not one ask this question of so just, so grateful, and so deserving a thing as the present age,—*Tanti est, ut placeam tibi, perire?*—that present age which you charge me as so much in debt to, and which you

rank with my two other great creditors, posterity and my country. To the two first, truly I think I am indebted just equally; for one of them has done exactly as much for me as the other.[1] But to my country sure, my lord, I owe nothing, for it has driven away my best friends; I shall owe it something when it calls them back again. The general reflection makes me shake my head at all encouragements you muster up, to induce me to write. I own your observations, as to the possibility of fixing a language, and as to the necessity of good original works to perpetuate it, to be just, and of a much greater strength and solidity than the usual arguments on that head. I admire your remark that it is not always a consequence that languages must decay as governments fall, and it is very truly as well as finely said, that Greek, like christianity, spread by persecution, as much as Latin, like mahometanism, by victory.[2] But allow me to say, that for an Englishman to ground an opinion of the immortality of his language from that of Homer, because the States of Greece were then inferior to what our nation is at present, would be just such a way of reasoning as if five or six hundred rapparees getting together to plunder a few villages, should hope to lay the foundations of an empire because that of the Ottomans began much in the same manner. Neither do I think the examples of the best writers in our time and nation, would have that prevalence over the bad ones, which your lordship observes them to have had in the Roman times. A state constantly divided into various factions and interests, occasions an eternal swarm of bad writers. Some of these will be encouraged by the government equally if not superiorly to the good ones, because the latter will rarely, if ever, dip their pens for such ends. And these are sure to be cried up and followed by one half of the kingdom, and consequently possessed of no small degree of reputation. Our English style

[1] Which would seem to be nothing, for he could have received nothing from posterity. Yet he distinguishes between the nothing he owed to his country, and the debt which he owed to posterity and the present age.

[2] Bolingbroke's remark is obscure. He, perhaps, meant that dispersed Greeks and conquering Romans both carried their language to other countries.

is more corrupted by the party writers, than by any other cause whatever. They are universally read, and will be read, and approved in proportion to their degree of merit, much more than other set of authors in any science, as men's passions and interest are stronger and surer than their tastes and judgments.

It is but this week that I have been well enough in my head to read the poem of the League[1] with the attention it deserves. Next to my obligation to Mr. de Voltaire for writing it, is that I owe to you for sending it. I cannot pretend to judge with any exactness of the beauties of a foreign language which I understand but imperfectly. I can only tell my thoughts in relation to the design and conduct of the poem, or the sentiments. I think the forming the machines upon the allegorical persons of virtues and vices very reasonable, it being equally proper to ancient and modern subjects, and to all religions and times. Nor do we look upon them so much as heathen divinities, as natural passions. This is not the case when Jupiter, Juno, &c., are introduced, who though sometimes considered as physical powers, yet that sort of allegory lies not open enough to the apprehension. We care not to study or anatomise a poem, but only to read it for our entertainment. It should certainly be a sort of machinery, for the meaning of which one is not at a loss for a moment. Without something of this nature, his poem would too much resemble Lucan or Silius, and indeed the subject being so modern, a more violent or remote kind of fable or fiction would not suit it. If I have anything to wish on this head,

[1] The Henriade was originally published in 1723 under the title of La Ligue, ou Henri-le-Grand. While Voltaire was resident in England, he collected a large subscription for a quarto edition of his epic, and Young, after mentioning the subscription in a letter to Tickell, Feb. 21, 1727, gives this concise and accurate estimate of the poem: "As far as I can judge it has a polite mediocrity running through it, and may be read with little blame, and less admiration." On Nov. 17, 1727, Young announced that the work had appeared, and said, "We have had no attempts of any note but Mr. Voltaire's epic, which is thought to have considerable merit. The author I know well. He is a gentleman, and of great vivacity and industry, and has a good deal of knowledge out of the poetical way."

it were to have a little more of the fictitious, I dare not say the wonderful, for the reason just now given. Yet that would give it a greater resemblance to the ancient epic poem. He has helped it much in my opinion by throwing so much of the story into narration, and entering at once into the middle of the subject, as well as by making the action single, namely, only the siege of Paris. This brings it nearer the model of Homer and Virgil. Yet I cannot help fancying if the fabulous part were a little more extended into descriptions and speeches, etc., it would be of service, and from this very cause methinks that book which treats of the king's love to Madame Gabrielle appears more of a poem than the rest. Discord and policy might certainly do and say something more, and so I judge of some other occasions for invention and description, which methinks are dropped too suddenly. As to all the parts of the work which relate to the actions or sentiments of men, or to characters and manners, they are undoubtedly excellent, and the forte of the poem. His characters and sentences are not like Lucan's, too professed or formal and particularised, but full, short, and judicious, and seem naturally to rise from an occasion either of telling what the man was, or what he thought. It seems to me that his judgment of mankind, and his observation of human actions in a lofty and philosophical view, is one of the principal characteristics of the writer, who however is not less a poet for being a man of sense, as Seneca and his nephew were. Do not smile when I add that I esteem him for that honest-principled spirit of true religion which shines through the whole, and from whence, unknown as I am to Mr. de Voltaire, I conclude him at once a freethinker and a lover of quiet; no bigot, but yet no heretic; one who honours authority and national sanctions without prejudice to truth or charity; one who has studied controversy less than reason, and the Fathers less than mankind; in a word, one worthy from his rational temper of that share of friendship and intimacy with which you honour him.[1]

[1] These remarks appear to have occasioned a direct correspondence with Voltaire, for Pope in a letter to Caryll, Dec. 25, 1725, says that he

Notwithstanding you tell me the oracles of our Lady of La Source are ceased, and that she returns no more answers, I shall expect the favour she promises to a poor hermit on the banks of the Thames. In the meantime I see visions of her and of La Source.

An me ludit amabilis
Insania? Audire, et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.

What pleasing frenzy steals away my soul?
Through thy blest shades, La Source, I seem to rove;
I see thy fountains fall, thy waters roll,
And breathe the zephyrs that refresh thy grove;
I hear whatever can delight inspire
Villette's soft voice, and St. John's silver lyre.

Seu voce nunc mavis acuta
Seu fidibus, citharave Phœbi.

I cannot subscribe myself better than as Horace did.

Vestris amicum fontibus et choris.

3.[1] BOLINGBROKE TO POPE.

Aug. 18, 1724.

You have delayed writing to me in expectation of one person's departure from London,[2] and I have put off answering your letter several posts in expectation of the same person's arrival here. I wanted to know whether she understood you as little as you say that you understood her. If she did so, Sir W. Wyndham is an excellent interpreter, and none of the spirit of your conversation has been lost in the transfusion from one language to another;[3] for the impressions which you have made on her are exactly those which I have been so long acquainted with, *et qui sont marquées à votre coin.*

"formerly had some correspondence about the poem on the League with its author."

[1] From the copy in the Oxford MSS.

[2] Lady Bolingbroke, who went to England without her husband in May, 1724.

[3] Pope could not speak French, nor Lady Bolingbroke, at this period, understand English.

You are likely, I find, as much as her presence vexes you, to be troubled with it again towards the beginning of the winter.[1] Against that time let me desire you to take up another sentiment, and instead of feeling a more lively sense of my absence, imagine me present. The best part of me really is so, wherever she is; when the rest of me will be with you, I know not. Possibly, nay probably, never, unless your zeal to partake of the spiritual benefits which I am assured will not come dear at the next jubilee,[2] should carry you to cross the sea.[3]

4.[4] POPE TO BOLINGBROKE.

Sept. 3, 1740.

MY DEAR LORD,—Your every word is kind to me, and all the openings of your mind amiable. Your communicating any of your sentiments both makes me a happier and a better man: there is so true a fund of all virtue, public and social, within you,—I mean so right a sense of things as we stand related to each other by the laws of God, and indebted to each other in conformity to those laws, that I hope no particular calamity

[1] "The person you are so inquisitive about," wrote Bolingbroke to Swift, Sept. 12, 1724, "returns into England at the end of October."

[2] A sale of indulgences took place at the jubilee of the roman catholic church, which was celebrated every quarter of a century, and was just at hand.

[3] The remainder of the letter consists of the bald dissertation which is printed in Bolingbroke's works under the title, A Plan for a General History of Europe. In the published paper a sentence is omitted which animadverts upon the Duke of Buckingham's line, incorporated by Pope in the Essay on Criticism:

Nature's chief master-piece is writing-well.

"It is nature's master-piece in the most difficult kind of writing," says Bolingbroke, speaking of a particular species of history; "for with your leave, my good friend, to say her chief master-piece is to speak with great impropriety." He thought the expression tautology. Many pictures of the same painter may each be a master-piece, but when we say of some work that it is *his* master-piece we denote that it is the chief of all his works, and the addition of the epithet sets aside the established meaning of the phrase.

[4] This letter was first printed in the Supplemental Volume to Pope's Works, 1825, and "is transcribed," says the editor, "from a copy in Dr. Birch's own hand-writing made from the original." The copy is among the Birch manuscripts in the British Museum.

can swallow up your care and concern for the general. Indeed the loss of Sir William Wyndham[1] must have been felt more deeply as a particular by you than by any other; and I see nothing so moral, nothing so edifying, as your not deserting the common cause of your country at this juncture. No man has less obligation to her, no man feels a stronger than yourself. Your resolution to return to her if she wants to be saved, and will or can be saved, is by far a more distinguished one, than any of her sons can pretend. And every one who knows either her condition or your ability, and more than your ability—your sense of duty and honour—must rest his chief hope upon it. Lord Marchmont does so as the ultimate resource, as he holds no language but that of his heart, and unless you animate him to act by that hope, will drop all thought of action; no other has the least influence, and all his friends' entreaties have been tried in vain to draw him from Scotland for the winter to come.[2] Lord Chesterfield despairs as much, but resolves to act.[3] He and Lyttelton think alike, and act the best part that I believe ever was acted, in their conduct and counsels to their master.[4] But still I will say, be others as honest as they will, they cannot be so generous as you.[5] They must, if good counsels prevail, reap benefits you

[1] He died on July 17 of this year.

[2] Lyttelton and Lord Che-terfield both pressed Lord Marchmont to come up, and he, who had not a seat in either house, wrote to Lyttelton Sept. 24: "I should with the utmost pleasure act with you could I act at all, but am convinced, after the coolest reflection I am capable of, that in my unhappy situation I can be of no use."

[3] "To act," meant to make opposition speeches in parliament.

[4] "Their master," stands for the Prince of Wales. Lyttelton was his secretary.

[5] Earlier in the year Lyttelton had tried to lure Bolingbroke from France to England that he might assist the opposition, and on May 6 he replied, like Lord Marchmont, that he could be of "no more use." "You say you hope from writing," he went on. "What call have I to write? what means of doing it opportunely and with effect?" The excessive anxiety for the presence of two men, neither of whom were in parliament, is explained by the letters of Lord Chesterfield. There was a schism in the opposition. Pulteney and Lord Carteret, its most powerful members, were anxious, on a change of ministry, to have the favour of the court, and were averse to attacks which would alienate the king. The immediate adherents of the Prince of Wales, who had no chance of the chief places, and had nothing to lose, were for more offensive, which, they believed, would be more effective measures. They anticipated that Boling-

will not reap; and may expect to see those fruits of which you can see the blossoms only. The monks and ascetics tell us we are not attained to perfection, till we serve God for his sake only, not our own—not even for the hope of Heaven. You really would serve men in this manner, and many whom you have no obligations to love, and who have done their best to ruin you, all in their turns. It must, therefore, be called by its true name, not so much love to your country as to God.[1] It is not patriotism, but downright piety, and instead of celebrating you as a poet should, I would, if I were pope, canonize you, whatever all the advocates for the devil could say to the contrary. But I hope the time for that is not near, and that your reward in the next life, which I am satisfied must be the sole motive of such a conduct, will be deferred, at least during my own time. There is at present nothing I desire so much to hear, as that your bilious fever is quite removed, the repeated attacks of which have given me an alarm greater, I assure you, than almost any worldly event could give me, who daily find myself passing into a state of indifference, out of which I would wake others, whom Providence seems, by their talents, to ordain to do more good to mankind. I have a more particular interest, too, in your life than any other at present, as a private man, for the greatest vanity I have is to see finished that noble work which you address to me, and where my verses, interspersed here and there, will have the same honour done them to all posterity, as those of Ennius in the philosophical writings of Tully.

Next to patching up my constitution, my great business has been to patch up a grotto (the same you have so often sat in

broke and Marchmont would side with the violent at the private consultations of the party, and in Lord Chesterfield's language would enable them "to check the dirty mercenary schemes of pretended patriots and avowed profligates." Johnson remarks that it is not easy to say how Pope was incited to second Lyttelton's views, but it seems obvious to suppose that he had been won over by the attentions of the Prince of Wales.

[1] "This remark," says Mr. Croker, "is surely one of the most extraordinary that can be imagined." The principle which governed the whole of Bolingbroke's political career was an ambition so glaringly selfish that, as Lord Chesterfield, no unfriendly critic, observes, "it destroyed both his fortune and his reputation."

in times past under my house) with all the varieties of nature under ground, spars, minerals, and marbles. I hope yet to live to philosophise with you in this museum, which is now a study for virtuosi, and a scene for contemplation. At least I am resolved to have it remembered that you were there, as you will see from the verses I dare to set over it. Adieu, may you and yours be happy.[1]

[1] Here followed Pope's lines on his grotto, in which he says,

Here nobly pensive St. John sat and thought.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND GAY.

FROM 1712 TO 1732.

Unless some other authority is specified in the notes, these letters are from the P. T. volume of 1735.

1. POPE TO GAY.

Binfield, Nov. 13, 1712.

Sir,—You writ me a very kind letter some months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into Devonshire.[1] That hindered my answering you, and I have since several times inquired of you, without any satisfaction; for so I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I passed two months in Sussex, and since my return have been again very ill.[2] I writ to Lintot[3] in hopes of hearing of you, but had no answer to that point. Our friend, Mr. Cromwell, too, has been silent all this year. I believe he has been displeased at some or other of my freedoms, which I very innocently take, and most with those I think most my friends.[4] But this I know nothing of; perhaps he may have opened to you, and if I know you right, you are of a temper to cement friendships, and not to divide them. I

[1] Gay's native county.

[2] In a letter to the elder Caryll, May 28, 1712, he mentions that he had been kept at home by a "long illness." The two months he passed in Sussex between May and the second illness were spent with the Caryll family.

[3] The publisher. He brought out a Miscellany this year to which Gay was a contributor.

[4] Pope wrote to Cromwell Dec. 21, 1711, when the correspondence appears to have ceased, nor did Cromwell ever renew the intimacy.

really much love Mr. Cromwell, and have a true affection for yourself, which, if I had any interest in the world, or power with those who have, I should not be long without manifesting to you. I desire you will not, either out of modesty, or a vicious distrust of another's value for you,—those two eternal foes to merit—imagine that your letters and conversation are not always welcome to me. There is no man more entirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than myself, and I have seen too much of those qualities in Mr. Gay to be anything less than his most affectionate friend and real servant.

2. POPE TO GAY.

Dec. 24, 1712.

DEAR SIR,—It has been my good fortune within this month past, to hear more things that have pleased me than, I think, almost in all my time beside; but nothing, upon my word, has been so home-felt a satisfaction as the news you tell me of yourself; and you are not in the least mistaken, when you congratulate me upon your own good success,[1] for I have more people out of whom to be happy, than any ill-natured man can boast of. I may with honesty affirm to you, that notwithstanding the many inconveniences and disadvantages they commonly talk of in the *res angusta domi*, I have never found

[1] The Duchess of Monmouth, widow, first of the natural son of Charles II., and next of the third Lord Cornwallis, and who was "remarkable," says Johnson, "for inflexible perseverance in her demand to be treated as a princess," appointed Gay her secretary, or "domestic steward," in 1712. Lady Cowper speaks of her in 1716 as frequenting the court of the Princess of Wales, and says, "The princess loved her mightily, and certainly no woman of her years ever deserved it so well. She had all the life and fire of youth, and it was marvellous to see that the many afflictions she had suffered had not touched her wit and good-nature, but at upwards of threescore she had both in their full perfection." When Gay entered her household he was 24. He had been apprenticed to a silk-mercer in London, and with a scanty pittance, an indolent, irresolute disposition, and no extraordinary powers, had rashly left trade for literature. He had hitherto only published a few insignificant verses, and was too poor not to be glad of any reputable provision, though there is justice in Johnson's remark, that "by quitting a shop for such service he might gain leisure, but certainly advanced little in the boast of independence."

any other, than the inability of giving people of merit the only certain proof of our value for them, in doing them some real service. For after all, if we could but think a little, self-love might make us philosophers, and convince us *quantuli indiget natura!* Ourselves are easily provided for; it is nothing but the circumstantials, and the apparatus or equipage of human life, that cost so much the furnishing. Only what a luxurious man wants for horses and footmen, a good-natured man wants for his friends or the indigent.[1]

I shall see you this winter with much greater pleasure than I could the last; and I hope, as much of your time as your attendance on the duchess will allow you to spare to any friend, will not be thought lost upon one who is as much so as any man. I must also put you in mind, though you are now secretary to this lady, that you are likewise secretary to nine other ladies, and are to write sometimes for them too. He who is forced to live wholly upon those ladies' favours, is indeed in as precarious a condition as any He who does what Chaucer says for sustenance; but they are very agreeable companions, like other ladies, when a man only passes a night or so with them at his leisure, and away. I am your, &c.

3. POPE TO GAY.

August 23, 1713.

JUST as I received yours, I was set down to write to you, with some shame that I had so long deferred it. But I can hardly repent my neglect, when it gives me the knowledge how little you insist upon ceremony, and how much a greater share in your memory I have than I deserve. I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain, till I

[1] Gray expresses the sentiment in a letter to Mr. Nicholls, and, indeed, it is shared by all right-thinking persons: "Honesta res est læta paupertas. I see it with respect, and so will every one whose poverty is not seated in their mind. There is but one real evil in it,—take my word who know it well—and that is, that you have less the power of assisting others, who have not the same resources to support them."

become, by Mr. Jervas's help, *elegans formarum spectator*.[1] I begin to discover beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a nose or ear, the smallest degree of light or shade on a cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to distract me. I no longer look upon Lord Plausible as ridiculous for admiring a lady's fine tip of an ear and pretty elbow, as the Plain Dealer has it, but am in some danger even from the ugly and disagreeable, since they may have their retired beauties, in one trait or other about them. You may guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity, two Lady Bridgewaters, a Duchess of Montague,[2] besides half a dozen earls, and one knight of the garter.[3] I have crucified Christ over again in effigy, and made a madonna as old as her mother St. Anne. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivalled St. Luke himself in painting, and as it is said an angel came and finished his piece, so you would swear a devil put the last hand to mine, it is so begrimed and smutted. However, I comfort myself with a christian reflection, that I have not broken the commandment, for my pictures are not the likeness of anything in heaven above, or in earth below, or in the waters under the earth.[4] Neither will anybody adore or worship them, except the Indians should have a sight of

[1] Pope says in a letter to Caryll, April 30, 1713: "I have been almost every day employed in following your advice in learning to paint, in which I am most particularly obliged to Mr. Jervas, who gives me daily instructions and examples." His attempts at painting were a passing amusement which he soon abandoned.

[2] The Countess of Bridgewater and the Duchess of Montague were daughters of the great Duke of Marlborough. Pope, in his Epistle to Jervas, celebrated "Churchill's race," and especially Lady Bridgewater, who was so much admired by Jervas that she was his abiding type of loveliness, and according to Horace Walpole he lavished her beauties upon "many a homely dame."

[3] They were no doubt copies. Lord Mansfield possesses a copy of Kneller's portrait of Betterton, which is reputed to have been done by Pope.

[4] This is a repetition of Arbuthnot's sarcasm on Pope's master, Jervas. As he was talking infidelity, Arbuthnot said to him, "You are a practical believer; you strictly observe the second commandment, for, in your pictures, you make not the likeness of anything," etc.

them, who, they tell us, worship certain pagods or idols purely for their ugliness.

I am very much recreated and refreshed with the news of the advancement of the Fan, which I doubt not will delight the eye and sense of the fair, as long as that agreeable machine shall play in the hands of posterity. I am glad your Fan is mounted so soon, but I would have you varnish and glaze it at your leisure, and polish the sticks as much as you can.[1] You may then cause it to be borne in the hands of both sexes, no less in Britain than it is in China, where it is ordinary for a mandarin to fan himself cool after a debate, and a statesman to hide his face with it when he tells a grave lie. I am, &c.

4.[2] POPE TO GAY.

October 23 [1713].

DEAR SIR,—I have been perpetually troubled with sickness of late, which has made me so melancholy that the immortality of the soul has been my constant speculation, as the mortality of my body my constant plague. In good earnest, Seneca is nothing to a fit of illness.

Dr. Parnell will honour Tonson's Miscellany[3] with some very beautiful copies, at my request. He enters heartily into our design. I only fear his stay in town may chance to be but short. Dr. Swift much approves what I proposed, even to the very title, which I design shall be, The Works of the Unlearned, published monthly, in which whatever book appears that deserves praise, shall be depreciated ironically, and in the same manner that modern critics take to undervalue works of value, and to commend the high productions of Grub-street.[4]

[1] The Fan was published at the beginning of 1714. "It is not," says Warton, "very striking or interesta let" and he would have kept within it is shaith if he had said that it was sons: "He dull and empty.
tas. I see it wer appeared in the P. T. every one whose but was not reprinted by Pope in the avowed editions of his letters.

[3] Edited by Steele, and published by Tonson in 1714.

[4] This project came to nothing, and could not have been long continued with effect. The irony would have lost its relish by repetition.

I shall go into the country about a month hence, and shall then desire to take along with me your poem of the Fan, to consider it at full leisure. I am deeply engaged in poetry, the particulars whereof shall be deferred till we meet.[1]

I am very desirous of seeing Mr. Fortescue[2] when he comes to town, before his journey. If you can in any way acquaint him of my desire, I believe his good-nature will contrive a way for our meeting. I am ever, with all sincerity, dear sir, your, &c.

5.[3] PARNELL AND POPE TO GAY.

BINFIELD, *May* 4, 1714.

PARNELL.

DEAR GAY,—Since by your letter we find you can be content to breathe in smoke, to walk in crowds, and divert yourself with noise, nay and to make fine pictures of this way of life, we should give you up as one abandoned to a wrong choice of pleasures.[4] We have, however, so much compassion

[1] He was employed in writing the additions to the Rape of the Lock, and had settled to undertake the translation of Homer. He opened the subscription for his Homer about the date of his letter to Gay.

[2] The barrister, afterwards master of the rolls.

[3] This letter first appeared in the P. T. volume, and was omitted by Pope from his later collections.

[4] Gay had been making considerable efforts to advance his reputation and fortune. In Jan. 1713 he published his Rural Sports, a poem on fishing, hunting, and bird-catching, and which he inscribed to Pope. Johnson gives the work its full praise when he says that "it is never contemptible, and never excellent." Gay was no sportsman. "You are sensible," Swift wrote to him, May 4, 1732, "that I know the full extent of your country skill is in fishing for roaches or gudgeons at the highest," and in the opening lines of his poem he confesses that he had been "long immured in the town," and was new to the life he described. He followed up the Rural Sports with a comedy, the Wife of Bath, which was acted in May and failed. In the beginning of 1714 he brought out his Fan, with its stupid mythology, and his Shepherd's Week, which alone of these pieces had some success. The best of them cannot be exempted from the remark of Bolingbroke to Swift; "The verses I sent you are very bad, because they are not very good." The influence of Gay's poetry was helped out by his amiable disposition, which was his most powerful advocate. The friendship of Pope got him the favour of Swift and Arbuthnot, who recommended him to the political magnates, and in June he was appointed secretary to the Hanoverian embassy.

on you as to think of inviting you to us, where your taste for books, friendship, and ease may be indulged. But if you do not come, pray leave to tempt us with your description of the Court; for indeed humanity is frail, and we cannot but remember some particular honours which we have enjoyed in conversation. Bate us this one point, and we stand you, still untired with one another, and fresh to the pleasures of the country. If you would have any news from us, know that we are well at present. This I am sure would have been allowed by you as news from either of us a fortnight ago. In return to this send us everything you imagine diverting, and pray forget not my commissions. Give my respects to the Dean, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Ford, and the Provost.[1] Dear Gay, adieu. Your affectionate friend, and humble servant.

POPE.

DEAR MR. GAY,—Above all other news, send us the best, that of your good health, if you enjoy it, which Mr. Harcourt[2] made us very much fear. If you have any design either to amend your health or your life, I know no better expedient than to come hither, where you should not want room though I lay myself in a truckle bed under the doctor.[3] You might here converse with the old Greeks, be initiated into all their customs, and learn their prayers by heart as we have done. The doctor, last Sunday, intending to say Our Father, was got half way in Chryses' prayer to Apollo. The ill effects of contention and squabbling, so lively described in the first Iliad, make Dr. Parnell and myself continue in the most exemplary union in every thing. We deserve to be worshipped by all the poor, divided, factious, interested poets of this world.

As we rise in our speculations daily, we are grown so grave, that we have not condescended to laugh at any of the idle

[1] Of Dublin college, Dr. Benjamin Pratt.—DR. BIRCH.

Swift says that he was a gentleman of good birth and fortune in Ireland, gifted with wit and learning, and had mixed in the best society. He was a tory, patronised by the Duke of Ormond, and on his visits to London he kept company with Swift's political circle.

[2] The son of the lord chancellor.

[3] Parnell.

things about us this week. I have contracted a severity of aspect from deep meditation on high subjects, equal to the formidable front of black-browed Jupiter, and become an awful nod as well, when I assent to some grave and weighty proposition of the doctor, or enforce a criticism of my own. In a word, Y[oun]g himself has not acquired more tragic majesty in his aspect by reading his own verses, than I by Homer's. In this state I cannot consent to your publication of that ludicrous trifling burlesque you write about. Dr. Parnell also joins in my opinion, that it will by no means be well to print it.

Pray give, with the utmost fidelity and esteem, my hearty service to the Dean, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Ford, and to Mr. Fortescue. Let them also know at Button's that I am mindful of them. I am, divine Bucoliast! Thy loving Countryman.[1]

6. POPE TO GAY.

September 23, 1714.

DEAR MR. GAY,—Welcome to your native soil![2] welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether returned in glory, blessed with court interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes, or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future,—whether returned a triumphant whig, or a desponding tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to share in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service. If you are a tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavoured to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern. If you are a whig, as I rather hope, and as I think your principles and mine, as brother poets, had ever a bias to

[1] This refers to the address to the reader in the Shepherd's Week, which is signed, "thy loving countryman, John Gay."

[2] The letter of welcome to Gay was addressed to him on his return from Hanover after the embassy of Lord Clarendon had been brought to a sudden termination by the death of Queen Anne.

the side of liberty, I know you will be an honest man, and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore, once more, whatever you are, or in whatever state you are, all hail!

One or two of your own friends complained they had heard nothing from you since the queen's death. I told them no man living loved Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof, how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him so every month. But they had reasons, too, themselves to allege in your excuse, as men who really value one another will never want such as make their friends and themselves easy. The late universal concern in public affairs threw us all into a hurry of spirits. Even I, who am more a philosopher than to expect anything from any reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the successor. During your journeys I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a sort of shooting flying: add to this the demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verses a day, besides learned notes, all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend! that my labour is over. Come and make merry with me in much feasting, for I to thee and thou to me. We will feed among the lilies. By the lilies I mean the ladies, with whom I hope you have fed to satiety. Hast thou passed through many countries, and not tasted the delights thereof? Hast thou not left of thy issue in divers lands, that German Gays and Dutch Gays may arise to write pastorals and sing their songs in strange countries? Are not the Blouzelindas of the Hague as charming as the Rosalindas of Britain?[1] or have the two great pastoral poets of our nation renounced love at the same time? for Philips, immortal Philips, Hanover Philips,[2] has deserted, yea, and in a rustic manner, kicked his Rosalind. Dr. Parnell and I have been inseparable ever since you went.

[1] Blouzelinda is the name of a shepherdess in the Pastorals of Gay, and Rosalinda figures in the Pastorals of Pope.

[2] He was secretary to the Hanover club.

We are now at the Bath, where—if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged—your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of expenses: Homer shall support his children. I beg a line from you directed to the post-house in Bath. Poor Parnell is in an ill state of health.

Pardon me, if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write something on the king, or prince, or princess.[1] On whatsoever foot you may be with the court, this can do no harm. I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, though they all amount but to this, that I am entirely, as ever, your, &c.

7. GAY TO POPE.

EXTRACT. *July* 8, 1715.

I HAVE just set down Sir Samuel Garth at the opera. He bid me tell you that everybody is pleased with your translation, but a few at Button's; and that Sir Richard Steele told him, that Mr. Addison said Tickell's translation was the best that ever was in any language.[2] He treated me with extreme

[1] Arbuthnot gave the same counsel. "Poor Gay," he wrote to Swift Oct. 19, 1714, "is much where he was, only out of the duchess's family and service. I advised him to make a poem upon the princess before she came over, describing her to the English ladies, but he was in such a grovelling condition, as to the affairs of the world, that his muse would not stoop to visit him." Presently afterwards he recovered his spirits sufficiently to act upon the recommendation. The Princess of Wales landed at Margate in October, and he brought out in November an Epistle to a Lady, occasioned by the arrival of her royal highness. He did not affect to disguise the object of his poetical offering:

Places, I found, were daily given away,
And yet no friendly gazette mentioned Gay.

[2] Sir Richard Steele afterwards, in his preface to an edition of The Drummer, a comedy by Mr. Addison, shows it to be his opinion, that, not Mr. Tickell, but Mr. Addison himself was the person that translated this book.—POPE, 1735.

"Addison," said Pope to Spence, "translated the first book of the Iliad that appeared as Tickell's, and Steele has blurted it out in his angry preface against Tickell." The "angry preface" was entitled an Epistle Dedicatory to Mr. Congreve, and Steele there calls Tickell the "*reputed* translator of the first book of Homer," and challenges him to publish a second

civility, and out of kindness gave me a squeeze by the fore-finger. I am informed that at Button's your character is made very free with as to morals, &c., and Mr. A[ddison] says, that your translation and Tickell's are both very well done, but that the latter has more of Homer. I am, &c.

8.[1] GAY TO POPE. [1717.]

DEAR POPE,—Too late I see, and confess myself mistaken in relation to the comedy; yet I do not think, had I followed your advice, and only introduced the mummy, that the absence of the crocodile had saved it. I cannot help laughing myself, (though the vulgar do not consider it was designed to look ridiculous[2]) to think how the poor monster and mummy were dashed at their reception;[3] and when the cry was loudest, I thought that if the thing had been written by another, I should have deemed the town in some measure mistaken; and,

book which shall be liked by any good judge of poetry besides Mr. Alexander Pope. An angry insinuation is not testimony. Steele thought himself aggrieved by Tickell's language in the Life of Addison, and his taunt proceeded from his passion and not from his knowledge. Addison, who told Steele that "the translation was the best that ever was in any language," could not, before or after such a eulogy, have confessed to Steele that he was the translator.

[1] I cannot trace this letter further than Ayre's Life of Pope, where it is inserted among other letters which had been previously published, and, as it is not said to be printed for the first time, it probably rests upon some earlier authority, good or bad. The authority of Ayre is worth nothing.

[2] The incident was "designed to look ridiculous" in the sense of humorous, and the public thought it silly and revolting.

[3] In 1717, a comedy called Three Hours after Marriage, the joint production of Gay, Pope, and Arbuthnot, was acted at Drury Lane. The play was intended to be a satire on Dennis and others, and chiefly upon Dr. Woodward, the physician, a very meritorious geologist, who is burlesqued under the name of Fossile. "Two coxcombs," says Cibber sarcastically, "being in love with his wife, to get unsuspected access to her, ingeniously send themselves, as two presented rarities to the husband, the one curiously swathed up like an Egyptian mummy, and the other slily covered in the paste-board skin of a crocodile." The coarse, unwarrantable liberties which were taken with the domestic character of an estimable man in this disreputable scene completed the ruin of a piece which is throughout tame, meagre, and indecorous.

as to your apprehension that this may do us future injury, do not think it; the doctor has a more valuable name than can be hurt by anything of this nature, and yours is doubly safe. I will, if any shame there be, take it all to myself, as indeed I ought, the motion being first mine, and never heartily approved of by you. As to what your early enemy said at the Duke of Dorset's and Mr. Pulteney's, you will live to prove him a false prophet, as you have already a liar and a flatterer, and a poet in spite of nature.[1] Whether I shall do so or no, you can best tell; for with the continuance of your dear friendship and assistance, never yet withheld from me, I dare promise as much. I beg of you not to suffer this, or anything else, to hurt your health. As I have publicly said that I was assisted by two friends,[2] I shall still continue in the same story, professing obstinate silence about Dr. Arbuthnot and yourself. I am going to-morrow to Hampton Court for a week,[3] notwithstanding the badness of the weather, where, though I am to mix with quality, I shall see nothing half so engaging as you my dear friend. I am (not at all cast down) your sincere friend.

9. POPE TO GAY.

London, Nov. 8, 1717.

I AM extremely glad to find by a letter of yours to Mr. Fortescue, that you have received one from me; and I beg

[1] I presume the "early enemy" was Philips, who was accused by Pope of defaming him, and of violating nature in his pastoral poetry. He would appear to have prognosticated on the present occasion that the fame of Pope and Gay would come to an end with the condemnation of the comedy.

[2] In the preface to the published play, where Gay says, "I must own the assistance I have received in this piece from two of my friends."

[3] Gay had become intimate with Mrs. Howard, and other attendants on the Princess of Wales who was in residence there with the king. In Nov. 1717 the differences between the heir apparent and his father came to an open breach, and the prince ceased to live under the same roof with George I. either at Hampton Court, or at St. James's. Richmond was thenceforth the summer residence of the Prince of Wales, where he occupied the villa which had belonged to the Duke of Ormond before his exile. "His royal highness," says Mr. Croker, "hired it in 1718, and bought it in 1719, for 6000*l.*, of the commissioners for confiscated estates."

you to keep as the greatest of curiosities, that letter of mine which you received, and I never writ. But the truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a short time, that I was upon the ramble most part of the summer, and have concluded the season in grief, for the death of my poor father.[1]

I shall not enter into a detail of my concerns and troubles, for two reasons; because I am really afflicted and need no airs of grief, and because they are not the concerns and troubles of any but myself. But I think you, without too great a compliment, enough my friend, to be pleased to know he died easily, without a groan, or the sickness of two minutes,—in a word, as silently and peacefully as he lived.

Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori!

I am not in the humour to say gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I cannot pretend to entertain either Mr. Pulteney, or you, as you have done both my Lord Burlington and me by your letter to Mr. Lowndes.[2] I am only sorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. Lowndes, and wish you paid some hundreds a year to the land tax. That gentleman is lately become an inoffensive person to me too,[3] so that we may join heartily in our addresses to him, and, like true patriots, rejoice in all that good done to the nation and government, to which we contribute nothing ourselves.

I should not forget to acknowledge your letter sent from Aix.[4] You told me then that writing was not good with the waters, and I find since, you are of my opinion, that it is as bad without the waters. But, I fancy, it is not writing but thinking, that is so bad with the waters; and then, you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you write like our brother poets of these days.

[1] He died at Chiswick, Oct. 23, 1717.

[2] A brief and trivial poem entitled, To my ingenious and worthy friend William Lowndes, Esq., author of that celebrated treatise in folio called the land-tax bill.

[3] Because Pope's father sold his little estate in 1716.

[4] "Gay is just upon wing for Aix-la-Chapelle with Mr. Pulteney," Pope wrote to Caryll, June 7, 1717, and adds, a few days afterwards, that "Gay had a strange desire to see foreign lands." Johnson says he was sunk in dejection at not receiving an appointment, and was taken abroad by Pulteney to divert his mind.

I have no story to tell that is worth your hearing. You know I am no man of intrigue; but the Duchess of Hamilton[1] has one which she says is worth my hearing that relates to Mr. Pulteney and yourself, and which she promises if you will not tell me, she will. Her grace has won in a raffle a very fine tweezer case, at the sight of which my tweezer case, and all other tweezer cases on the globe hide their diminished heads. That duchess, Lord Warwick,[2] Lord Stanhope,[3] Mrs. Bellenden, Mrs. Lepell,[4] and I cannot tell who else, had your letters. Dr. Arbuthnot and I expect to be treated like friends. I would send my services to Mr. Pulteney, but that he is out of favour at court,[5] and make some compliment to Mrs. Pulteney, if she were not a whig.[6] My Lord Burlington tells me she has as much out-shined all the French ladies, as she did the English before. I am sorry for it, because it will be detrimental to our holy religion, if heretical women should eclipse those nuns and orthodox beauties, in whose eyes alone lie all the hopes we can have, of gaining such fine gentlemen as you to our church. Your, &c.

[1] She was the daughter of Lord Gerard, and widow of the Duke of Hamilton, who in 1712 was killed in a duel with Lord Mohun.

[2] The stepson of Addison. Young says he was "finely accomplished," but he never turned his acquirements to account, and his brief manhood was wasted in profligacy. He died in 1721, aged 24.

[3] Afterwards the celebrated Lord Chesterfield.

[4] They were both maids of honour to the Princess of Wales. Mary Lepell, the daughter of General Lepell, married in 1720 the celebrated Lord Hervey the Sporus of Pope. Lord Chesterfield, who always spoke in the highest terms of her delightful manners and conversation, said of her in 1750, "She has been bred all her life at Courts, of which she has acquired all the easy good-breeding and politeness, without the frivolousness. She has all the reading that a woman should have, and more than any woman need have, for she understands Latin perfectly well, though she wisely conceals it." Mary Bellenden was the daughter of Lord Bellenden, and married Col. Campbell who, many years after her death, became Duke of Argyll. "Her face and person," says Horace Walpole, "were charming; lively she was almost to *étourderie;* and so agreeable she was, that I never heard her mentioned afterwards by one of her contemporaries who did not prefer her as the most perfect creature they ever knew."

[5] There was a split in the ministry in 1717, and Pulteney, then secretary at war, belonged to the set who resigned.

[6] Pulteney married in Dec. 1714, Anna Maria Gumley, the handsome daughter of a rich glass-manufacturer.

I wish you joy of the birth of the young prince, because he is the only prince we have, from whom you have had no expectations and no disappointments.[1]

10. POPE TO GAY.

September, 11, 1722.

DEAR GAY,—I thank you for remembering me: I would do my best to forget myself, but that I find your idea is so closely connected to me, that I must forget both together, or neither. I am sorry I could not have a glimpse either of you, or of the sun (your father) before you went to Bath:[2] but now it pleases me to see him, and hear of you. Pray put Mr. Congreve in mind that he has one on this side of the world who loves him; and that there are more men and women in the universe than Mr. Gay and my Lady Duchess of M[arlborough].[3] There are ladies in and about Richmond that pretend to value him and yourself; and one of them at least may be thought to do it without affectation, namely, Mrs. Howard. As for Mrs. Blounts, whom you mercifully make mention of, they are gone or going to Sussex. I hope Mrs. Pulteney is the better for the Bath, though I have little charity and few good wishes for the ladies, the destroyers of their best friends the men. Pray tell her she has forgot the first commission I ever troubled her with, and therefore it shall be the last, the very thing I fear she desires. Dr. Arbuthnot is a strange creature; he goes out of town, and leaves his bastards at other folks doors.[4] I have long been so far mistaken in him as to think him a man of morals as well as of politics. Pray let him know I made a very unfashionable enquiry the other day of the welfare of his wife and family,—things that I presume are below the consideration of a wit and an ombre-player. They are in perfect health. Though Mrs.

[1] Prince George William, born Nov. 2, 1717, died Feb. 6, 1718.

[2] Gay wrote to Swift Dec. 22, 1722, "I was at Bath for near eleven weeks for a colic that I have been often troubled with of late."

[3] The Duchess Henrietta.

[4] Probably one of Arbuthnot's occasional productions had been attributed to Pope.

A[rbuthnot's] navel has been burnt, I hope the doctor's own belly is in absolute ease and contentment. Now I speak of those regions about the abdomen, pray dear Gay, consult with him and Dr. Cheyne, to what exact pitch your belly may be suffered to swell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your betters. Pray tell Dr. Arbuthnot that even pigeon-pies and hogs-puddings are thought dangerous by our governors; for those that have been sent to the Bishop of Rochester[1] are opened, and profanely pried into at the tower. It is the first time dead pigeons have been suspected of carrying intelligence. To be serious, you and Mr. Congreve, nay and the doctor if he has not dined[2] will be sensible of my concern and surprise at the commitment of that gentleman, whose welfare is as much my concern as any friend's I have. I think myself a most unfortunate wretch. I no sooner love, and, upon knowledge, fix my esteem to any man, but he either dies, like Mr. Craggs,[3] or is sent to imprisonment, like the bishop. God send him as well as I wish him, manifest him to be as innocent as I believe him, and make all his enemies know him as well as I do, that they may love him and think of him as well!

If you apprehend this period to be of any danger in being addressed to you, tell Mr. Congreve or the doctor it is writ to them. I am your, &c.

11. POPE TO GAY.

[*Sept.* or *Oct.* 1722.[4]]

DEAR SIR,—I think it obliging in you to desire an account of my health. The truth is, I have never been in a worse state in my life, and find whatever I have tried as a remedy so ineffectual, that I give myself entirely over. I wish your

[1] Atterbury was committed to the Tower in August.

[2] He was an enormous eater, and Pope, perhaps, means that when he was suffering from repletion he was absorbed in his own uncomfortable sensations.

[3] He died in Feb. 1721, a year and a half before Atterbury was arrested.

[4] This letter has no date in the P. T. volume, and by a literal error the date of the previous letter, Sept. 11, 1722, is affixed to it in the quarto of 1737. The contents show that it was written while Gay and Congreve were still at Bath.

health may be set perfectly right by the waters; and be assured, I not only wish that, and every thing else for you, as common friends wish, but with a zeal not usual among those we call so. I am always glad to hear of and from you; always glad to see you, whatever accidents or amusements have intervened to make me do either less than usual. I not only frequently think of you, but constantly do my best to make others do it, by mentioning you to all your acquaintance. I desire you to do the same for me to those you are now with: do me what you think justice in regard to those who are my friends, and if there are any whom I have unwillingly deserved so little of as to be my enemies, I do not desire you to forfeit their opinion or your own judgment in any case. Let time convince those who know me not, that I am an inoffensive person;[1] though, to say truth, I do not care how little I am indebted to time, for the world is hardly worth living in, at least to one that is never to have health a week together. I have been made to expect Dr. Arbuthnot in town this fortnight,[2] or else I had written to him. If he, by never writing to me, seems to forget me, I consider I do the same seemingly to him, and yet I do not believe he has a more sincere friend in the world than I am: therefore I will think him mine. I am his, Mr. Congreve's, and your, &c.

12. POPE TO GAY.

July 13, 1723.[3]

DEAR SIR,—I was very much pleased, not to say obliged, by your kind letter, which sufficiently warmed my heart to have answered it sooner, had I not been deceived (a way one often is deceived) by hearkening to women, who told me that

[1] His friendship with Atterbury had no doubt led many people to imagine that Pope was privy to his treason.

[2] "Arbuthnot is going to Bath, and will stay there a fortnight or more," Pope wrote to Digby Sept. 1, 1722, and Arbuthnot had remained longer than he at first intended.

[3] The date is 1723 in the P. T. volume, and 1722 in the quarto of 1737. The circumstances mentioned in the letter show that the first date is right.

both Lady Burlington and yourself were immediately to return from Tunbridge, and that my lord was gone to bring you back.[1] The world furnishes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours, and, I assure you, none of them touch and grieve me so much as what relates to you. I think your sentiments upon it are the very same I should entertain. I wish those we call great men had the same notions, but they are really the most little creatures in the world, and the most interested in all but one point, which is, that they want judgment to know their greatest interest, to encourage and choose honest men for their friends.

I have not once seen the person you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the apostle admonisheth, one flesh with his wife.[2]

Pray make my sincere compliments to Lord Burlington, whom I have long known to have more mind to be a good and honourable man, than almost any one of his rank. I have not forgot yours to Lord Bolingbroke, though I hope to have speedily a fuller opportunity. He returns for Flanders and France next month.[3]

Mrs. Howard has writ you something or other in a letter, which, she says, she repents.[4] She has as much good-nature as if she had never seen any ill-nature, and had been bred among lambs and turtle-doves, instead of princes and court-ladies.

By the end of this week, Fortescue will pass a few days with

[1] Gay at this period of his life was adopted by Lord and Lady Burlington. "I live almost altogether with Lord Burlington," he wrote to Francis Colman Aug. 23, 1721, and to Swift he said Dec. 22, 1722, "I lodge at present in Burlington House." He spent the summer of 1723 at Tunbridge Wells, as appears from his letters to Mrs. Howard in the Suffolk Correspondence, and the letter of Pope shows that he was still a pendant to the Burlingtons.

[2] Pope is answering a letter in which Gay complained that his powerful friends did not give him a place, and he seems to have specified one person in particular, who was probably Pulteney. He was appointed cofferer of the household in May of this year, and Gay, who had been treated by him to a continental tour in 1717, was doubtless annoyed at not being provided with a post in Pulteney's department.

[3] He was pardoned in May, and came to England in June.

[4] Mrs. Howard wrote to Gay at Tunbridge, July 5, 1723. The letter is printed in the Suffolk Correspondence, and contains nothing harsh or imprudent.

me: we shall remember you in our potations, and wish you a fisher with us on my grass-plat. In the meantime we wish you success as a fisher of women at the Wells, a rejoicer of the comfortless and widow, an impregnator of the barren, and a play-fellow of the maiden. I am your, &c.

13.[1] GAY TO POPE.

Saturday Night [*Autumn*, 1724.]

DEAR SIR,—I really intended to have been with you to-day; but having been disappointed yesterday of meeting Mr. Selwyn,[2] and going to the Exchequer about my salary[3] to day, and to Mrs. Howard's to meet him, made it too late, so that I made a visit this morning to Mr. Congreve, where I found Lord Cobham. They both inquired kindly for you, and wished to see you soon. Mr. Fortescue could not have come with me, but intends the latter end of next week to see you at Twickenham. I have seen our friend Dean Berkeley, who was very solicitous about your health and welfare. He is now so full of his Bermudas project,[4] that he has printed his proposal, and has been with the Bishop of London about it. Mrs. Howard desired me to tell you that she had a present of beech-mast, which this year has been particularly good. When it is wanted she would have you send to her. I writ to you yesterday, and am in hopes that Mrs. Pope will soon be so well that you may be able to come to town for a day or so about your business. I really am this evening very much out of order with the colic, but I hope a night's rest will relieve me. I wish Mrs. Pope and you all health and happiness. Pray give my service to her.

[1] From the Homer MSS. First published in the Additions to Pope's Works, 1776. Roscoe has erroneously assigned the letter to Jervas.

[2] He was a groom of the bedchamber to the Prince of Wales.

[3] As one of the lottery commissioners, an office which, in spite of all we have read about the neglect of poor Gay, he enjoyed from 1722 till 1731, even during the noise made by the Beggar's Opera.—CROKER.

[4] Swift on Sept. 3, 1724, announced to Lord Carteret that Berkeley had just gone over from Ireland to England to press forward his scheme, and he showed Swift the Proposal in manuscript before he started.

14.[1] GAY TO POPE.

Thursday, 10 *at night.* [1725.]

DEAR SIR,—I can neglect no opportunity that can give you satisfaction or pleasure. I this instant came from Dr. Arbuthnot, and I hope I found him relieved from all the danger of his distemper.[2] About an hour or two ago, he ——, and is quite free from pain. He is weak, and very much reduced, but Amiens, whom I found with him, thinks him out of danger. I shall dine at Petersham[3] on Sunday, and intend to see Mrs. Howard. From Petersham we set out for Wiltshire on Monday. Pray give my sincere service to Mrs. Pope and Mrs. Blount. I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately.

15. POPE TO GAY.

TWICKENHAM, *Oct.* 16, 1727.

DEAR SIR,—I have many years ago magnified in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth beatitude, added to the eighth in the Scripture: "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed." I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy dismission from all court dependance.[4] I dare say I shall find you the better and the

[1] From the Homer MSS.

[2] Pope writes to Swift Sept. 14, 1725, "Dr. Arbuthnot is at this time ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels, which is broke." In a letter to Swift Oct. 17, 1725, Arbuthnot says that it was "a most unusual disorder," but adds, "There have been several of them, occasioned, as I reckon, by the cold and wet season; people have told me of new impostures, as they called them, every day."

[3] With the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, and from thence he was to go with them to Amesbury.

[4] The whigs, on the accession of George I., did not care to promote a small poet who belonged to the Oxford and Bolingbroke clique. His chief hope was in the Princess of Wales, whose little power became less after the quarrel with the king in Nov. 1717, and the wonder is that Gay should have got from Walpole, in 1722, an office which was almost a sinecure, and worth 150*l.* a year. In 1726 he published his Fables, which were addressed to the young Prince William, and, as Swift asserts, the Princess of Wales promised Gay to provide for him, which Johnson says

honester man for it many years hence; very probably the healthfuller and the cheerfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many cursed ceremonies, as well as of many ill and vicious habits, of which few or no men escape the infection, who are hackneyed and trammelled in the ways of a court. Princes indeed, and peers (the lackeys of princes), and ladies (the fools of peers), will smile on you the less; but men of worth, and real friends, will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which kings and queens cannot give you—for they have it not to give—liberty, which is worth all they have, and which, as yet, I hope Englishmen need not ask from their hands. You will enjoy that, and your own integrity, and the satisfactory consciousness of having not merited such graces from courts as are bestowed only on the means servile, flattering, interested, and undeserving. The only step to the favour of the great are such complacencies, such compliances, such distant decorums, as delude them in their vanities, or engage them in their passions. He is their greatest favourite who is the falsest;[1] and when a man by such vile gradations arrives at the height of grandeur and power, he is then at best but in a circumstance to be hated, and in a condition to be hanged, for serving their ends. So many a minister has found it!

I believe you did not want advice in the letter you sent by my Lord Grantham.[2] I presume you writ it not, without: and

harshly he "doubtless magnified with all the wild expectations of indigence and vanity." In June 1727 the princess became queen, and her power to promote him following close upon the promise, would help to confirm his most sanguine anticipations. Having settled in his mind that he was secure of a certain grade of preferment, he thought it an insult to be offered the post of gentleman usher to the Princess Louisa, and his refusal to accept it was the occasion of Pope's congratulatory letter.

[1] Dr. Warton observes, "This satire against the great is carried to excess." The representation is surely very unlike the English character, and betrays equally the spleen and ignorance of the author.—BOWLES.

Was Pope's description true of all his great friends,—of Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Bathurst, Peterborough, Marchmont, etc.?—CROKER.

[2] When Gay announced to Swift that he had declined the post of gentleman usher, he added, "I have endeavoured, in the best manner I could, to make my excuses by a letter to her majesty." This was sent through Lord Grantham, in his capacity of lord chamberlain to the queen's household. He was the son of Auverquerque, the Dutch general of Wil-

you could not have better, if I guess right at the person who agreed to your doing it, in respect to any decency you ought to observe: for I take that person to be a perfect judge of decencies and forms. I am not without fears even on that person's account. I think it a bad omen.[1] But what have I to do with court omens? Dear Gay, adieu. I can only add a plain uncourtly speech,—while you are nobody's servant, you may be anyone's friend, and as such, I embrace you in all conditions of life. While I have a shilling, you shall have a sixpence, nay eightpence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am faithfully, your, &c.

16.[2] GAY TO POPE.

August 2, 1728.

IT was two or three weeks ago that I writ you a letter.[3] I might indeed have done it sooner; I thought of you every post-day upon that account, and every other day upon some account or other. I must beg you to give Mrs. Blount my sincere thanks for her kind way of thinking of me, which I have heard of more than once from our friend at court,[4] who seemed, in the letter she writ, to be in high health and spirits. Considering the multiplicity of pleasures and delights that one is overrun with in those places, I wonder how anybody has health and spirits enough to support them. I am heartily glad

liam 3, and was himself so much of a foreigner that he talked broken English. Lord Hervey represents him to have been one of the dullest of men.

[1] The "person" was Mrs. Howard, and Pope thought that the slight preferment allotted to her friend boded no good to herself. He imagined she had lost the influence which it afterwards appeared she had never possessed.

[2] First published in the quarto of 1737.

[3] Gay went to Bath early in May, 1728, with Congreve, and Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, and remained there five or six months. He was now in the zenith of his reputation. He had produced his Fables in 1726, which of all his works have been the most read, and have the merit of easy versification, but have not much ingenuity or point in the details. His Beggar's Opera was acted Jan. 29, 1728, and though its literary excellence is not transcendant, it delighted by the liveliness of the airs and songs, the gaiety and sentimentalism of its Newgate heroes and heroines, and its satire on ministers and politicians.

[4] Mrs. Howard.

she has, and whenever I hear so, I find it contributes to mine. You see I am not free from dependance, though I have less attendance than I had formerly; for a great deal of my own welfare still depends upon hers. Is the widow's house to be disposed of yet? I have not given up my pretensions to the dean. If it was to be parted with, I wish one of us had it. I hope you wish so too, and that Mrs. Blount and Mrs. Howard wish the same, and for the very same reason that I wish it.[1] All I could hear of you of late has been by advertisements in newspapers, by which one would think the race of Curlls was multiplied;[2] and by the indignation such fellows show against you, that you have more merit than anybody alive could have. Homer himself has not been worse used by the French. I am to tell you that the duchess[3] makes you her compliments, and is always inclined to like anything you do; that Mr. Congreve admires, with me, your fortitude, and loves, not envies, your performances, for we are not dunces. Adieu.

17. POPE TO GAY.

[*Dec.* 1728, or *Jan.* 1729.[4]]

DEAR GAY,—No words can tell you the great concern I feel for you. I assure you it was not, and is not lessened by the

[1] That they might share each other's society. Gay again alludes to the villa in a letter to Mrs. Howard, May 9, 1730: "As soon as you are settled at Marble Hill I beg you will take the widow's house for me." Mr. Croker conjectures that "the widow was Mrs. Vernon, who seems to have had considerable property in that neighbourhood."

[2] Gay wrote to Swift, July 6, 1728, "Mr. Pope is in a state of persecution for the Dunciad. I wish to be witness of his fortitude, but he writes but seldom." The "advertisements" were the announcement of retaliatory pamphlets.

[3] The Duchess Henrietta.

[4] This undated letter, written when Gay was alarmingly ill at Hampstead, and Pope's mother at Twickenham, belongs to the end of 1728, or the beginning of 1729. "My poor mother," Pope wrote to Lord Oxford, Jan. 6, 1729, "continues in a most uncertain, dangerous way. There is no possibility of quitting her for a day, or else I had been with my poor friend Gay. God preserve him. If he dies he will not leave an honester heart behind him in this kingdom." Gay was still in London on Dec. 2, 1728, and he wrote on March 18, 1729, to Swift, "I am now in the Duke of Queensberry's house, and have been so ever since I left Hamp-

immediate apprehension I have now every day lain under of losing my mother. Be assured, no duty less than that should have kept me one day from attending your condition. I would come and take a room by you at Hampstead, to be with you daily, were she not still in danger of death. I have constantly had particular accounts of you from the doctor,[1] which have not ceased to alarm me yet. God preserve your life, and restore your health! I really beg it for my own sake, for I feel I love you more than I thought in health, though I always loved you a great deal. If I am so unfortunate as to bury my poor mother, and yet have the good fortune to have my prayers heard for you, I hope we may live most of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the air of a better clime, as the southern part of France, may be thought useful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the dean with us, who is in that abandoned state already in which I shall shortly be, as to other cares and duties.[2] Dear Gay, be as cheerful as your sufferings will permit: God is a better friend than a court:[3] even any honest man is a better. I promise you my entire friendship in all events, heartily praying for your recovery. Your, &c.

Do not write, if you are ever so able. The doctor tells me all.

18. POPE TO GAY.

[*Jan.* 1729.]

DEAR SIR,—I faithfully assure you, in the midst of that melancholy with which I have been so long encompassed, in

stead, where I was carried at a time that it was thought I could not live a day." The concurrence of these, and other events, determines conclusively the occasion on which the letter was written.

[1] "John Gay, I may say with vanity," wrote Arbuthnot to Swift, March 19, 1729, "owes his life, under God, to the unwearied endeavours and care of your humble servant; for a physician who had not been passionately his friend could not have saved him."

[2] The dean in an "abandoned state already" by the death of Stella, Jan. 27, 1728, and Pope to be "shortly" by the anticipated death of his mother. Swift had resolved upon a journey to France in Sept. 1727, and it was probable that the company of his friends would have induced him to revive the project.

[3] It is manifest from this expres-

an hourly expectation almost of my mother's death, there was no circumstance that rendered it more insupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present escape from so imminent danger I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor mother's can be; whose life at her age can at best be but a short reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear even that is more than God will please to grant me; for these two days past her most dangerous symptoms are returned upon her;[1] and, unless there be a sudden change, I must in a few days, if not in a few hours, be deprived of her. In the afflicting prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the view now given me—Heaven grant it may increase—of your recovery. In the sincerity of my heart, I am excessively concerned, not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt I very gratefully remember I owe you on a like sad occasion, when you were here comforting me in her last great illness. May your health augment as fast as, I fear it pleases God hers must decline![2] I believe that would be very fast. May the life that is added to you be passed in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourself, than from any expectations or trust in others!

sion that Gay's illness was believed to have been produced by his mortification at losing the favour of the court. He was just recovering from a "severe attack of fever" at the commencement of Dec. 1728, and the prohibition of Polly on Dec. 12, may have brought on the relapse.

[1] "She was two days seemingly mending, now as ill again as ever," Pope said to Lord Oxford, Jan. 6, 1729, and on Jan. 21 he wrote that she was "lying in so languishing a condition that she was in daily danger of going away at once."

[2] What a relief to the mind is a letter like this, sincere, unaffected, and apparently from the heart.—BOWLES.

"Gay," says Johnson, "was the general favourite of the whole association of wits; but they regarded him as a playfellow rather than a partner, and treated him with more fondness than respect." His want of fortitude and sturdiness interfered with the respect, and his unassuming, gentle, pliant disposition attracted the fondness. "I have not, and fear never shall have, a will of my own," he wrote to Mrs. Howard Aug. 1723, and in the Fable of the Hare he says, "he complied with everything, and that his care was never to offend." With this lack of masculine independence, he was nevertheless honest in his friendships, and straightforward in his language. The stain on his character is the tone of libertinism which runs through most of his works, and which could only have proceeded from a man of dissolute principles.

May you and I live together, without wishing more felicity or acquisitions than friendship can give and receive without obligations to greatness! God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth the surviving my mother! Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me, while you live and while I live, your, &c.

As I told you in my last letter, I repeat it in this; do not think of writing to me. The doctor, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Blount, give me daily accounts of you.

19. POPE TO GAY.

SUNDAY NIGHT, [*Jan.* 1729.]

I TRULY rejoiced to see your hand-writing, though I feared the trouble it might give you. I wish I had not known that you are still so excessively weak. Every day for a week past I had hopes of being able in a day or two more to see you. But my mother advances not at all, gains no strength, and seems but upon the whole to wait for the next cold day to throw her into a diarrhœa, that must, if it return, carry her off. This being greatly to be feared, makes me not dare to go a day from her, lest that should prove to be her last. God send you a speedy recovery, and such a total one as, at your time of life, may be expected. You need not call the few words I writ to you, either kind or good. That was, and is nothing. But whatever I have in my nature of kindness, I really have for you, and whatever good I could do, I would, among the very first, be glad to do to you. In your circumstance the old Roman farewell is proper, *Vive memor nostri.* Your, &c.

I send you a very kind letter of Mr. Digby,[1] between whom and me two letters have passed concerning you.

[1] Pope's friend Robert Digby died in 1726, and either the letter was from another member of the family, or, what is more probable, Pope attached to the present letter a postscript which did not belong to it.

20. POPE TO GAY.

[*Jan.* 1729.]

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to hear of the progress of your recovery, and the oftener I hear it, the better, when it becomes easy to you to give it me. I so well remember the consolation you were to me in my mother's former illness, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I lost her, I would have been no where else but with you during your confinement. I have now passed five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely stretch their kindness so far as ten miles. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten to visit me: the rest, except Mrs. Blount once, were contented to send messages. I never passed so melancholy a time, and now Mr. Congreve's death[1] touches me nearly. It is twenty years and more that I have known him. Every year carries away something dear with it, till we outlive all tendernesses, and become wretched individuals again as we begun. Adieu. This is my birth-day, and this is my reflection upon it:

> With added days if life give nothing new,
> But, like a sieve, let every pleasure through;
> Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
> And all we gain, some sad reflection more!
> Is this a birth-day?—'Tis alas! too clear,
> 'Tis but the funeral of the former year.[2]

I am, yours, &c.

[1] Congreve died Jan. 19, 1729. "It was to me sudden," Pope wrote to Lord Oxford, Jan. 21, "and struck me through. You know the value I bore him, and a long twenty years' friendship." They had always been upon cordial terms, but Congreve did not at any period belong to Pope's inner circle, and it was a mystery why Pope should have dedicated the Iliad to him until Lord Macaulay gave the explanation. Whigs and tories had vied in their patronage of the translation, and to avoid offence to either party it was necessary "to find some person who was at once eminent and neutral." Congreve united the requisites. He was distinguished in letters, his social position was high, and he was countenanced and courted by the politicians on both sides.

[2] Pope's birth-day was May 21, and the lines were transferred from a letter of a different date and year. They were written not later than 1724.

21.[1] GAY TO POPE.

[*Feb.* or *March,*

DEAR MR. POPE,—My melancholy increases, and every hour threatens me with some return of my distemper, nay, I think I may rather say I have it on me. Not the divine looks, the kind favours, and expressions of the divine duchess, who hereafter shall be in place of a queen to me,—nay, she shall be my queen—nor the inexpressible goodness of the duke, can in the least cheer me.[2] The drawing-room[3] no more receives light from those two stars. There is now what Milton says is in hell,—darkness visible. Oh, that I had never known what a court was! Dear Pope, what a barren soil (to me so) have I been striving to produce something out of. Why did I not take your advice before my writing fables for the duke, not to write them? or rather to write them for some young nobleman? It is my very hard fate I must get nothing write for them, or against them.[4] I find myself in such a strange confusion and depression of spirits that I have not strength even to make my will, though I perceive by many warnings I have no continuing city here. I begin to look upon myself as one already dead, and desire, my dear Mr. Pope, whom I love as my own soul, if you survive me, as you certainly will, that you will, if a stone should mark the place of my grave, see these words put upon it:

> Life is a jest, and all things show it,
> I thought so once, but now I know it,

with what more you may think proper. If anybody should

[1] This letter appears in Ayre's Life of Pope, and its authenticity must remain doubtful until some better authority can be found for it.

[2] "I must acquaint you," Gay wrote to Swift on March 18, "that during my sickness I had many of the kindest proofs of friendship, particularly from the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who, if I had been their nearest relation, and nearest friend, could not have treated me with more constant attendance then, and they continue the same to me now." Further on Gay tells Swift that he is in "good spirits," which does not contradict the supposition that he may have been cast down at an earlier stage of his recovery from a depressing disease.

[3] The queen's drawing-room. The duchess received the prohibition to frequent it at the close of Feb. 1729.

[4] "Against them" in the Beggar's Opera.

ask how I could communicate this after death, let it be known, it is not meant so, but my present sentiment in life. What the bearer brings besides this letter, should I die without a will, which I am the likelier to do, as the law will settle my small estate much as I should do myself, let it remain with you, as it has long done with me, the remembrance of a dead friend,[1] but there is none like you, living or dead. I am, dear Mr. Pope, yours, &c.

22. POPE TO GAY.

Twickenham, July 21, [1730].

DEAR GAY,—You have the same share in my memory that good things generally have. I always know, whenever I reflect, that you should be in my mind, only I reflect too seldom. However, you ought to allow me the indulgence I allow all my friends (and if I did not, they would take it) in consideration that they have other avocations, which may prevent the proofs of their remembering me, though they preserve for me all the friendship and goodwill which I deserve from them. In like manner I expect from you, that my past life of twenty years may be set against the omission of perhaps one month; and if you complain of this to any other, it is you are in the spleen, and not I in the wrong. If you think this letter splenetic, consider I have just received the news of the death of a friend, whom I esteemed almost as many years as you,—poor Fenton. He died at Easthampstead, of indolence and inactivity;[2] let it not be your fate, but use exercise. I hope the duchess will take care of you in this respect, and either make you gallop after her, or tease you

[1] The dear friend was probably Parnell, a benefactor to Gay, and the especial intimate of him and Pope.

[2] On July 13, 1730. Lord Orrery, who was his pupil, says "he died of a great chair, and two bottles of port a day," and Johnson mentions that a woman, who once waited on him in a lodging, told him that he would lie a-bed, and be fed with a spoon." In other respects he had the good word of all who knew him. "He was," says Lord Orrery, "one of the worthiest, and modestest men that ever belonged to the court of Apollo. Tears arise when I think of him, though he has been dead above twenty years."

enough at home to serve instead of exercise abroad. Mrs. Howard is so concerned about you, and so angry at me for not writing to you, and at Mrs. Blount for not doing the same, that I am piqued with jealousy and envy at you, and hate you as much as if you had a great place at court, which you will confess a proper cause of envy and hatred, in any poet militant or unpensioned. But to set matters even, I own I love you; and own I am, as I ever was, and just as I ever shall be, yours, &c.

23. POPE TO GAY.

Aug. 18, 1730.

DEAR GAY,—If my friendship were as effectual as it is sincere, you would be one of those people who would be vastly advantaged and enriched by it. I ever honoured those popes who were most famous for nepotism. It is a sign that the old fellows loved somebody, which is not usual in such advanced years. And I now honour Sir Robert Walpole for his extensive bounty and goodness to his private friends and relations. But it vexes me to the heart when I reflect, that my friendship is so much less effectual than theirs; nay, so utterly useless, that it cannot give you anything, not even a dinner at this distance, nor help the general,[1] whom I greatly love, to catch one fish. My only consolation is, to think you happier than myself, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating you—an excellent remedy for love. How comes it that Providence has been so unkind to me, (who am a greater object of compassion than any fat man alive,) that I am forced to drink wine, while you riot in water, prepared with oranges by the hand of the Duchess of Queensberry? that I am condemned to live by a highway side, like an old patriarch receiving all guests, where my portico, as Virgil has it,

Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,

while you are rapt into the Idalian Groves, sprinkled with rose-water, and live in burrage, balm, and burnet, up to the

[1] General Dormer, who was staying at Amesbury.

chin, with the Duchess of Queensberry? that I am doomed to the drudgery of dining at court with the ladies in waiting at Windsor,[1] while you are happily banished with the Duchess of Queensberry? So partial is fortune in her dispensations! for I deserved ten times more to be banished than you, and I know some ladies who merit it better than even her grace. After this I must not name any, who dare do so much for you as to send you their services. But one there is who exhorts me often to write to you,[2] I suppose, to prevent or excuse her not doing it herself. She seems,—for that is all I will say for a courtier,—to wish you mighty well. Another, who is no courtier, frequently mentions you,[3] and does certainly wish you well. I fancy, after all, they both do so.

I writ to Mr. Fortescue, and told him the pains you took to see him. Dr. A[rbuthnot] for all that I know may yet remember you and me, but I never hear of it. The dean is well. I have had many accounts of him from Irish evidence, but only two letters these four months, in both which you are mentioned kindly. He is in the north of Ireland, doing I know not what, with I know not whom. Cleland always speaks of you. He is at Tunbridge, wondering at the superior carnivoracity of the doctor.[4] He plays now with the old Duchess of M[arlborough],[5] nay, dines with her, after she has won all his money. Other news I know not, but that Counsellor Bickford[6] has hurt himself, and has the strongest

[1] He was taken to Windsor by Lord Burlington. He saw nothing of royalty, which, perhaps, was one of the reasons why the visit was not agreeable to him.

[2] Mrs. Howard.

[3] Martha Blount.

[4] Bolingbroke, writing to Lord Bathurst, Nov. 19, 1728, mentions that Arbuthnot had been dining with him, and adds, "He is gone to take care of a brother glutton who is dying, and whose recovery, if by chance he does recover, will kill his physician by the confidence it will give him." "Our friend the doctor," wrote Barber to Swift, April 22, 1735, "I am afraid did not take the care he ought to have done. I am told he was a great epicure, and denied himself nothing." His friend and admirer Lord Chesterfield, bears witness to his infirmity. "He indulged his palate to excess, I might have said to gluttony, which gave him a gross plethoric habit of body, that was the cause of his death."

[5] This part of the letter is omitted in the quarto of 1737, and in the octavos the reading is simply "the old duchess," without the initial.

[6] He was a commissioner of bankruptcy, and died June 7, 1732. — CROKER.

walking staff I ever saw. He intends speedily to make you a visit with it at Amesbury. I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Duchess's, Mr. Dormer's, General Dormer's, and yours, &c.

POPE TO GAY.

24 Sept. 21. 1731.

DEAR SIR,—I may with great truth return your speech, that I think of you daily,—oftener indeed than is consistent with the character of a reasonable man, who is rather to make himself easy with the things and men that are about him, than uneasy for those which he wants.[1] And you, whose absence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembered as a good man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here to be laid up in a more blessed state, with spirits of a higher kind. Such I reckon his grace and her grace, since their banishment from an earthly court to a heavenly one, in each other and their friends; for, I conclude, none but true friends will consort or associate with them afterwards. I cannot but look upon myself (so unworthy as a man of Twit'nam seem to be ranked with such rectified and sublimated beings as you) as a separated spirit too from courts and courtly fopperies; but, I own, not altogether so divested of terrene matter, not altogether so spiritualized, as to be worthy of admission to your depths of retirement and contentment. I am tugged back to the world and its regards too often; and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten miles from the capital. I am within ear-shot of reports, within the vortex of lies and censures. I hear sometimes of the lampooners of beauty, the calumniators of virtue, the jokers at reason and religion. I presume these are creatures and things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty orb are to the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter, except a few fervent prayers reach you on the wings of the post, from two or three of your zealous votaries at this

[1] It may be observed that Pope hardly ever says a common thing without a sort of Seneca reflection. This is bad taste, and leaves also a suspicion as to the truth of the thing said.—BOWLES.

distance; as one Mrs. Howard, who lifts up her heart now and then to you from the midst of the colluvies and sink of human greatness at W[indso]r; one Mrs. B[lount] that fancies you may remember her while you lived in your mortal and too transitory state at Petersham; one Lord B[olingbroke], who admired the duchess before she grew quite a goddess; and a few others.

To descend now to tell you what are our wants, our complaints, and our miseries here, I must seriously say, the loss of any one good woman is too great to be borne easily, and poor Mrs. Rollinson,[1] though a private woman, was such. Her husband is gone into Oxfordshire very melancholy, and thence to the Bath, to live on, for such is our fate and duty.[2] Adieu. Write to me as often as you will, and, to encourage you, I will write as seldom as if you did not. Believe me, your, &c.

25. POPE TO GAY.

Oct. 1, 1730.

DEAR SIR,—I am something like the sun at this season, withdrawing from the world, but meaning it mighty well, and resolving to shine whenever I can again. But I fear the clouds of a long winter will overcome me to such a degree, that anybody will take a farthing candle for a better guide, and more serviceable company. My friends may remember my brighter days, but will think, like the Irishman, that the moon is a better thing when once I am gone. I do not say this with any allusion to my poetical capacity as a son of Apollo, but in my companionable one, (if you will suffer me to use a phrase of the Earl of Clarendon's,) for I shall see or be seen of few of you this winter. I am grown too faint to do any good, or to give any pleasure. I not only, as Dryden finely

[1] The wife of the wine merchant who was the friend of Swift, Pope, and Bolingbroke.

[2] The celebrated James Watt, who had tasted the bitterness of grief for the loss of a wife, said admirably, "Our duty to the departed has come to a period, but our duty to our living family, to ourselves, and to the world, still subsists, and the sooner we can bring ourselves to attend to it the more meritorious."

says, feel my notes decay as a poet, but feel my spirits flag as a companion, and shall return again to where I first began,—my books. I have been putting my library in order, and enlarging the chimney in it, with equal intention to warm my mind and body, if I can, to some life. A friend—a woman friend, God help me!—with whom I have spent three or four hours a day these fifteen years,[1] advised me to pass more time in my studies. I reflected, she must have found some reason for this admonition, and concluded she would complete all her kindnesses to me by returning me to the employment I am fittest for,—conversation with the dead, the old, and the worm-eaten. Judge therefore if I might not treat you as a beatified spirit, comparing your life with my stupid state; for as to my living at Windsor with the ladies, &c., it is all a dream. I was there but two nights, and all the day out of that company. I shall certainly make as little court to others as they do to me; and that will be none at all. My fair-weather friends of the summer[2] are going away for London, and I shall see them and the butterflies together, if I live till next year; which I would not desire to do, if it were only for their sakes. But we that are writers, ought to love posterity, that posterity may love us; and I would willingly live to see the children of the present race, merely in hope they may be a little wiser than their parents. I am, &c.

26.[3] POPE TO GAY.

Oct. 1730.

IT is true that I write to you very seldom, and have no pretence of writing which satisfies me, because I have nothing to say that can give you much pleasure,—only merely that I am in being, which in truth is of little consequence to one from whose conversation I am cut off by such accidents or engagements as separate us. I continue, and ever shall, to

[1] Martha Blount.—CROKER.

[2] I suppose the inhabitants of the neighbouring villas at Twickenham.—CROKER.

[3] First published in the quarto, 1737.

wish you all good and happiness. I wish that some lucky event might set you in a state of ease and independency all at once, and that I might live to see you as happy as this silly world and fortune can make any one. Are we never to live together more, as once we did? I find my life ebbing apace, and my affections strengthening as my age increases; not that I am worse, but better, in my health than last winter; but my mind finds no amendment nor improvement, nor support to lean upon, from those about me: and so I feel myself leaving the world, as fast as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, friends few, and those too warm in the concerns of the world, for me to keep pace with; or else so divided from me, that they are but like the dead whose remembrance I hold in honour. Nature, temper, and habit from my youth made me have but one strong desire. All other ambitions, my person, education, constitution, religion, &c. conspired to remove far from me. That desire was, to fix and preserve a few lasting dependable friendships; and the accidents which have disappointed me in it, have put a period to all my aims. So I am sunk into an idleness, which makes me neither care nor labour to be noticed by the rest of mankind. I propose no rewards to myself, and why should I take any sort of pains? Here I sit and sleep, and probably here I shall sleep till I sleep for ever, like the old man of Verona. I hear of what passes in the busy world with so little attention, that I forget it the next day; and as to the learned world, there is nothing passed in it. I have no more to add, but that I am, with the same truth as ever, yours, &c.

27.[1] POPE TO GAY.

October 23, 1730.

Your letter is a very kind one,[2] but I cannot say so pleasing to me as many of yours have been, through the account you

[1] First published in the quarto of 1737.

[2] In all this correspondence with Gay, there appears to be a vein of more natural sentiments, and easy unaffected language, than in most of his other letters.—Warton.

This is certainly true of the earlier

give of the dejection of your spirits. I wish the too constant use of water does not contribute to it; I find Dr. Arbuthnot and another very knowing physician of that opinion. I also wish you were not so totally immersed in the country. I hope your return to town will be a prevalent remedy against the evil of too much recollection. I wish it partly for my own sake. We have lived little together of late, and we want to be physicians to one another. It was a remedy that agreed very well with us both, for many years, and I fancy our constitutions would mend upon the old medicine of *studiorum similitudo*, &c. I believe we both of us want whetting. There are several here who will do you that good office, merely for the love of wit, which seems to be bidding the town a long and last adieu. I can tell you of no one thing worth reading or seeing. The whole age seems resolved to justify the Dunciad, and it may stand for a public epitaph or monumental inscription like that at Thermopylæ, on a *whole people perished!* There may indeed be a wooden image or two of poetry set up, to preserve the memory that there once were bards in Britain; and, like the giants in Guildhall, show the bulk and bad taste of our ancestors. At present the poor laureat[1] and Stephen Duck serve for this purpose; a drunken sot of a *parson* holds forth the emblem of *inspiration*, and an honest industrious *thresher* not unaptly represents *pains* and *labour*. I hope this phenomenon of Wiltshire has appeared at Amesbury, or the duchess will be thought insensible to all bright qualities and exalted geniuses, in court and country alike. But he is a harmless man, and therefore I am glad.[2]

letters; but all of them are not so.—BOWLES.

Bowles thought that the letters to Gay in his illness, and which belong to the year 1729, had been written in 1722.

[1] Pope speaks of the "drunken sot of a parson" as being poet laureate at the date of this letter, whereas Eusden died nearly a month before, Sept. 27, 1730.

[2] The queen thought Duck's poetry excellent, and sent the manuscript to Mr. Pope for his judgment, having first required his word of honour that he would not unstitch the two first leaves, which she had sewed down to conceal the name of the author. He soon discovered the condition of the poet by the quality of the poetry, and told the lady who brought it to him, that he supposed most villages could supply verses of the same force. But being told who the writer was, and receiving a fair character of his modesty and innocence, he generously

This is all the news talked of at court, but it will please you better to hear that Mrs. Howard talks of you, though not in the same breath with the thresher, as they do of me. By the way, have you seen or conversed with Mr. Chubb, who is a wonderful phenomenon of Wiltshire? I have read through his whole volume with admiration of the writer, though not always with approbation of the doctrine.[1] I have passed just three days in London in four months, two at Windsor, half an one at Richmond, and have not taken one excursion into any other country. Judge now whether I can live in my library. Adieu. Live mindful of one of your first friends, who will be so to the last. Mrs. Blount deserves your remembrance, for she never forgets you, and wants nothing of being a friend.

I beg the duke's and her grace's acceptance of my services. The contentment you express in their company pleases me, though it be the bar to my own, in dividing you from us. I am very truly your, &c.

28. CLELAND TO GAY.[2]

Dec. 16, 1731.

I AM astonished at the complaints occasioned by a late Epistle to the Earl of Burlington, and I should be afflicted were there the least just ground for them. Had the writer attacked vice at a time when it is not only tolerated but

did all he could to establish him at court, and had the condescension and humility frequently to call on him at Richmond.—WARBURTON.

[1] A quarto volume of tracts on questions of divinity, which he published in 1730. Chubb was brought up to the trade of a glover, and was chiefly self-educated. He had a talent for metaphysical theology, but never altogether conquered the disadvantage of his early training, for he was not an exact thinker, and his criticisms were often based upon ignorance. He was an arian when he first appeared before the world as an author, and seems in the end to have inclined to deism.

[2] This was written by the same hand that wrote the Letter to the Publisher, prefixed to the Dunciad, and what hand that was, no one who reads this collection of letters can be at a loss to ascertain.—WARBURTON.

The letter is the reply of Pope to the charge of having intended the character of Timon in the Epistle to Lord Burlington for the Duke of Chandos, and was originally published in the newspapers in Dec. 1731. Pope reprinted the letter in the P. T. volume of 1735, and in the octavos of 1737.

triumphant, and so far from being concealed as a defect, that it is proclaimed with ostentation as a merit, I should have been apprehensive of the consequence. Had he satirized gamesters of a hundred thousand pounds fortune, acquired by such methods as are in daily practice, and almost universally encouraged: had he over-warmly defended the religion of his country, against such books as come from every press, are publicly vended in every shop, and greedily bought by almost every rank of men; or had he called our excellent weekly writers by the same names which they openly bestow on the greatest men in the ministry, and out of the ministry, for which they are all unpunished, and most rewarded,—in any of these cases, indeed, I might have judged him too presumptuous, and perhaps have trembled for his rashness.

I could not but hope better from this small and modest Epistle, which attacks no one vice whatsoever; which deals only in folly, and not folly in general, but a single species of it,—that only branch, for the opposite excellency to which the noble lord to whom it is written must necessarily be celebrated. I fancied it might escape censure, especially seeing how tenderly these follies are treated, and really less accused than apologised for.

> Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed,
> Health to himself, and to his infants bread
> The labourer bears.

Is this such a crime, that to impute it to a man must be a grievous offence? It is an innocent folly, and much more beneficent than the want of it; for ill taste employs more hands, and diffuses expense more than a good one. Is it a moral defect? No, it is but a natural one, a want of taste. It is what the best good man living may be liable to. The worthiest peer may live exemplary in an ill-favoured house, and the best reputed citizen be pleased with a vile garden. I thought, I say, the author had the common liberty to observe a defect, and to compliment a friend for a quality that distinguishes him, which I know not how any quality should do, if we were not to remark that it was wanting in others.

But, they say, the satire is personal. I thought it could not be so, because all its reflections are on things. His

reflections are not on the man, but his house, garden, &c. Nay, he respects, as one may say, the persons of the Gladiator, amphitheatre, the Nile, and the Triton. He is only sorry to see them, as he might be to see any of his friends, ridiculous by being in the wrong place, and in bad company. Some fancy, that to say a thing is personal, is the same as to say it is unjust, not considering, that nothing can be just that is not personal. I am afraid that "all such writings and discourses as touch no man, will mend no man." The good-natured, indeed, are apt to be alarmed at anything like satire; and the guilty readily concur with the weak for a plain reason, because the vicious look upon folly as their frontier:

Jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon.

No wonder those who know ridicule belongs to them, find an inward consolation in removing it from themselves as far as they can; and it is never so far, as when they can get it fixed on the best characters. No wonder those who are food for satirists should rail at them as creatures of prey; every beast born for our use would be ready to call a man so. I know no remedy, unless people in our age would as little frequent the theatres as they begin to do the churches; unless comedy were forsaken, satire silent, and every man left to do what seems good in his own eyes, as if there were no king, no priest, no poet, in Israel.

But I find myself obliged to touch a point, on which I must be more serious; it well deserves I should. I mean the malicious application of the character of Timon, which, I will boldly say, they would impute to the person the most different in the world from a manhater, to the person whose taste and encouragement of wit have often been shown in the rightest place. The author of that Epistle must certainly think so, if he has the same opinion of his own merit as authors generally have: for he has been favoured[1] by this very person.

[1] In the later versions of the letter "favoured" was altered to "distinguished." Nearly the whole of Pope's tortuous defence is irrelevant. He admits that it would have been unbecoming in him to have designed the character of Timon for the Duke of Chandos, and he had simply to say whether the Duke of Chandos was meant or not.

Why, in God's name, must a portrait, apparently collected from twenty different men, be applied to one only?[1] Has it his eye? no, it is very unlike. Has it his nose or mouth? no, they are totally differing. What then, I beseech you? Why, it has the mole on his chin. Very well; but must the picture therefore be his, and has no other man that blemish? Could there be a more melancholy instance how much the taste of the public is vitiated, and turns the most salutary and seasonable physic into poison, than if, amidst the blaze of a thousand bright qualities in a great man, they should only remark there is a shadow about him, as what eminence is without? I am confident the author was incapable of imputing any such to one, whose whole life, to use his own expression in print of him, is a continued series of good and generous actions.

I know no man who would be more concerned, if he gave the least pain or offence to any innocent person; and none who would be less concerned, if the satire were challenged by anyone at whom he would really aim it. If ever that happens, I dare engage he will own it, with all the freedom of one whose censures are just, and who sets his name to them.

29.[2] POPE TO GAY.

Oct. 2, 1732.

SIR CLEM. COTTRELL tells me you will shortly come to town. We begin to want comfort in a few friends about us, while the winds whistle and the waters roar. The sun gives us a parting look, but it is but a cold one. We are ready to change those distant favours of a lofty beauty, for a gross material fire, that warms and comforts more. I wish you could be here till your family come to town. You will live more innocently, and kill fewer harmless creatures,[3] nay none,

[1] All this is equivocation. The Duke of Chandos's grounds and house were described so particularly that no one ever did and could mistake. — BOWLES.

[2] First published in the quarto of 1737.

[3] Gay said to Swift, Aug. 28, 1732, "I have this season shot nineteen brace of partridges," and he had no doubt communicated the same feat of sportsmanship to Pope.

except by your proper deputy, the butcher. It is fit, for conscience sake, that you should come to town, and that the duchess should stay in the country, where no innocents of another species may suffer by her. I hope she never goes to church: the duke should lock you both up, and less harm would be done. I advise you to make man your game, hunt and beat about here for coxcombs, and truss up rogues in satire. I fancy they will turn to a good account, if you can produce them fresh, or make them keep, and their relations will come, and buy their bodies of you.

The death of Wilks[1] leaves Cibber without a colleague, absolute and perpetual dictator of the stage, though indeed while he lived he was but as Bibulus to Cæsar. However, ambition finds something to be gratified with in a mere name, or else, God have mercy upon poor ambition! Here is a dead vacation at present, no politics at court, no trade in town, nothing stirring but poetry. Every man, and every boy, is writing verses on the royal hermitage:[2] I hear the queen is at a loss which to prefer; but for my own part I like none so well as Mr. Poyntz's[3] in Latin. You would oblige my Lady Suffolk if you tried your muse on this occasion.[4] I am sure I would do as much for the Duchess of Queensberry if she desired it.

[1] Wilks died Sept. 27, 1732. "If he was not," says Cibber, "the most correct or judicious, yet, take him for all in all, he was certainly the most diligent, most laborious, and most useful actor that I have seen upon the stage in fifty years."

[2] A building erected by Queen Caroline in the grounds at Richmond, and adorned with the busts of her favourite English philosophers.

[3] Stephen Poyntz was governor to the Duke of Cumberland. He married one of Lord Peterborough's nieces.

[4] This is but shabby advice considering the general tone of Pope's private correspondence, as well as his published satires, and seems peculiarly strange in the circumstances in which Gay himself and the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry on his account, stood with the queen. If it were not for the introduction of Lady Suffolk's name I should have thought Pope's advice sheer irony, and a hint for a libel on the court. The duchess and Gay were offended at the proposition.—CROKER.

Two years before Pope, in a letter to Gay, called Windsor "the colluvies and sink of human greatness," and his later language, in his satires, was not more in accordance with his present counsel to his friend. Either the "human greatness" at Windsor was not in the state of debasement Pope alleged, or complimentary verses to the queen would have been mean adulation in the hope of reward.

Several of your friends assure me it is expected from you. One should not bear in mind, all one's life, any little indignity one receives from a court, and therefore I am in hopes, neither her grace will hinder you, nor you decline it.

The volume of Miscellanies is just published,[1] which concludes all our fooleries of that kind. All your friends remember you, and, I assure you, no one more than yours, &c.

GAY TO POPE.

30.[2] *Oct.* 7, 1732.

I AM at last returned from my Somersetshire expedition,[3] but since my return I cannot so much boast of my health as before I went, for I am frequently out of order with my colical complaints, so as to make me uneasy and dispirited, though not to any violent degree. The reception we met with, and the little excursions we made, were every way agreeable. I think the country abounds with beautiful prospects. Sir William Wyndham is at present amusing himself with some real improvements, and a great many visionary castles. We are often entertained with sea-views, and sea-fish, and were at some places in the neighbourhood, among which I was mightily pleased with Dunster Castle, near Minehead. It stands upon a great eminence, and has a prospect of that town, with an extensive view of the Bristol Channel, in which are seen two small islands, called the Steep Holms and Flat Holms, and on the other side we could plainly distinguish the divisions of fields on the Welsh coast. All this journey I performed on horseback, and I am very much disappointed that at present I feel myself so little the better for it. I have indeed followed riding and exercise for three months successively, and really think I was as well without it: so that I begin to fear the illness I have so long and so often complained of, is inherent in my constitution, and that I have nothing for it but patience.[4]

[1] Swift and Pope's Miscellanies, vol. 4.—POPE.

[2] First published in the quarto of 1737.

[3] To Orchard Wyndham, the seat of Sir William Wyndham.—BOWLES.

[4] Mr. Gay died the November [December] following at the Duke of

As to your advice about writing panegyric, it is what I have not frequently done. I have indeed done it sometimes against my judgment and inclination, and I heartily repent of it. And at present, as I have no desire of reward, and see no just reason of praise, I think I had better let it alone. There are flatterers good enough to be found, and I would not interfere in any gentleman's profession. I have seen no verses on these sublime occasions, so that I have no emulation. Let the patrons enjoy the authors, and the authors their patrons, for I know myself unworthy. I am, &c.

Queensberry's house in London, aged 46 [44] years.—POPE.

After the success of the Beggar's Opera Gay produced three more operas, — Polly, Acis and Galatea, and Achilles; he renovated his early comedy, The Wife of Bath, wrote a new comedy, The Distressed Wife, and composed a second set of Fables. He was in the prime of life, he was without pecuniary care, he had no other occupation to distract his thoughts, and it seemed, from his circumstances, as if his latest works should have been his best. They were without exception worthless. Nothing he attempted subsequently to the Beggar's Opera displayed any spirit, and it seems probable that first his mortification, at being cast off by the court, and next the severity of his illness in 1728 and 1729, had affected his mental energies in undermining his health.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND PARNELL.

FROM 1714 TO 1717.

1.[1] POPE TO PARNELL.

Binfield, near Oakingham, Tuesday, [1714[2]].

DEAR SIR,—I believe the hurry you were in hindered your giving me a word by the last post, so that I am yet to learn whether you got well to town, or continue so there. I very much fear both for your health and your quiet; and no man living can be more truly concerned in anything that touches either, than myself. I would comfort myself, however, with hoping that your business may not be unsuccessful, for your sake; and that, at least, it may soon be put into other proper hands. For my own, I beg earnestly of you to return to us as soon as possible. You know how very much I want you, and that however your business may depend upon any other, my business depends entirely upon you, and yet still I hope you will find your man, even though I lose you the mean while. At this time the more I love you, the more I can spare you, which alone will, I dare say, be a reason to you, to let me have you back the sooner.[3] The minute I lost you, Eustathius with nine hundred pages, and nine thousand con-

[1] Published by Goldsmith in his Life of Parnell.

[2] The service to Swift and Gay at the end of this letter shows that it could not have been written later than June, when Swift left town for Letcombe, and Gay for Hanover. The probable date is between May 4, 1714, when Parnell was with Pope at Binfield, and June 5, when they were both present at a meeting of the Scriblerus Club in London.

[3] He may mean that he was too much occupied with the Homer to have leisure for friendly society, which was yet a reason for Parnell's speedy return, because his help was essential.

tractions of the Greek character, arose to my view! Spondanus, with all his auxiliaries, in number a thousand pages, (value three shillings,) and Dacier's three volumes, Barnes's two, Valterie's three, Cuperus, half in Greek, Leo Allatius, three parts in Greek, Scaliger, Macrobius, and (worse than them all) Aulus Gellius! All these rushed upon my soul at once, and whelmed me under a fit of the headache. I cursed them all religiously, damned my best friends among the rest, and even blasphemed Homer himself. Dear Sir, not only as you are a friend, and a good-natured man, but as you are a christian and a divine, come back speedily, and prevent the increase of my sins; for at the rate I have begun to rave, I shall not only damn all the poets and commentators who have gone before me, but be damned myself by all who come after me. To be serious, you have not only left me to the last degree impatient for your return, who at all times should have been so, (though never so much as since I knew you in best health here) but you have wrought several miracles upon our family; you have made old people fond of a young and gay person, and inveterate papists of a clergyman of the church of England: even nurse[1] herself is in danger of being in love in her old age, and for all I know) would even marry Dennis[2] for your sake because he is your man, and loves his master. In short, come down forthwith, or give me good reasons for delaying, though but for a day or two, by the next post. If I find them just, I will come up to you, though you know how precious my time is at present; my hours were never worth so much money before; but perhaps you are not sensible of this, who give away your own works. You are a generous author,[3] I a hackney scribbler; you are a Grecian, and bred at a university, I, a poor Englishman of my own educating; you are a reverend parson, I, a wag; in short, you are Dr. Parnelle

[1] Pope's nurse, Mary Beach. — CROKER.

[2] No doubt an Irish servant of Parnell's. — CROKER.

[3] He made Pope a present of the Essay on the Life and Writings of Homer prefixed to the translation of the Iliad. Parnell was a man of private fortune, and had considerable landed property in Ireland, and at Congleton in Cheshire. He lived expensively, and sometimes beyond his means.

(with an E at the end of your name[1]) and I, your most obliged and affectionate friend, and faithful servant.

My hearty service to the Dean, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Ford, and the true genuine shepherd, J. Gay of Devon. I expect him down with you.

2.[2] POPE AND GAY TO PARNELL.

POPE.

LONDON, *March* 18, [1715].

DEAR SIR,—I must own I have long owed you a letter, but you must own you have owed me one a good deal longer. Besides, I have but two people in the whole kingdom of Ireland to take care of,—the dean and you, but you have several who complain of your neglect in England. Mr. Gay complains, Mr. Harcourt complains, Mr. Jervas complains, Dr. Arbuthnot complains, my lord[3] complains; I complain. (Take notice of this figure of iteration, when you make your next sermon.) Some say, you are in deep discontent at the new turn of affairs;[4] others, that you are so much in the arch-

[1] His name was always spelled without the e, except by Pope. — CROKER.

[2] Published by Goldsmith.

[3] Bolingbroke.—BOWLES.

Parnell had been recommended to him by Swift, who has this entry in his Journal to Stella, Dec. 22, 1712: "I gave Lord Bolingbroke a poem of Parnell's. I made Parnell insert some compliments in it to his lordship. He is extremely pleased with it, and read some parts of it to-day to lord treasurer, who liked it as much. And, indeed, he out does all our poets here a bar's length." The verses, Mr. Cunningham says, were published in March, 1713, and have for their title, An Essay on the different Styles of Poetry, inscribed to Lord Bolingbroke. They appeared without the name of the author, and are not printed in Parnell's works. A few days after the date of Pope's letter, Bolingbroke was flying from justice to the continent.

[4] And they probably said true. Pope told Spence that Parnell left the whigs for the tories "when Lord Oxford was at the head of affairs," "not," says Johnson, "without much censure from those he forsook." The speculation turned out badly. "He soon," as Pope informed Warburton, "began to entertain ambitious views. The walk he chose to shine in was popular preaching. He had talents for it, and began to be distinguished in the mob places of Southwark and London, when the queen's sudden death destroyed all his prospects, and at a juncture when famed preaching

bishop's good graces, that you will not correspond with any that have seen the last ministry.[1] Some affirm you have quarrelled with Pope (whose friends they observe daily fall from him, on account of his satirical and comical disposition); others, that you are insinuating yourself into the opinion of the ingenious Mr. What-do-ye-call-him.[2] Some think you are preparing your sermons for the press, and others that you will transform them into essays, and moral discourses. But the only excuse that I will allow you is, your attention to the life of Zoilus. The frogs already seem to croak for their transportation to England,[3] and are sensible how much that doctor is cursed and hated, who introduced their species into your nation.[4] Therefore, as you dread the wrath of St. Patrick, send them hither, and rid your kingdom of those pernicious and loquacious animals.

I have at length received your poem out of Mr. Addison's hands,[5] which shall be sent as soon as you order it, and in what manner you shall appoint. I shall, in the meantime, give Mr. Tooke[6] a packet for you, consisting of divers merry pieces,— Mr. Gay's new farce, Mr. Burnet's Letter to Mr. Pope,[7] Mr. Pope's Temple of Fame, Mr. Thomas Burnet's Grumbler on

was the readiest road to preferment. This fatal stroke broke his spirits. He took to drinking, became a sot, and soon finished his course." Johnson and Goldsmith had heard that his intemperance was produced by the death of his wife in 1711, or, as others asserted, by the loss of a "darling son."

[1] Dr. King, the Archbishop of Dublin, was a whig. Parnell was certainly in his "good graces," for the archbishop had given him a prebend in 1713, and presented him in 1716 to the vicarage of Finglass. "Such notice," says Johnson, "from such a man inclines me to believe that the vice of which he has been accused was not gross or not notorious," and undoubtedly, the promotion in 1716 discredits Pope's statement to Spence, that Parnell "was extremely open and scandalous in his debaucheries."

[2] An allusion to Gay's What d'ye Call it, which was first acted in Feb. 1715.

[3] Parnell had undertaken to translate Homer's Batrachomuomachia, or Battle of the Frogs and Mice.

[4] Frogs were unknown in Ireland till they were introduced at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Pope's allusions are to Parnell and his poem, and either the real frogs had not yet made their appearance, or the news had not reached Twickenham.

[5] Probably some piece in manuscript which Addison had been requested to revise.

[6] Tooke was a bookseller.

[7] Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer.

Mr. Gay,[1] and the Bishop of Ailsbury's Elegy,[2] written either by Mr. Cary or some other hand.

GAY.

Mr. Pope is reading a letter, and in the meantime I make use of the pen, to testify my uneasiness in not hearing from you. I find success, even in the most trivial things, raises the indignation of scribblers: for I, for my What-d'ye-call-it, could neither escape the fury of Mr. Burnet, or the German Doctor.[3] Then where will rage end, when Homer is to be translated? Let Zoilus hasten to your friend's assistance, and envious criticism shall be no more. I am in hopes that we may order our affairs so as to meet this summer at the Bath; for Mr. Pope and myself have thoughts of taking a trip thither. You shall preach, and we will write lampoons, for it is esteemed as great an honour to leave the Bath for fear of a broken head, as for a Terræ Filius of Oxford to be expelled.[4] I have no place at court; therefore, that I may not entirely be without one everywhere, show that I have a place in your remembrance. Your most affectionate faithful servants.

Homer will be published in three weeks.

3.[5] POPE TO PARNELL.

April 7, 1715.

DEAR SIR,—It is presumed the different sorts of ink wherewith you wrote to Mr. Gay and to me might have some effect

[1] The Grumbler was a weekly publication. The first number appeared on Feb. 14, 1715.

[2] Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, died March 17, 1715, and from its title the elegy would seem to have been satirical.

[3] The High German Doctor was a trashy periodical, written by one Philip Horneck, an attorney. The first number was published on May 4, 1714, and the last on May 12, 1715.

[4] Terræ Filius was the name given to the person appointed to make an address to the university on certain occasions. He was by usage expected to be sarcastic and humorous, and from ambition to display his wit and courage, from malice or public spirit, he sometimes exceeded the permitted license. The inconvenient and undignified practice has long been abolished.

[5] From the original MS. in the possession of Mr. Murray.

upon the styles, and you may, by this expedient, if you please, compose a new and elegant essay upon the different styles of prose as well as of poetry.[1] But the natural and obvious reason of that variety we do conceive to have proceeded from hence, that you wrote the one in bad scribbling ink to me at your own house, and the other in good writing ink at the dean's.

I can convey to you the poem I received from Mr. Addison by Mr. Budgell's packets,[2] as I fancy you might the treatise of Zoilus, and the Batrachomuomachia, directed to Mr. Tickell for me.[3] You may now tell Mr. Budgell that he is mentioned in our letters, as he may probably know himself if this should be opened at the office before it reaches your hands. I much long for your promised piece, and beg it may be accompanied with the Pervigilium Veneris.[4] My faithful service to the dean, whom I honour more than an English archbishop. This is all at present, but that I wish you pretensions and potatoes[5] as many as you can digest, ecclesiastical dignities unspeakable, long life, and short sermons. Yours, in all cordial affection for ever.

. . . . . .

4.[6] PARNELL TO POPE.

June 27, 1715.

I AM writing to you a long letter, but all the tediousness I feel in it is, that it makes me during the time think more intently of my being far from you. I fancy, if I were with you, I could remove some of the uneasiness which you may have

[1] Pope refers to Parnell's published essay on the different styles of poetry.

[2] Budgell was at this time a member of the Irish parliament, and held two or three government offices.

[3] Addison in April, 1715, was secretary for Ireland, and I presume that Tickell held some post under him which entitled him to receive Irish despatches free. Both he and Addison remained for the present in England.

[4] The translation, published in Parnell's works, of the Latin poem of that name.

[5] Parnell was seeking preferment, and it would seem, from Pope's comment, that he had spoken of himself as living upon "pretensions and potatoes."

[6] First printed in the P. T. volume of 1735.

felt from the opposition of the world, and which you should be ashamed to feel, since it is but the testimony which one part of it gives you, that your merit is unquestionable. What would you have otherwise from ignorance, envy, or those tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in mankind, that when our ambition is unable to attain its end, it is not only wearied, but exasperated too at the vanity of its labours; then we speak ill of happier studies, and, sighing, condemn the excellence which we find above our reach.

My Zoilus,[1] which you used to write about, I finished last spring, and left in town.[2] I waited till I came up to send it you, but not arriving here before your book was out,[3] imagined it a lost piece of labour. If you will still have it, you need only write me word. I have here seen the First Book of Homer,[4] which came out at a time when it could not but appear as a kind of setting up against you. My opinion is, that you may, if you please, give them thanks who writ it. Neither the numbers nor the spirit have an equal mastery with yours; but what surprises me more is, that, a scholar being concerned, there should happen to be some mistakes in the author's sense; such as putting the light of Pallas's eyes into the eyes of Achilles,[5] making the taunt of Achilles to Agamemnon (that he should have spoils when Troy should be taken) to be a cool and serious proposal; the translating what you call ablution by the word offals,[6] and so leaving water out of the rite of lustration, &c., but you must have taken notice of all this before. I write not to inform you, but to show I always have you at heart. I am, &c.

[1] Printed for B. Lintot 1715 [1717], 8vo, under this title.—POPE, 1735.

[2] Dublin.

[3] The first volume of the translation of the Iliad, which was published in June, 1715, and which was to have contained Parnell's Life of Zoilus.

[4] Written by Mr. Addison, and published in the name of Mr. Tickell. —WARBURTON.

In one of Warburton's editions this note has affixed to it the initial P. In other editions Warburton gives the note as his own.

[5] This rendering is not without support, though the other is generally adopted.—CONINGTON.

[6] The word λύματα was misunderstood by several of his predecessors, Chapman, like Tickell, rendering it "offals;" Dryden, "entrails;" Maynwaring, "ordure." Ogilby and Hobbes give it rightly.—CONINGTON.

5.[1] GAY, JERVAS, ARBUTHNOT, AND POPE TO PARNELL.

GAY. [1716.[2]]

MY DEAR SIR,—I was last summer in Devonshire, and am this winter at Mrs. Bonyer's.[3] In the summer I wrote a poem,[4] and in the winter I have published it, which I have sent to you by Dr. Ellwood.[5] In the summer I ate two dishes of toad-stools, of my own gathering, instead of mushrooms; and in the winter I have been sick with wine, as I am at this time, blessed be God for it! as I must bless God for all things. In the summer I spoke truth to damsels; in the winter I told lies to ladies. Now you know where I have been, and what I have done. I shall tell you what I intend to do the ensuing summer; I propose to do the same thing I did last,[6] which was to meet you in any part of England you would appoint; do not let me have two disappointments. I have longed to hear from you, and to that intent I teased you with three or four letters, but, having no answer, I feared both your's and my letters might have miscarried. I hope my performance will please the dean, whom I often wish for, and to whom I would have often wrote, but for the same reasons I neglected writing to you. I hope I need not tell you how I love you, and how glad I shall be to hear from you, which, next to seeing you, would be the greatest satisfaction to your most affectionate friend and humble servant.

JERVAS.

DEAR MR. ARCHDEACON.[7]—Though my proportion of this epistle should be but a sketch in miniature, yet I take up half

[1] Published by Goldsmith.

[2] The date of this letter, written after the publication of Gay's Trivia, and before the publication of the second volume of Pope's Homer, must be between Jan. and March 22, 1716.

[3] No doubt a lodging-house keeper in London.

[4] The Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets.

[5] A senior fellow of Trinity college, Dublin, and at one time the representative of the university in parliament.

[6] "I did last," means "which I proposed to do last summer," for the proposition did not take effect.

[7] Parnell was Archdeacon of Clogher.

this page, having paid my club with the good company both for our dinner of chops, and for this paper. The poets will give you lively descriptions in their way; I shall only acquaint you with that which is directly my province. I have just set the last hand to a couplet, for so I may call two nymphs in one piece. They are Pope's favourites;[1] and, though few, you will guess, have cost me more pains than any nymphs can be worth. He has been so unreasonable as to expect that I should have made them as beautiful upon canvas as he has done upon paper. If this same Mr. P[ope] should omit to write for the dear frogs, and the Pervigilium, I must entreat you not to let me languish for them, as I have done ever since they crossed the seas. Remember by what neglects, &c. we missed them when we lost you, and therefore I have not yet forgiven any of those triflers that let them escape and run those hazards.[2] I am going on at the old rate, and want you and the dean prodigiously, and am in hopes of making you a visit this summer, and of hearing from you both now you are together. Fortescue, I am sure, will be concerned that he is not in Cornhill,[3] to set his hand to these presents, not only as a witness, but as a serviteur très-humble.

ARBUTHNOT.

It is so great an honour to a poor Scotchman to be remembered at this time o' day, especially by an inhabitant of the *Glacialis Ierne*, that I take it very thankfully, and have with my good friends remembered you at our table in the chop-house in Exchange-Alley. There wanted nothing to complete our happiness but your company, and our dear friend the dean's: I am sure the whole entertainment would have been

[1] The "two nymphs in one piece," were probably Martha and Teresa Blount. The picture is at Mapledurham.

[2] The "triflers" may be the persons who had neglected to promote Parnell in England. He remained in London, with some lurking expectations, till after Nov. 1714, in which month Arbuthnot wrote to Swift, "The Parnellian who was to have carried this letter, seems to have changed his mind by some sudden turn in his affairs; but I wish his hopes may not be the effect of some accidental thing working upon his spirits, rather than any well-grounded project."

[3] Dining with the batch of friends at the chop-house.

to his relish. Gay has got so much money by his Art of Walking the Streets,[1] that he is ready to set up his equipage: he is just going to the bank to negotiate some exchange bills. Mr. Pope delays his second volume of his Homer till the martial spirit of the rebels is quite quelled, it being judged that the first part did some harm that way. Our love again and again to the dear dean; *fuimus* tories; I can say no more.

POPE.

When a man is conscious that he does no good himself, the next thing is to cause others to do some. I may claim some merit this way, in hastening this testimonial from your friends above-writing. Their love to you indeed wants no spur, their ink wants no pen, their pen wants no hand, their hand wants no heart, and so forth, (after the manner of Rabelais, which is betwixt some meaning and no meaning); and yet it may be said, when present thought and opportunity is wanting, their pens want ink, their hands want pens, their hearts want hands, &c. till time, place, and conveniency concur to set them a writing, as at present a sociable meeting, a good dinner, warm fire, and an easy situation do, to the joint labour and pleasure of this epistle. Wherein, if I should say nothing, I should say much, (much being included in my love) though my love be such, that if I should say much, I should yet say nothing, it being (as Cowley says) equally impossible either to conceal, or to express it.

If I were to tell you the thing I wish above all things, it is to see you again; the next is to see here your treatise of Zoilus with the Batrachomuomachia, and the Pervigilium Veneris, both of which poems are master-pieces in several kinds; and I question not the prose is as excellent, in its sort, as the Essay on

[1] "We have had the interest," wrote Pope to Caryll Jan. 10, 1716, "to procure him subscriptions of a guinea a book to a pretty tolerable number. I believe it may be worth 150*l.* to him in the whole." Lintot paid him 43*l.* for the copyright. Campbell says of the poem, "It exhibits a picture of the familiar customs of the metropolis that will continue to become more amusing as the customs grow obsolete," and in this consists whatever value it possesses. The incidents are pleasantly told, but the verse never reaches a pitch of excellence which could cause it to be read except as a record of the past.

Homer.[1] Nothing can be more glorious to that great author than that the same hand which raised his best statue, and decked it with its old laurels, should also hang up the scarecrow of his miserable critic, and gibbet up the carcase of Zoilus, to the terror of the witlings of posterity. More, and much more, upon this, and a thousand other subjects, will be the matter of my next letter, wherein I must open all the friend to you. At this time I must be content with telling you I am faithfully, your most affectionate and humble servant.

6.[2] POPE TO PARNELL.

London, July 29,[3] [1716.]

DEAR SIR,—I wish it were not as ungenerous as vain, to complain too much of a man that forgets me, but I could expostulate with you a whole day upon your inhuman silence; I call it inhuman, nor would you think it less, if you were truly sensible of the uneasiness it gives me. Did I know you so ill as to think you proud, I would be much less concerned than I am able to be, when I know one of the best-natured men alive neglects me; and if you know me so ill as to think amiss of me, with regard to my friendship for you, you really do not deserve half the trouble you occasion me. I need not tell you that both Mr. Gay and myself have written several letters in vain; that we are constantly inquiring of all who

[1] Of this Essay Pope said to Spence, "It is still stiff, and was written much stiffer. As it is, I think it verily cost me more pains in the correcting than the writing of it would have done." Goldsmith comments upon the inconsistency that the "prose" Pope "seems to condemn" in his conversation with Spence, "he very much applauds" in his letter to Parnell. "What he says in both places," adds Goldsmith, "may very easily be reconciled to truth, but who can defend his candour and sincerity?" Might be reconciled to truth, Goldsmith thought, because the prose of both essays might be equally excellent by being equally bad.

[2] Published by Goldsmith.

[3] Jervas and Ford went over to Ireland together. Ford carried a letter from Pope to Swift which is dated June 20, and Jervas carried the letter to Parnell. One of the dates must be wrong, and July 29, copied by Goldsmith from the original manuscript, is the most trustworthy.

have seen Ireland, if they saw you, and that (forgotten as we are)[1] we are every day remembering you in our most agreeable hours. All this is true, as that we are sincerely lovers of you, and deplorers of your absence, and that we form no wish more ardently than that which brings you over to us, and places you in your old seat between us. We have lately had some distant hope of the dean's design to revisit England; will not you accompany him? or is England to lose everything that has any charms for us, and must we pray for banishment as a benediction? I have once been witness of some, I hope all, of your splenetic hours; come and be a comforter in your turn to me, in mine. I am in such an unsettled state, that I cannot tell if I shall ever see you, unless it be this year;[2] whether I do or not, be ever assured, you have as large a share of my thoughts and good wishes as any man, and as great a portion of gratitude in my heart, as would enrich a monarch, could he know where to find it. I shall not die without testifying something of this nature, and leaving to the world a memorial of the friendship that has been so great a pleasure and pride to me. It would be like writing my own epitaph, to acquaint you what I have lost since I saw you, what I have done, what I have thought, where I have lived, and where I now repose

[1] Goldsmith says, from the information of his father and uncle, who were acquainted with Parnell, that he "was ever very much elated or depressed, and his whole life spent in agony or rapture." His delight was in sociality, and after he had enjoyed the conversation of the leading men in England, he despised, while he craved, the companionship of his Irish neighbours. They repaid disdain with disdain, and subjected him to many mortifications, which aggravated his misery. In his fits of melancholy he fled, says Goldsmith, to "the remote parts of Ireland, and there made out a gloomy kind of satisfaction" in writing "hideous descriptions" in verse "of the solitude to which he retired." His extreme depression at these periods was probably the cause of his leaving unanswered the letters of his English friends. Goldsmith quotes two passages from an earlier, and unpublished letter of Pope to Parnell, which allude to Parnell's "dreary description" of his lot. "I can easily image to my thoughts the solitary hours of your eremitical life in the mountains, from something parallel to it in my own retirement at Binfield." "We are both miserably enough situated God knows; but of the two evils I think the solitudes of the south are to be preferred to the deserts of the west."

[2] The "unsettled state" seems from the context to have been an unsettled state of health, which threatened him with an early death.

in obscurity.[1] My friend Jervas, the bearer of this, will inform you of all particulars concerning me; and Mr. Ford is charged with a thousand loves, and a thousand complaints, and a thousand commissions to you, on my part. They will both tax you with the neglect of some promises which were too agreeable to us all to be forgot; if you care for any of us, tell them so, and write so to me. I can say no more, but that I love you, and am in spite of the longest neglect or absence, dear sir, your most faithful, affectionate friend and servant.

Gay is in Devonshire, and from thence he goes to Bath. My father and mother never fail to commemorate you.

7.[2] POPE TO PARNELL.

[1717.]

DEAR SIR,—I write to you with the same warmth, the same zeal of goodwill and friendship with which I used to converse with you two years ago, and cannot think myself absent, when I feel you so much at my heart. The picture of you, which Jervas brought me over, is infinitely less lively a representation, than that I carry about with me, and which rises to my mind whenever I think of you. I have many an agreeable reverie through those woods and downs where we once rambled together. My head is sometimes at the Bath, and sometimes at Letcombe,[3] where the dean makes a great part of my imaginary entertainment, this being the cheapest way of treating me. I hope he will not be displeased at this manner of paying my respects to him, instead of following my friend Jervas's example,[4] which, to say the truth, I have as much inclination to do as I want ability. I have been ever since December last in greater variety of business than any such men as you (that is, divines and philosophers) can possibly imagine a reasonable creature

[1] At Chiswick, where the Pope family took up their residence in April, 1716. The isolation of Binfield, of which Pope complained to Parnell, may have been one of the reasons for the removal.

[2] Published by Goldsmith.

[3] Pope and Parnell visited Swift at Letcombe in July, 1714, and were at Bath in September, when Pope wrote to Gay, "Dr. Parnell and I have been inseparable since you went. We are now at the Bath."

[4] That is going to Ireland.—BOWLES.

capable of. Gay's play,[1] among the rest, has cost much time and long suffering to stem a tide of malice and party, that certain authors have raised against it. The best revenge upon such fellows is now in my hands, I mean your Zoilus, which really transcends the expectation I had conceived of it.[2] I have put it into the press, beginning with the poem Batrachomuomachia; for you seem by the first paragraph of the dedication to it,[3] to design to prefix the name of some particular person. I beg therefore to know for whom you intend it, that the publication may not be delayed on this account; and this as soon as possible. Inform me also upon what terms I am to deal with the bookseller, and whether you design the copy-money for Gay, as you formerly talked;[4] what number of books you would have yourself, &c. I scarce see anything to be altered in this whole piece. In the poems you sent, I will take the liberty you allow me. The story of Pandora, and the Eclogue upon Health, are two of the most beautiful things I ever read. I do not say this to the prejudice of the rest, but as I have read these oftener. Let me know how far my commission is to extend, and be confident of my punctual performance of whatever you enjoin. I must add a paragraph on this occasion, in regard to Mr. Ward,[5] whose verses have been a great pleasure to me. I will contrive they shall be so to the world, whenever I can find a proper opportunity of publishing them.

I shall very soon print an entire collection of my own madri-

[1] The Three Hours after Marriage, performed Jan. 1717.

[2] Parnell's Life of Zoilus is a superficial production, without the semblance of an attempt to discriminate between facts and fables. Worthless as a biography, it makes no pretension to be a satire, and the narrative is not, as might be inferred from Pope's allusion, the vehicle for sarcasms against modern critics. The only "revenge" it furnishes is the warning example of one bad critic to another, if Zoilus *was* a bad critic, which is doubtful. Whatever may have been his demerits there was a circumstance which destroyed the force of the parallel,—the Three Hours after Marriage was not the Iliad.

[3] It has no dedication of any kind in the collected works of Parnell.

[4] The copyright was sold to Lintot for 16*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, and Gay received the money on May 4, 1717.

[5] This, no doubt, was Mr. James Ward, an Irish clergyman, several of whose very indifferent verses were printed in Pope's Miscellany.—CROKER.

gals,[1] which I look upon as making my last will and testament, since in it I shall give all I ever intend to give, which I will beg yours and the dean's acceptance of. You must look on me no more as a poet, but a plain commoner, who lives upon his own, and fears and flatters no man. I hope before I die to discharge the debt I owe to Homer, and get upon the whole just fame enough to serve for an annuity for my own time, though I leave nothing to posterity.

I beg our correspondence may be more frequent than it has been of late. I am sure my esteem and love for you never more deserved it from you, or more prompted it from you. I desired our friend Jervas (in the greatest hurry of my business) to say a great deal in my name, both to yourself and the dean, and must once more repeat the assurances to you both, of an unchanging friendship, and unalterable esteem. I am, dear sir, most entirely, your affectionate, faithful, obliged friend and servant.

8.[2] POPE TO PARNELL.

July 6, [1717].

DEAR SIR,—I write to you as a friend, without apology or study, without intending to appear anything but what I am, and without so much as thinking I stand in need of any excuses or ceremonies for doing so. If it were otherwise, how many pretty things might be said for my silence, and what ingenious turns might be given to yours,—that as soon as you have obliged a man you quite forget it, and that I know nothing is so ungrateful to you as thanks. To tell you that your translation of the Batrachomuomachia is an excellent

[1] The quarto volume of his poems published in June, 1717. Parnell contributed to it a copy of panegyrical verses, in which he laments that "fortune has placed him far from wit and learning." "That part of the description," says Goldsmith, "gave particular offence to his friends at home. Mr. Coote, a gentleman in his neighbourhood, who thought that he himself had wit, was very much displeased with Parnell for casting his eyes so far off for a learned friend, when he could so conveniently be supplied at home."

[2] From the original in the possession of Mr. Murray.

piece is no more than everybody now knows, and to say that I like it still the better, and am more in your debt than the rest of the world, because it was done at my desire, is no more than you know already; and to acquaint you that there is not one man of any taste who does not approve the whole, verse and prose, is (after all that modesty may fancy it thinks) no more than what you must needs give a good guess at.

The other pieces you entrusted to my care lie preserved with the same veneration as relics, but I look upon them with greater pleasure when I reflect that the owner of them is yet living, though indeed you live to me, but as a saint or separated spirit whose sight I must never enjoy,[1] though I am always sure of his good offices. It is through your mediation that Homer is to be saved,—I mean my Homer, and if you could yet throw some hours away, rather upon me than him, in suggesting some remarks upon his 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th books, it would be charitable beyond expression; for I am very backward in this year's task, through the interruption of many different cares and distractions, to which none but as intimate and tender a friend as you ought to be privy. I could unload upon you with much comfort and confidence, but the very things I complain of prevent my seeing you in Ireland, which else I had done this summer.

I have, before I was aware, run into my own affairs too far when I only meant to have told you the reason that your poems are not published.[2] The present violent bent to politics

[1] They met again in 1718 when Parnell visited England. Among the Oxford papers there are some doggrel lines sent by Pope, Gay, and Parnell, from the Ship Tavern, on July 8, 1718, to Lord Oxford in Lincoln's Inn Fields, requesting that he would admit them. The lines are dated 5 o'clock, and Lord Oxford replied in worse doggrel that he would receive them till 8. Parnell was still in London on Sept. 11, for on that day he called upon Pope at Jervas's house, and the next news we have of him is that he died at Chester in October, on his way back to Ireland. He was 39.

[2] They were the poems sent to Pope with the Batrachomuomachia, and were not printed till after Parnell's death. He probably brought over some fresh pieces when he came to England in 1718, and he left the whole in the hands of Pope, who, in 1720, says at the end of his translation of the Iliad, that Parnell had charged him with their publication "almost with his dying breath." They appeared in 1722.

and earnest animosities of parties,[1] which grow within one another so fast, that one would think even every single heart was breeding a worm to destroy itself,—these have left no room for any thought but those of mischief to one another. The muses are all run mad and turned bacchanals, and a poet now may be like Amphion and sing with the stones about his ears. This is my case whose works my bookseller would publish at such a juncture that I take it to be tempting Providence. I send them you all, and I think them but a poor return for those fine lines you allowed me to print in the front of them.

I must never forget my obligations to the Dean of St. Patrick's, and I hope you never omit to acquaint him with all that esteem, affection, and remembrance, which there is no putting upon paper, and which can only be felt in the heart. You will also put Dr. Ellwood and Mr. Ward in mind of me, each of whom I have desired by Mr. Jervas to accept of all I am worth—that is to say my poems.

Gay is going for France next week in company with the late Secretary Pulteney. I remain within four miles of London,[2] a man of business and poetry, from both which I pray to be delivered. I am always the same in one respect—that is, always yours most sincerely.

[1] "The division of the whigs is so great," Erasmus Lewis wrote to Swift Jan. 12, 1717, "that, morally speaking, nothing but another rebellion can ever unite them. Sunderland, Stanhope, and Cadogan are of one side; Townshend, Walpole, Orford, Devonshire, and the chancellor on the other." The Sunderland faction prevailed. Lord Townshend was dismissed from his office on April 10, and all the other whigs mentioned by Lewis resigned, except the chancellor, Lord Cowper. The political bitterness was extreme, and the church was at the same time in a ferment with the Bangorian controversy, which broke out in the spring of 1717.

[2] At Chiswick.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND DR. AND GEORGE ARBUTHNOT.

FROM 1714 TO 1743.

1.[1] POPE TO ARBUTHNOT.

BINFIELD, *July* 11, [1714].

SIR,—I have been so much afflicted with the headache in the hot weather that I have had perpetual opportunities of reflecting on those elegant verses of Dr. Scriblerus which you favoured us with.[2] This is not a time for us to make others live, when we can hardly live ourselves; so Scriblerus, contrary to other maggots,[3] must lie dead all the summer, and wait till winter shall revive him. This I hope will be no disadvantage to him, for mankind will be playing the fool in all weathers, and affording us materials for that life, which every mortal contributes his quota to, and which I hope to see the grand receptacle of all the addresses of the world.

We have paid a visit to the dean at thirty miles distance, with whom we stayed some days, and are but just now returned hither. As I fancy you will be somewhat inquisitive after the manner of his life and our reception, I will couch the particulars in the way of a news-letter.

FROM LETCOMBE, NEAR WANTAGE, *July* 4.

This day the envoys deputed to Dean S—— on the part of

[1] From the original in the possession of Mr. Baillie.

[2] The same which Arbuthnot sent in a letter to Swift June 26, 1714: "Pope has been collecting high flights of poetry, which are very good. They are to be solemn nonsense. I thought upon the following the other day, as I was going into my coach, the dust being troublesome.

The dust in smaller particles arose,
Than those which fluid bodies do compose:
Contraries in extremes do often meet,
'Twas now so dry, that you might call it wet."

[3] "Whimsy, caprice, an odd fancy," says Johnson, derived from the proverb "as the maggot bites."—CROKER.

The proverb was founded upon an

his late confederates, arrived here during the time of divine service. They were received at the back door, and having paid the usual compliments on their part, and received the usual chidings on that of the dean, were introduced to his landlady,[1] and entertained with a pint of the Lord Bolingbroke's Florence.[2] The health of that great minister was drank in this pint, together with the lord treasurer's, whose wine we also wished for; after which were commemorated Dr. Arbuthnot, and Mr. Lewis, in a sort of cider, plentiful in these parts, and not altogether unknown in the taverns of London. There was likewise a sideboard of coffee, which the dean roasted with his own hands in an engine for the purpose, his landlady attending all the while that office was performing. He talked of politics over coffee, with the air and style of an old statesman, who had known something formerly, but was shamefully ignorant of the last three weeks. When we mentioned the welfare of England he laughed at us, and said Muscovy would become a flourishing empire very shortly. He seems to have wrong notions of the British court, but gave us a hint as if he had a correspondence with the King of Sweden. As for the methods of passing his time, I must tell you one which constantly em-

old popular fancy that eccentricities were caused by maggots in the brain.

[1] Mrs. Gery. "I am at a clergyman's house, whom I love very well," Swift writes to Miss Vanhomrigh, June 8, "but he is such a melancholy, thoughtful man, partly from nature, and partly by a solitary life, that I shall soon catch the spleen from him. His wife has been this month twenty miles off at her father's, and will not return these ten days, and perhaps the house will be worse when she comes. I read all day or walk, and do not speak so many words as I have now writ, in three days." Swift had an old friend named Molly Gery, who was a mantua-maker at Farnham, and he probably became intimate with the family when he lived with Sir W. Temple at Moor Park. His silent, meditative host is mentioned in the Journal to Stella, Dec. 22, 1712: "Lord-keeper promised me yesterday the first convenient living to poor Mr. Gery who is married, and wants some addition to what he has. He is a very worthy creature."

[2] This is explained by a letter of Barber, the printer, to Swift, July 6, 1714: "I fortunately met Lord Bolingbroke yesterday, the minute I had your letter. I attacked him for some wine, and he immediately ordered you two dozen of red French wine, and one dozen of strong Aaziana white wine. The hamper will be sent tomorrow by Robert Stone, the Wantage carrier, and will be there on Friday. I am afraid it will cost you five shillings to George, my lord's butler, but I would do nothing without order." That is, would not pay the five shillings without Swift's authority.

Ireland so suddenly,[1] where I must soon think of following him. But wherever I am, I shall still retain a just sense of your favours and acknowledge myself always, your most affectionate friend and servant.

If it be proper, give my duty to my lord, and Mr. Pope's.[2]

POPE.

DEAR SIR,—Though Dr. Parnell has pre-occupied the first part of this paper, and so seems to lead the way in this address to you, yet I must tell you I have several times been inspiriting him to join with me in a letter to you, and been prevented by his delays for some posts. And though he mentions the name of Scriblerus to avoid my reproaching him, yet is he conscious to himself how much the memory of that learned phantom which is to be immortal, is neglected by him at present. But I hope the revolutions of state will not affect learning so much as to deprive mankind of the lucubrations of Martin, to the increase of which I will watch all next winter, and grow pale over the midnight candle. Homer's image begins already to vanish from before me, the season of the campaign before Troy is near over, and I rejoice at the prospect of my amusements in winter quarters with you in London. Our friend Gay will still continue secretary, to Martin at least,[3] though I could be more glad he had a better master for his profit,—for his glory he can have no better. You must not wonder I enlarge upon this head. The remembrance of our agreeable conferences, as well as our occasional honours on your account,[4] will ever dwell upon my thoughts with that pleasure which I think one honest and cheerful man ought to take in being obliged to another. That we may again enjoy those satisfactions is heartily my wish, and it is my request to you in the meantime that you will continue to think me what I so sincerely am, your most affectionate and most faithful humble servant.

[1] Swift left Letcombe for Ireland on Aug. 16.

[2] Either Lord Oxford or Lord Bolingbroke.

[3] Having lost his office of secretary to the Hanoverian embassy.

[4] Arbuthnot was physician to Queen Anne, and had apartments in St. James's palace. There the members of the Scriblerus club assembled, and Pope intimates that the visits of Lord Oxford were a tribute paid to their host.

3.[1] ARBUTHNOT TO POPE.

LONDON, *Sept.* 7, 1714.

I AM extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old distressed courtier,[2] commonly the most despiseable thing in the world. This blow has so roused Scriblerus that he has recovered his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicsome and gay he is turned grave and morose.[3] His lucubrations lie neglected amongst old news-papers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswerable letters.[4] I wish to God they had been amongst the papers of a noble lord sealed up.[5] Then might Scriblerus have passed for the pretender, and it would have been a most excellent and laborious work for the Flying Post, or some such author, to have allegorised all his adventures into a plot, and found out mysteries somewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover Street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnell, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can still afford a half-pint of claret. It is with some pleasure that he contemplates the world still busy, and all mankind at work for him. I have seen a letter from Dean Swift: he keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries. I will add no more, being in haste, only that I will never forgive you if you do not use my foresaid house in Dover Street with the same freedom as you did

[1] First published in the quarto of 1737.

[2] His appointment terminated with the death of the queen.

[3] The vein of Scriblerus was to make merry with the follies of mankind, and the present crisis was too serious for jest.

[4] Arbuthnot at all times left his manuscripts to their fate. "His imagination," says Lord Chesterfield, "was almost inexhaustible, and whatever subject he treated, or was consulted upon, he immediately overflowed with all that it could possibly produce. It was at anybody's service, for as soon as he was exonerated, he did not care what became of it, insomuch that his sons, when young, have frequently made kites of his scattered papers of hints, which would have furnished good matter for folios."

[5] On Aug. 31, 1714, Lord Bolingbroke was dismissed from his post of secretary of state, and seals were placed on the doors of his office.

that in St. James's; for as our friendship was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, so I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckoned amongst the number of your friends and humble servants.

4.[1] ARBUTHNOT TO POPE.

EXTRACT.

July 9, 1715.

I CONGRATULATE you upon Mr. Tickell's first book.[2] It does not indeed want its merit; but I was strangely disappointed in my expectation of a translation nicely true to the original; whereas in those parts where the greatest exactness seems to be demanded, he has been the least careful, I mean the history of ancient ceremonies and rites,[3] &c. in which you have with great judgment been exact. I am, &c.

5.[4] ARBUTHNOT[5] TO POPE.

[*Sept.* 1723].

DEAR SIR,—I have yours, and thank you for the care of my picture. I will not be used like an old good for nothing, by Mrs. Patty. The handsome thing would have been to have taken away my picture and sent me her own; now to return the compliment I must pay for hers. I hope she is well, and if I can make her so, it will be a sensible pleasure to me. I know nobody has a better right to a lady's good looks in a picture than her physician, if he can procure them.

[1] First published in the P. T. volume of 1715.

[2] The translation of the first book of the Iliad.

[3] Perhaps the only passage where Tickell seriously mistakes his author's meaning is that which describes the sacrifice.—CONINGTON.

[4] This letter is from the Homer MSS., and was first published in the Additions to the Works of Pope, 1776.

[5] The editor of the Supplement to Pope's Works, 1825, surmised that the writer was Dr. Radcliffe—a conjecture which is refuted by the contents of the letter. He had not a brother Robert, and as Mr. Croker remarks, he died in 1714, before there was a regent in France, or Lord Peterborough was acquainted with the Robinsons.

I was with my Lord Peterborough when I received yours. He was spick and span new just come from France. You were the first man he asked for. I dined with him and the Mrs. Robinsons[1] on Tuesday, and supped with him last night with the same company. He had been employed all that day in [removing] the Robinsons' [goods][2] for them, which he executed with great conduct. I cannot tell how much I am obliged to him, he delivered a memorial from me to the regent with his own hand.[3] He is mightily enamoured of my brother Robert; he is indeed a knight errant like himself.[4] I am just now going to Langley,[5]—not that master is in any danger, but to order some things after the small pox. I am heartily glad Mrs. Pope keeps her health this summer. She has been better than anybody; I wish the[6] ——

6.[7] POPE TO ARBUTHNOT.

Sept. 10, [1725].

I AM glad your travels delighted you; improve you, I am sure, they could not; you are not so much a youth as that,

[1] The mother and the two young ladies,—Anastasia, the singer, who married Lord Peterborough, and her half-sister Margaret, who married Arbuthnot's younger brother, George.

[2] The words in brackets cannot be clearly deciphered, and may not be correct. After the death of Mr. Robinson, Lord Peterborough took a house for the widow and the daughters in the neighbourhood of his own villa at Parson's Green, and this may have been the removal of which Arbuthnot speaks.

[3] Lord Peterborough was in Paris in August, and the regent died Nov. 22, or, according to the French style, Dec. 2.

[4] Pope thus describes Robert Arbuthnot in a letter to Digby, Sept. 1, 1722: "The spirit of philanthropy so long dead to our world is revived in him. He is a philosopher all of fire; so warmly, nay, so wildly in the right that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own vortex."

[5] Langley Park in Buckinghamshire, then the seat of Lord Masham, and "master" was his only surviving son, whom Swift said he "hated from a boy." The Mashams were not rich, and Langley was afterwards sold. On the marriage of "master," which took place Oct. 16, 1736, Lewis wrote to Swift, "Lord Masham boards with him. The lady is the daughter of Salway Winnington, and they all live lovingly together. The old gentleman walks afoot, which makes me fear that he has made settlements above his strength."

[6] The rest is torn off.

[7] This letter first appeared in the

though you run about with a king of sixteen, and (what makes him still more a child) a king of Frenchmen.[1] My own time has been more melancholy, spent in attendance upon death, which has seized one of our family, my poor old nurse.[2] My mother is something better, though at her advanced age every day is a climacteric. There was joined to this an indisposition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a slight one compared with my mother's, because my life is not of half the consequence to anybody that hers is to me. All these incidents have hindered my more speedy reply to your obliging letter.

The article you inquire of, is of as little concern to me as you desire it should,—namely, the railing papers about the Odyssey.[3] If the book has merit, and since you like it, it must, it will extinguish all such nasty scandal, as the sun puts an end to stinks, merely by coming out.

I wish I had nothing to trouble me more; an honest mind is not in the power of any dishonest one. To break its peace, there must be some guilt or consciousness, which is inconsistent with its own principles. Not but malice and injustice have their day, like some poor short-lived vermin, that die of shooting their own stings. Falsehood is folly, says Homer, and liars and calumniators at last hurt none but themselves, even in this world. In the next, it is charity to say, God have mercy on them! They were the devil's vicegerents upon earth, who is the father of lies, and, I fear, has a right to dispose of his children.

I have had an occasion to make these reflections of late more justly than from anything that concerns my writings, for it is one that concerns my morals, and, which I ought to be as tender of as my own, the good character of another very innocent person,[4] who I am sure shares your friendship no less than I do. No creature has better natural dispositions, or would

P. T. volume of 1735 among the letters to Digby, and with the date Sept. 10, 1724. In the quarto of 1737 it is addressed to Arbuthnot, and the year is omitted. In reality, it is made up of sentences taken from two letters to Caryll, dated Nov. 23, [1725], and Dec. 25, 1725.

[1] Louis XV. was 16 in Feb. 1725.

[2] The words "my poor old nurse" are omitted in the quarto. She died Nov. 5, 1725.

[3] The "railing papers" have passed into total oblivion, and none of the editors of Pope have come across them.

[4] Martha Blount.

act more rightly or reasonably in every duty, did she act by herself, or from herself; but you know it is the misfortune of that family to be governed like a ship,—I mean the head guided by the tail,[1] and that by every wind that blows in it.

7.[2] POPE TO ARBUTHNOT.

CIRENCESTER, *July* 15, [1734].

DEAR SIR,—The day after I saw you I left the town, and was truly concerned to see you so much out of order. As my journeys were long, and continued,[3] I bade my servants send me an account of the state of your health from time to time; for which it is impossible but I must have all the concern, which many years' friendship for you, grounded on a long experience of yours for me, must impart in any grateful or sensible mind. But finding their accounts but uncertain, I was very uneasy, till Mrs. P. Blount, who never neglects a friend, ill or absent, took the care of enquiring at your house very punctually about you, on her own account, and also writ me word what she learned of you. I am very much troubled to find, you are so little recovered as to be kept out of town for some time;[4] I hope it will at least be to your advantage; and though I know you are as fit to die as any man, I think no man fitter to live for that very reason, or more wanted by those who are in this world, both as a comfort and as an

[1] Mrs. Blount, the mother, by her daughter Teresa.

[2] From the original in the possession of Mr. Baillie.

[3] He was making a circuit of visits. "He is now at Cirencester," Lord Bolingbroke wrote to Swift, June 27, 1734; "he came thither from my Lord Cobham's; he came to my Lord Cobham's from Mr. Dormer's; to Mr. Dormer's from London; to London from Chiswick; to Chiswick from my farm, and goes soon from Lord Bathurst's to Lord Peterborough's."

[4] He had retired to Hampstead. "I came out to this place," he says to Swift Oct. 4, 1734, "so reduced by a dropsy and an asthma that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, or move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation upon venturing to ride, I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again, but I expect the return of my symptoms upon my return to London, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumstances to live an idle country life, and no man, at my age, ever recovered of such a disease, further than by an abatement of the symptoms."

example to them. I am glad that your family are with you; and I do sincerely wish you had with you everything and every person else, that could be a consolation to you. I would fain flatter myself, you enjoy more than I fear you do; if I could any way contribute to your ease or amusement, I would hasten my return: but my engagement to Lord Peterborough yet stands good, to pass some weeks at Southampton, where he expects me at the end of the month.[1] Lord Bathurst, with whom I now am, sends you his services and best wishes. If you care for any venison he will send you some whenever you please, to order it at any place in town; it can come twice a week in one day from this place thither. If it be not much trouble to you, pray, dear sir, write me a line: if it be, let your daughter do it, just to acquaint me in what state you are. God preserve you! if easy to yourself long to us! to no man more than to, dear sir, your faithful friend.

8.[2] ARBUTHNOT TO POPE.

HAMPSTEAD, *July* 17, 1734.

DEAR SIR,—I little doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my friends with at present, but prayers and good wishes. I have the satisfaction to find, that I am as officiously served by my friends, as he that has thousands to leave in legacies. Besides the assurance of their sincerity, God Almighty has made my bodily distress as easy as a thing of that nature can be. I have found some relief, at least sometimes, from the air of this place. My nights are bad, but many poor creatures have worse.

As for you, my good friend, I think since our first acquaintance, there has not been any of those little suspicions or

[1] He wrote to Arbuthnot from thence on Aug. 2, and Lord Oxford on Aug. 8, says to Swift, "Mr. Pope has been upon the ramble above these two months. He is now with my Lord Peterborough, near Southampton, where he proposes to stay some time."

[2] First printed in the P. T. volume of 1735.

jealousies that often affect the sincerest friendships;[1] I am sure not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that though I could not help valuing you for those talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundation of my friendship: they were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them. And I make it my last request, that you continue that noble disdain and abhorrence of vice,[2] which you seem naturally endued with, but still with a due regard to your own safety; and study more to reform than chastise, though the one often cannot be effected without the other.

Lord Bathurst I have always honoured for every good quality, that a person of his rank ought to have.[3] Pray give my respects and kindest wishes to the family. My venison stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his present. If it is left at my house, it will be transmitted safe to me.

A recovery in my case, and at my age, is impossible; the kindest wish of my friends is euthanasia.[4] Living or dying, I shall always be your most faithful friend, and humble servant.

[1] The next letter in the series is Pope's answer, printed from the original, and he there says to Arbuthnot, "I am almost displeased at your expression, 'Scarcely any of those suspicions or jealousies which affect the truest friendships.'" His quotation proves that he altered Arbuthnot's letter to fit his own views, and is sufficient to warn us that the letters published in the name of his correspondents can never be trusted.

[2] In his answer Pope gives the passage thus,—"that I should continue my disdain and abhorrence of vice, and manifest it still in my writings." The language merely is changed in this instance, and not the sense, but when we find that the only two fragments he quotes have been remodelled in the published letter we have reason to suspect that he was unsparing in his alterations.

[3] The generality of Lord Bathurst's contemporaries had formed a less exalted estimate of his character. He was thought to be eager for preferment, and dissolute in his life. When the Duke of Wharton informed the Pretender, Feb. 3, 1725, that Lord Bathurst had abandoned the Stuart cause, he added, "I hope his friend, Sir W. Wyndham, will not follow him in his politics as he does in his pleasures."

[4] He had it in peace of mind, though not in ease of body. "Pope and I were with him," says Lord Chesterfield, "the evening before he died, when he suffered racking pains from an inflammation in his bowels, but his head was clear to the last. He took leave of us with tenderness, without weakness, and told us that he died, not only with the comfort, but even the devout assurance of a christian."

9.[1] POPE TO ARBUTHNOT.

SOUTHAMPTON, *Aug.* 2, [1734].

DEAR SIR,—I was rejoiced to see your letter, and I hope it is no trouble to you to write. I would fain hope you grow better, that life may be at least supportable, though not quite healthy or happy. It is but justice that a man, who never delighted to give pain to others, should be compassionated when he feels any himself: and I dare say you have many friends who truly share with you as I do. I can most sincerely say in a friendship of twenty years, I have found no one reason of complaint from you, and hope I have given you as little, abating common human failings. I am almost displeased at your expression, "*Scarcely* any of those suspicions or jealousies which affect the truest friendships," for I know of not one on my part. I thank you, dear sir, for making that your request to me, which I make my pride, nay my duty;—"that I should continue my disdain and abhorrence of vice, and manifest it still in my writings." I would indeed do it with more restrictions, and less personally; it is more agreeable to my nature, which those who know it not are greatly mistaken in. But general satire in times of general vice has no force and is no punishment: people have ceased to be ashamed of it when so many are joined with them; and it is only by hunting one or two from the herd that any examples can be made. If a man writ all his life against the collective body of the banditti, or against lawyers, would it do the least good, or lessen the body? But if some are hung up, or pilloried, it may prevent others. And in my low station, with no other power than this, I hope to deter, if not to reform.

I left Lord Bathurst a week ago, I hope he has remembered the venison, as he promised me at parting. My present landlord gave me an account of your condition, which he is really concerned at, as he is really a man of humanity and, like all men of true courage, beneficent. He has often wished you in

[1] From the original in the possession of Mr. Baillie.

this air, which is excellent, and our way of life quite easy, and at liberty. I write this from the most beautiful toy of a hill[1] I ever saw, a little house that overlooks the sea, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight; where I study, write, and have what leisure I please. Pray if it be not too uneasy to you, write to me now and then, or let some of your family acquaint me how you are? Is your brother with you? If he is, let me be kindly remembered to him, and to your son and daughters. I wish them sincerely well, and what is the best wish I can form for them, I wish them the longer life of so good a father.

10.[2] POPE TO ARBUTHNOT.

July 26, 1734.

I THANK you for your letter, which has all those genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever distinguished yours, and for which I have so long loved you. Our friendship has been constant; because it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any distrust, but by any vanity, much less any interest.

What you recommend to me with the solemnity of a last request, shall have its due weight with me. That disdain and indignation against vice, is, I thank God, the only disdain and indignation I have: it is sincere, and it will be a lasting one. But sure it is as impossible to have a just abhorrence of vice, without hating the vicious, as to bear a true love for virtue, without loving the good. To reform and not to chastise, I am afraid is impossible; and that the best precepts, as well as the best laws, would prove of small use, if there were no examples to enforce them. To attack vices in the abstract, without touching persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with shadows.[3] General propositions are obscure, misty, and

[1] Bevis Mount, the residence of Lord Peterborough. The hill has since been built over, and forms part of the town of Southampton.

[2] First published in the quarto of 1737, where it follows Arbuthnot's letter of July 17, and in the table of contents is called "the answer." "It is clear," says Mr. Croker, "from the true answer that the jesuitical defence Pope chose to publish is a total fabrication."

[3] If this sentiment be true, moral instruction and religious establish-

uncertain, compared with plain, full, and home examples. Precepts only apply to our reason, which in most men is but weak: examples are pictures, and strike the senses, nay, raise the passions, and call in those, the strongest and most general of all motives, to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the case his own; and that is the only way by which such men can be affected, much less deterred. So that to chastise is to reform. The only sign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been that they raised the anger of bad men. And my greatest comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to see, that those who have no shame, and no fear of anything else, have appeared touched by my satires.

As to your kind concern for my safety, I can guess what occasions it at this time. Some characters[1] I have drawn are such, that if there be any who deserve them, it is evidently a service to mankind to point those men out; yet such as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themselves.[2] But if they should, those of whom all the world think in such a manner, must be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanness to do mischiefs in the dark, have seldom the courage to justify them in the face of day; the talents that make a cheat or a whisperer, are not the same that qualify a man for an insulter, and as to private villany, it is not so safe to join in an assassination, as in a libel.

ments are of no avail, and mankind must be impelled to their duty by terror alone. A reformed person is a virtuous character, and acts upon principle, but a man who is deterred from crimes merely by the fear of punishment, or from misconduct by the dread of satire, is as vicious as ever, and will resort to his former courses whenever opportunity occurs. —ROSCOE.

[1] The character of Sporus in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. — WARBURTON.

Warburton has probably stated correctly the allusion intended by Pope, which was as fictitious as the letter in which it appears. Arbuthnot had not yet seen the poetical epistle when Pope wrote to him on Aug. 25, 1734, and the character of Sporus could not have occasioned his "kind concern for Pope's safety" on July 17.

[2] Pope's confidence in the truth of his fallacious principle emboldened him to attack persons who did not, as he anticipated, submit in silence to the stigma, and when he was called to account his disavowals verified his own remark, that those who "have the meanness to do mischiefs in the dark have seldom the courage to justify them in the face of day."

I will consult my safety so far as I think becomes a prudent man; but not so far as to omit anything which I think becomes an honest one. As to personal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them; as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know, it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope I shall not forfeit it; for that of the great, or those in power, I may wish I had it; but if through misrepresentations (too common about persons in that station) I have it not, I shall be sorry, but not miserable in the want of it.

It is certain, much freer satirists than I have enjoyed the encouragement and protection of the princes under whom they lived. Augustus and Mecænas made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the side of Brutus; and, allow me to remark, it was out of the suffering party too, that they favoured and distinguished Virgil. You will not suspect me of comparing myself with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another court favourite, Boileau. I have always been too modest to imagine my panegyrics were incense worthy of a court; and that, I hope, will be thought the true reason why I have never offered any.[1] I would only have observed, that it was under the greatest princes and best ministers, that moral satirists were most encouraged, and that then poets exercised the same jurisdiction over the follies, as historians did over the vices of men. It may also be worth considering, whether Augustus himself makes the greater figure, in the writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their false taste and affectation in Persius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad government in Tacitus and Suetonius? In the first of these reigns it was that Horace was protected and caressed, and in the latter that Lucan was put to death and Juvenal banished.

I would not have said so much but to show you my whole heart on this subject, and to convince you I am deliberately bent to perform that request which you make your last to me, and to perform it with temper, justice, and resolution. As

[1] Either this sentence is clumsy irony, or Pope "hoped" that a false would "be thought the true reason."

your approbation (being the testimony of a sound head and an honest heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wish you may live to see the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in something more deserving of that approbation. But if it be the will of God, which I know will also be yours, that we must separate, I hope it will be better for you than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu my dear friend! and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy.

11.[1] POPE TO ARBUTHNOT.

SOUTHAMPTON, *Aug.* 25, 1734.

DEAR SIR,—I am dissatisfied in hearing nothing further concerning your state of health, since my letter to Miss Arbuthnot. I am bending homewards, though it will be a fortnight first, but wish in the meantime to have just a line from you. Lord Peterborough's will be still the best direction, for he and I are to make some excursions into Hampshire, but still our letters will be sent after us. I am sorry to hear from Mrs. Robinson of the danger of the little boy,[2] but I hope it is over. You have no need to be afflicted by other illnesses than your own. I have nothing to say more, but that no friend you have, more warmly wishes your recovery, or your ease than I do. I took very kindly your advice concerning avoiding ill will from writing satire, and it has worked so much upon me, considering the time and state you gave it in, that I determine to address to you one of my epistles,[3] written by piecemeal many years, and which I have now made haste to put together; wherein the question is stated, what were, and are my motives of writing, the objections to them, and my answers. It pleases me much to take this occasion of testifying, to the public at least, if not to posterity, my obligation and friendship for, and from you, for so many years; that is

[1] From the original in the possession of Mr. Baillie.

[2] Since the news reached Pope through Mrs. Robinson, the little boy was probably John, the nephew of Mrs. Robinson and Dr. Arbuthnot.

[3] Now commonly called the Prologue to the Satires.

all that is in it; for compliments are fulsome and go for nothing.

I hope in God to find you better much than I left you. For my own part, I am rather better, and while I live, believe me, shall always esteem and love you. Dear sir, adieu. Your truly affectionate friend and servant.

Lord Peterborough and the lady send you their services. We drink your health daily.

12.[1] POPE TO ARBUTHNOT.

Sept. 3, [1734].

DEAR SIR,—Your letter is a great consolation to me, in bringing me the account of the more tolerable state of your health. It is ease I wish for you more than life, and yet knowing how good an use you will make of life, I cannot but wish you that as long as it can be, but as supportable to you, as it will be desirable to others, and to me in particular. I have little to say to you. We have here little news or company, and I am glad of it, because it has given me time to finish the poem I told you of, which I hope may be the best memorial I can leave, both of my friendship to you, and of my own character being such as you need not be ashamed of that friendship. The apology is a bold one, but true: and it is truth and a clear conscience that I think will set me above all my enemies, and make no honest man repent of having been my friend.

I hope to see you in nine or ten days: pray send a line to Twickenham to inform me whether I shall come to you at Hampstead or London? My hearty services to your family. The lord and lady of this place are much yours. As you find benefit by riding, should you care to dine or lie at Dawley, or at my house? Do whatever is most easy to you, and believe me with all truth, dear sir, yours faithfully.

I dine this day at Mr. Conduitt's,[2] and will give them your services. I hear he is much recovered.

[1] From the original in the possession of Mr. Baillie.

[2] John Conduitt, born 1688, died May 20, 1737, married in 1717 Ca-

13.[1] POPE TO GEORGE ARBUTHNOT.

LONDON, *March* 1, 1734 [5].

DEAR SIR,—It is a great truth that I can find no words to express the share I bear in your present grief and loss.[2] There can be but one happy of your whole family at this hour. I doubt not he is so. But my concern does not end in him. I really dread what may be the situation of your elder sister in particular, and it will be a great satisfaction to me to know, that none of you are more afflicted than you ought to be. If there can be anything in which I can be any way of use or service to you, on this melancholy occasion, pray freely command either my purse or my faculties of any kind, to the utmost of their power. Believe it you will oblige me; and think me to be your father's friend, belonging to you all. Dear sir, I am yours faithfully.

thorine Barton, the niece of Sir Isaac Newton. Conduitt was for many years a member of parliament, and on Newton's death, in 1728, succeeded him in the office of master of the mint. His wife, celebrated for her intellect and beauty, resided with her illustrious uncle for near twenty years. Lord Halifax left her a considerable fortune, "as a token of the sincere love, affection, and esteem I have long had for her person, and as a small recompense for the pleasure and happiness I have had in her conversation;" and Swift in his Journal to Stella, April 3, 1711, says, "I love her better than anybody here." She died Jan. 20, 1739, in her 59th year.

[1] From the original in the possession of Mr. Baillie.

[2] Arbuthnot died Feb. 27, 1735. His son George, to whom this letter is addressed, was an attorney, or sworn clerk, in the exchequer. He was one of the executors of Pope, who left him a portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, and the watch which the King of Sardinia gave to Lord Peterborough, and Peterborough to Pope. The celebrated Arbuthnot was noted for a gaiety of mind which no pain or misfortune could altogether extinguish. George was of an opposite temperament. "I regret the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot every hour of the day," Lewis wrote to Swift, June 30, 1737: "he was the best conditioned creature that ever breathed, and the most cheerful; yet his poor son George is under the utmost dejection of spirits, almost to a degree of delirium." "Poor George Arbuthnot," Lewis said again on Aug. 4, "is miserable. He is splenetic to a degree of [delirium]. He is going to France to try whether that merry nation will cure him."

14.[1] POPE TO GEORGE ARBUTHNOT.

TWITNAM, [*April*, 1739].

DEAR SIR,—It is so long since I was able to call at your house, and I am now engaged the worst way, by a rheumatism at home, that I cannot propose seeing any of you, till I shall be again full of company here. In the interim I have asked my Lord Bolingbroke often if he had seen your uncle[2] which I find he has not, though he always desires it,—and he now in particular bids me tell him so. He is in Dover Street[3] only till Saturday noon, when he comes hither again with another lord, and then returns to town about the middle of the week, and sets sail from London directly for France about Saturday[4] following, or Monday. He has ordered me to acquaint your good uncle of this, that if it suits with his conveniency, he can carry him with him in the yacht. I will, if able, go to town with my lord, and wait on you all, next week. In the meantime pray assure him, your sister, and self of my being at all times faithfully theirs, and, dear sir, your most affectionate, humble servant.

15.[5] POPE TO GEORGE ARBUTHNOT.

August 3, [1739].

DEAR SIR,—Upon my return from my journey I found the enclosed, which you have had some trouble about before, and as Lady Gerard[6] is out of town, I beg you to send to the

[1] From the original in the possession of Mr. Baillie. The letter is addressed to "Mr. Arbuthnot at his house in Castle Yard, Holborn," which was the residence of George Arbuthnot.

[2] Robert Arbuthnot, who was on one of his frequent visits to England, and was about to return to France.

[3] Where Lord Oxford had his town house.

[4] "I am now alone," Pope wrote to Allen, April, 1739; "Lord Bolingbroke executed his deeds for the sale of Dawley on Friday, and set sail the next day for France from Greenwich."

[5] From the original in the possession of Mr. Baillie.

[6] "This lady," says Mr. Carruthers, "was, we suppose, of the catholic family of Gerard, of New Hall, Lan-

attorney Atwood, and settle the alterations as you have corrected it. I must give you a hint, that I hear the landlord is to be taken care of, and guarded against, so as to bind him as close as possible to each article. Be so kind therefore to see that the attorney inserts all the clauses, and to compare his draught with this, which when you have seen and approved pray send me that it may be endorsed against Lady Gerard returns to sign it. If you acquaint me, dear sir, when I may see you and your sister in town, or rather when you could both pass a few days with me at Twitnam, you would very much oblige me. Somewhere or other I must have the pleasure of a sight of you, now I am near you again. I was this day in hopes to have been able to visit you, but am obliged to go home, where I have not yet been. Believe no man more truly loves you both, and is with greater warmth your real friend, and most affectionate servant.

16.[1] POPE TO GEORGE ARBUTHNOT.

[1741.]

DEAR SIR,—I write this by the first post that you may have your trouble over as soon as possible, and I have my money as soon as possible. I must postpone answering your sister's kind letter, till a little while hence, that I may see what she will do with this £100 before I recommend or assist her in becoming guardian to the old alderman's treasure.[2] Mr. Allen and Mrs. offer you of their hearty services. I have been all day from home, and have but this moment to write in. Adieu, with many thanks. Saturday night. Your ever faithful and affectionate servant.

cashire, the widow of Sir William Gerard, the sixth baronet." She was intimate with Martha Blount during the latter part of Pope's life, and from a passage in a letter to Miss Blount on July 4, the document which Pope found on his arrival in London, after his summer ramble, would appear to have been the lease of a house for Lady Gerard.

[1] From the original in the possession of Mr. Baillie.

[2] Alderman Barber died Jan. 2, 1741, and left Lord Bolingbroke, 300*l.*, Swift 200*l.*, and Pope 100*l.*

17.[1] POPE TO GEORGE ARBUTHNOT.

October 29, 1741.

DEAR SIR,—You will be so good as to accommodate matters between your sister and me, like a good lawyer as you are, who would rather promote peace than discord. I promised to write to her, and I expect she should believe that my writing to you is the same thing, as what is done unto you, is done unto her; and I have so true an esteem for you both, that I care not which I show it most to. All I had to say to her was, how confident I am that she will be glad to hear I am safe here and not ill, and I verily believe the news is equally agreeable to you, and all I have to desire in return is the same news on both your parts. Your fellow voyagers Mr. and Mrs. Allen send you a hundred good wishes, and theirs are such sincere ones, that few people either make or desire such. But what gave you the casting weight in the balance, when I was debating to which of you I should write, was that which is generally the casting and prevailing weight in all balances, even that of Europe, for I just received a letter from Mrs. Dufkin, Alderman Barber's relict,[2] that she was ready to pay me his legacy if I would wait on her. This I cannot now do, and have writ her word, that I would desire her to pay it you, and that you should give her my receipt. She lives in Queen Square, where the alderman lived I suppose, but Mr. Barber, your neighbour, will direct you. I suppose what follows will be a sufficient discharge, but if not, I will send any other you shall order. I told Mrs. Arbuthnot[3] that I would on no account print in the Miscellanies that sermon at Edinburgh,[4] and it may be proper you should tell Bathurst[5] the same thing, for the

[1] From the original in the possession of Mr. Baillie.

[2] Barber appointed Sarah Dufkin or Dovekin his residuary legatee as an acknowledgment "for her long and faithful services, and extraordinary care of me for upwards of twenty years."

[3] George Arbuthnot's sister, Ann.

[4] A pamphlet which Dr. Arbuthnot wrote in 1706 in support of the Union, and entitled A Sermon preached at the Mercat Cross at Edinburgh.

[5] The bookseller. He published, in 1742, Miscellanies in 4 vols., by Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Gay. The fourth edition corrected.

reason you gave, which is a very good one. Pray let me hear from you and Mrs. Arbuthnot both, and I will write to both though nothing I can say will tell you half the true affection I bear you both. Yours sincerely.

The moment you have received the £100, give it your sister, and let her go to Mrs. Blount with it, and take a coach instantly for themselves and their maids, and come down to Bath.

18.[1] POPE TO GEORGE ARBUTHNOT.

July 23, 1743.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for yours, and am better than when I first came hither of that asthmatical complaint, but still unable to move much about, especially to go upstairs, or up hill. I have let blood, and I take medicines from prescriptions of Dr. Mead. It will be a great pleasure to me to see you, and it is a real satisfaction to me to have found you could be willing to pass some time with me in a family way of joint housekeeping, according to the scheme I had so set my heart upon. But I find Mr. Allen will not permit us after all to live anywhere hereabout but in his own house with any patience. I have spoken of it as you know for months past, and he seemed to give into it. But since I have endeavoured in earnest to get a bed or two set up there, and to lay in some things, he absolutely declares you shall be his guest at his own house, and yet neither you nor Mr. Warburton shall go. I told him both you and I should be easier at the other house,[2] that you and I would stay twice as long there, and that we would come after we had passed a month there, and pass some weeks with him; but all to no purpose. I suspect that he has an apprehension in his head that if he lends that house to us, others hereabouts may try to borrow it, which would be disagreeable to him, he making it a kind of villa to change to, and pass now and then a day at it in private. I told him I believed you would not come down, but in the view of our living together there, and

[1] From the original in the possession of Mr. Baillie.

[2] At Bathhampton, a village adjoining Bath.

not of filling up his own house, to which he answered that you would, if I said nothing of it, to the contrary, and charged me not to do so, for if once you were here he would oblige you to stay with him. Nevertheless, I did not think it right to conceal this from you. That you are most heartily wished for is certain; but whether you will care to stay so long at his house as you would at the other I doubt. I own I should not, and we shall not have occasion of sending in wine or cider, &c. as the matter stands. But I must beg you come, or he will take it very ill that I have acquainted you with this. Let me know your time and I will manage mine accordingly. Mr. Warburton intends to go in about a month, and he and I are to make a short visit to Lord Bathurst at Cirencester, which I would contrive before you come, unless you should like to travel that way with us, and then I would postpone it. Adieu, my hearty service to your sister of whom I am always glad to hear, or to see a line of her handwriting. No man more earnestly wishes the prosperity of you both than, dear sir, yours faithfully.

Pray write me a line as soon as you can.

END OF VOL. II.

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